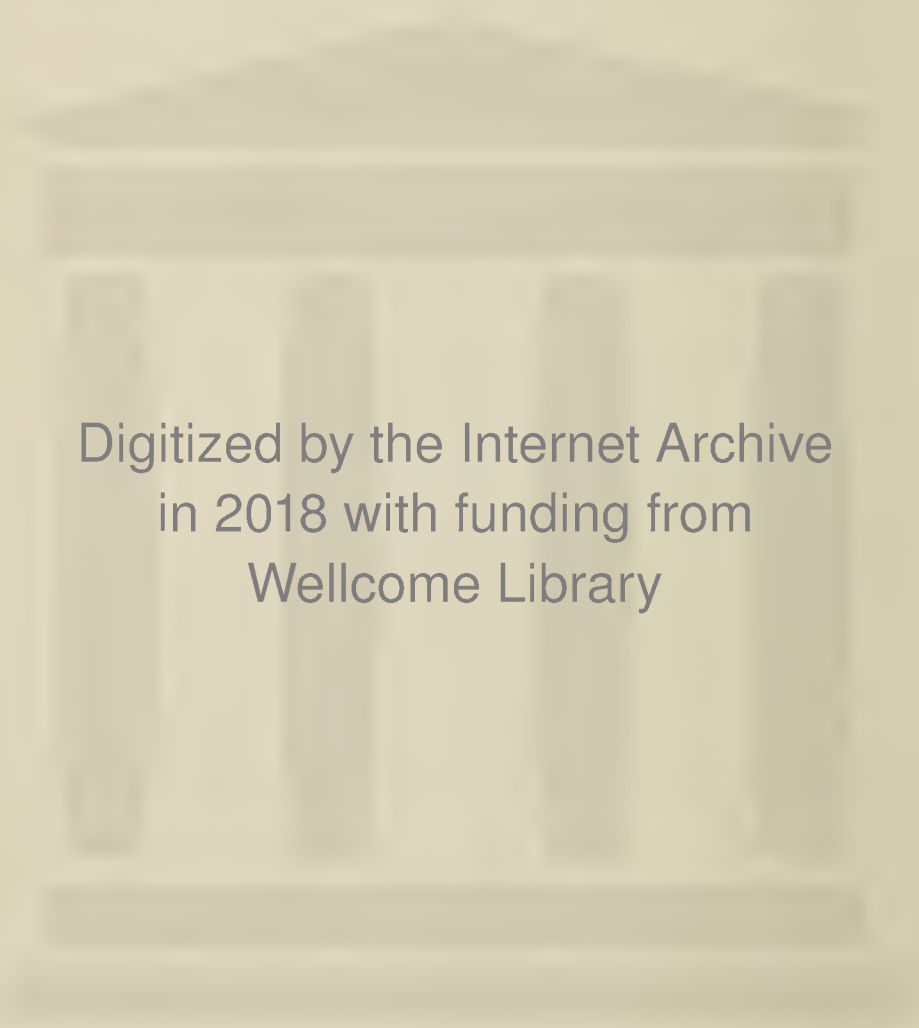
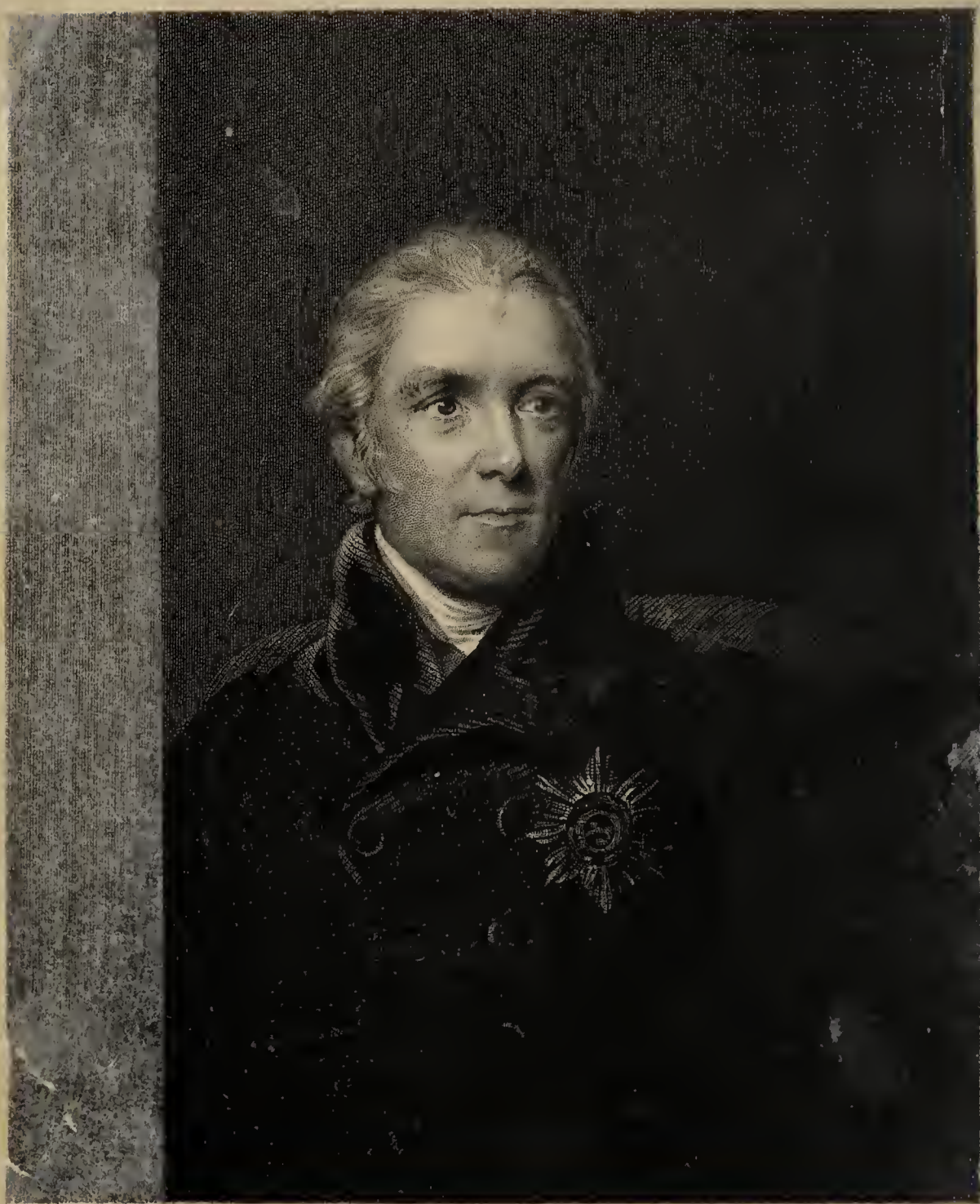
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President of the Royal College of Physicians.

Henry Halford

PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS:

A

Medical Sketch Book,

EXHIBITING

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE

OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED MEDICAL MEN,

OF FORMER DAYS;

WITH

MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENT LIVING LONDON PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

—

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

—

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, AND CO.

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MDCCCXXXIX.

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PREFACE.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his Life of Akenside, makes the following observation :—

"A physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual; they that employ him, know not his excellence; they who reject him know not his deficiency. By an acute observer, who had looked on the transactions of the world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the Fortune of Physicians."

Many years after this hint was thrown out, a work of much merit appeared, entitled "The Gold-headed Cane," and attributed to the pen of Dr. M'Michael. It contained a variety of interesting particulars relating to the distinguished physicians who successively inherited that

ancient relic, now comfortably deposited in the College of Physicians. But, although, in some particulars, "The Gold-headed Cane" resembles the present work, and is interesting as far as it goes, it does not fill up that *hiatus* in medical literature to which Dr. Johnson alludes.

Adopting his suggestion, the author has endeavoured in the following pages to supply this desideratum; and although he was conscious that it was no easy undertaking, he fearlessly commenced the work, with a fixed determination to permit no personal consideration, however pressing, to prevent his making it as complete as his humble abilities and laborious exertions could possibly render it.

The formidable nature of the undertaking, however, might have deterred him from its prosecution, had he not previously collected much of the *matériel* necessary for its basis. Intending to publish a work, entitled "Curiosities of Medical Literature," he brought together many of the facts and illustrations contained in these pages; but just as his plan was fully matured, it was frustrated by the appearance of a book under a somewhat similar title; the author, therefore, determined at once to demolish the fabric he was erecting, and by mingling much new matter with the old materials, to mould the book into its present form.

That the reader may be enabled to form some notion of the author's difficulties, and of the ground over which

he has travelled, in his long and tiring journey, culling sweets from many a flower—it is only necessary to state that the facts and illustrations now brought together, were scattered through *four hundred volumes !*

The preliminary chapter was written for the purpose of demonstrating the antiquity of the science of medicine, and to defend its professors from certain calumnies which had been levelled against them by unprincipled and ignorant men, ever ready to depreciate in public estimation the highly honourable members of a learned and useful profession.

In the chapter on the "Early Struggles of Eminent Physicians," the Author has brought forward several instances of men who have had to contend in early life with difficulties and disappointments of no ordinary character, but who afterwards attained to very high eminence in their respective departments of medical science ; and it is hoped that its perusal will encourage and elevate the drooping hopes of many who may, perhaps, at this moment be struggling, nearly heart-broken, with adversity.

The men who commence their career under the most favourable auspices, and with the most flattering prospects of success, do not always obtain the eminence they seek. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. There is a certain ordeal which all men must undergo in their passage through life; and it is very

questionable whether he succeeds the best who commences under the most apparently advantageous circumstances. There is such a thing as a man depending too much upon his means, and too little upon himself—small certainties, it has been observed, are often the ruin of men.

A celebrated English judge, on being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by high connexions, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

The chapter on the "Art of Getting a Practice," must be read in the spirit in which it is written. It is a satire on the stratagems and unprofessional conduct of a certain class of practitioners, anxious to advance their interests, and not over-scrupulous of the means they resort to, in order to effect their purposes.

The letter from Dr. Mead to a brother physician, is condensed from a rare and valuable tract, deposited in the library of the British Museum; and is interesting as conveying to us some idea of the artifices which, even in his day, the learned author considered necessary to secure popularity and success.

Nothing need be said concerning those portions of the work devoted to the Lives of Medical Poets,—Eccentric Men,—Chronicles of Warwick Hall, &c., as they will best speak for themselves.

The author at first intended to give a more minute account of the lives of the many eminent Physicians and Surgeons whose names are mentioned; but he knew if he did so, that it would render the work a dry biography rather than a series of light sketches, and he would have been compelled to exclude much interesting matter, in order to make room for the necessary dates and statistical details; but he hopes that the references which are here made to the most remarkable characteristics, and most striking peculiarities, of each individual, will give satisfaction to their admirers, and pleasure and profit to the reader.

"The great end of biography," says Dr. Paris, in his life of Sir Humphrey Davy, "is not to be found, as some would seem to imagine, in a series of dates, or in a collection of anecdotes and table-talk, which, instead of lighting up and vivifying the features, hang as a cloud of dust upon the portrait; but it is to be found in the analysis of human genius, and in the development of those elements of the mind, to whose varied combinations, and nicely-adjusted proportions, the mental habits and intellectual peculiarities of distinguished men may be readily referred."*

For the Sketches of Living Men, the author feels that

* Page 41.

some explanation is necessary. He would have hesitated in making any allusion whatever to existing characters, had this been the first production in which such a reference was deemed necessary. But he felt little or no delicacy in sketching the portraits of men who still adorn the walks of life, when he perceived that their lives had already been noticed in several of the public periodicals.

It is much to be regretted that the biography of eminent men should be commonly so long deferred, either from indolence or motives of fear or delicacy, for by so doing their most prominent features are forgotten; and unless they have communicated the results of their researches to the world, much that is valuable must be lost, while the memory, incapable of recalling what had never been deeply impressed, admits those fabulous conceits which are so frequently found clinging to the heels of truth.

There is, perhaps, in the history of every man, much that he desires to screen from public observation; and no honourable person would wish to pander to the vulgar appetite of those who prey on the failings of their fellows, and drag from its hiding-place that which, with studious art, had been concealed. There are, however, many brilliant examples of virtue, honour, and great intellectual superiority, which nothing but false delicacy could wish to hide from observation and from praise.

Such delineations of character, when faithfully pourtrayed, must have a beneficial tendency; for by them is virtue displayed in action, and that which is worthy and good opened to the admiration of all. Such men, in the glowing language of Scripture, should be "living epistles, known and read of all men." But how can this be done, except at a time when the impression which reputation has made upon the public mind is fresh, and all the collateral circumstances which give their aid in the formation of character are known.

The histories of the eminent living Physicians and Surgeons contained in these pages are necessarily brief, and they may be, in some instances, imperfect; but all is told which would benefit the public, and nothing is withheld which would add to their reputation. The author has had a duty to perform, as well to the subjects of his remark, as to his readers; and he trusts that he has faithfully considered his obligations to both.

In preparing the sketches of deceased practitioners, the most approved biographical records have, of course, been consulted. The lives, however, of only a few of the eminent men here noticed have been elaborately written; and, therefore, the author had to encounter great difficulties in collecting together the materials for his biographical sketches, which, though in some instances meagre, may be depended upon for their authenticity.

To the following works the author is indebted for much valuable information: Mr. Pettigrew's Life and Letters of Dr. Lettsom, the Rev. Dr. Olinthus Gregory's Life of Mason Good, Mr. Pearson's Life of Hey, and Mr. Wardrop's Life of Dr. Baillie. It is hoped that in this portion of the work will be found a useful combination of amusement with instruction; for while no dry facts which could elucidate character are withheld, their somnolescent tendency is corrected by many interesting details, which of themselves constitute a large body of pleasing medical anecdote.

The study of biography must always have a beneficial effect upon the mind. It may be called "philosophy teaching by example;" for by it the young aspirant, in watching the progress of men, either towards good or evil, is able to trace the cause of their success, or the ruin with which their efforts have been attended. He will behold the triumph of virtue over passion and sensual pleasure, and industry over indolence, and thus be cheered on in the midst of his own rugged way, with the inspiring hope of achieving the same glorious victory, and receiving the like honourable reward; and, beholding the wrecks of those who have been cast away upon the rocks and quicksands of life, as beacons to point out the dangers by which he is beset, he may learn, while he commiserates their fate to avoid the errors which led to their destruction.

In extenuation of those inaccuracies which must necessarily creep into a work like the present, embracing, as it does, so many subjects, the author is conscious that an apology is due to the public. All, however, that he will venture to say on this topic, is what Dr. Goldsmith has said, in his advertisement to the "Vicar of Wakefield,"—"There are an hundred faults in this thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be dull without a single absurdity."

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PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS.

CHAPTER I.

CONTENTS.—Divine origin of Medicine—Medicine in Egypt—Hippocrates—Galen—Religion and Medicine—Learning and Usefulness of Medical Men—Dr. Parr's Opinion of the Profession—Pope's last Illness and Death—Medical Men not Irreligious—Antiquated Dress of the old Physicians—Ancient Barbarous Surgery—Reasons for not liking the study of the Law.

IT is not our intention, however interesting the subject may be, to travel over the ground which has been so ably explored by the master minds of Friend, Le Clerc, Lettsom, Schulze, Hamilton, Moir, and Bostock. Were it necessary to write a history of medicine, we should have but little difficulty in effecting our object, assisted as we should be by the elaborate works of the above-mentioned authors. They have penetrated into the most secret recesses of ancient history, and have recorded, with a praiseworthy accuracy, the progress of opinion among the medical sages of antiquity.

Much good has undoubtedly resulted from enquiries of this nature. The man who is conversant with medical history must be aware how often time and talents have been misspent, not only in the defence of deceptive theories, and erroneous modes of practice, but in the account of alleged discoveries, which have proved in fact, to be only revivals of doctrines once supposed to be valuable, but long ago exploded as unimportant and useless. It is not only necessary, therefore, to be acquainted with the system which obtains for the time being, but to have at least some notion of the views which regulated the treatment of diseases in by-past ages; else, like the mill-horse, we may work in a circle, tread the same ground over and over again, and leave matters just where we found them. Without this knowledge a practitioner, however observant and wide the range of his personal experience, must ever remain only half informed; for although medicine is, perhaps, beyond all other arts and sciences essentially practical, and books, without experience in the treatment of disease, can never form the real physician, yet the most valuable deductions are those which are confirmed by an extensive comparison of what is seen with what has been read.*

The farther we attempt to penetrate into the mystery of antiquity, the more indistinct does the object of our pursuit become. In place of the certainty which we might have anticipated from a nearer approximation to the head of the stream, we experience

* Vide Moir's "Outlines of Medicine."

increasing perplexity; and where we might hope for the guidance of truth we find ourselves embarrassed by the delusion of fable.

Le Clerc discusses with considerable ingenuity the question, "*si la médicine est venue immedialement de Dieu?*"—whether medicine came immediately from God.

In Ecclesiasticus it is said, that "God created the physician and the physic, and that he hath given science to man, and that 'tis he that healeth man, &c."* All the ancient pagans held their gods to be the authors of medicine. The art of physic, says Cicero, is sacred to the invention of the immortal gods: "*deorum immortalium inventioni consecrata est ars medica.*" Pliny makes a similar declaration, "*Diis primum inventores suos assignavit medicina cœloque dicavit.*"† In the works of Galen, it is said, that the Greeks ascribed the invention of arts to the sons of God. Hippocrates makes God the inventor. He says, "they who first found the way of curing distempers, thought it an art which deserved to be ascribed to the gods; which is the received opinion."

Celsus, the elegant Roman physician, has asserted that medicine and mankind must have been co-eval in their origin: "*Medicina nusquam non est;* an opinion which we think cannot be rationally questioned. If some nations, says Pliny, have made shift without physicians, yet none ever did without physic. The learned Schulze seriously maintains that the first

* Chap. xxxvi. v. 12.

† Lib. xix. cap. 1.

man must necessarily have been the first physician. (Ἀρχιατὴρ). He considers that our first parents were skilled in physiology. Let the curious reader refer to his work for his reasons for holding this opinion: we do not think this is the place for the discussion of his arguments.

Our medical knowledge of the antediluvians is very scanty. After the deluge, we read of circumcision being performed; and with the solitary exception of this surgical rite, history, whether sacred or profane, presents us with no information whatever respecting the progress of medicine or surgery, during the patriarchal ages. As we descend the stream of time, and approach the limits of authentic history, we find that the science of medicine was cultivated methodically, and reduced to a system.

Herodotus informs us of the state of the science among the Babylonians. The practice of medicine must have preceded the reduction of the art of healing to scientific principles. The Babylonians and Egyptians carried their sick into the market-place and public streets, in order to obtain the experience of those who might pass them, and who had been afflicted with the same diseases; and no one was allowed to pass until he had investigated the sick man's case. This was not only the practice of this nation, but was one of their public laws; and Sozomones mentions it as obtaining amongst the Hiberi, a people in Asia. The prophet Jeremiah feigns Babylon complaining, in the Lamentations, in these words, "Is it nothing to you, *all ye that pass by*, behold and see if there be

any sorrow equal to my sorrow:" and then the Apostle Mark, (ch. vi.) in allusion to the same custom, says, "And whithersoever he entered, into villages and cities, and countries, *they laid the sick in the streets*, and besought that they might touch, if it were but the border of his garment; and as many as touched him were made whole." Strabo says the same of the Portuguese, "who, according to the ancient custom of the Babylonians and Egyptians, bring their sick into the streets and highways, that all comers who have had the same malady, might give them their advice."* Notwithstanding this circumstance, the Egyptians, a people much resembling the Chinese, were the most forward of the primitive nations, in the march of civilization and the cultivation of knowledge. Manetho, a distinguished Egyptian writer, is represented by Eusebius as stating that Athatis, a traditionary monarch of that country, wrote several treatises on anatomy. In Egypt, medicine was fettered by absurd regulations. The chief priests confined themselves entirely to the exercise of the magic rites and prophecies, which they considered the higher branches of the art, and left the exhibition of remedies to the *pastophori*, or image-bearers. They were also compelled to follow implicitly the medical precepts of the sacred records contained in the six hermetical books: a deviation from those rules was punished with death. The Egyptians, and other eastern nations who first cultivated science, cherished a great veneration in the

* Lib. 16.

earliest periods of time for the medical character; and the ancient Greeks, who were less advanced in civilization and the refined arts than the Trojans, never mention their professors of medicine but with the warmest gratitude and veneration. The Argonautic expedition was not undertaken without the attendance and aid of a physician, even the divine Ex, who was considered one of the principal heroes of the school of Chiron the Centaur. The history of Machæon, his son, exhibits a character adorned with most amiable virtues. When he was wounded by Paris, at the siege of Troy, the whole army appeared interested in his recovery. Even Achilles, during his seceding from the allied army, when he had

> His friend Machæon singled from the rest,
> A transient pity touched his vengeful breast;

and he dispatched Patroclus to inquire after the "wounded offspring of the healing god," who was placed under the protection of the wise Nector at the request of Idomeneus, who observes,

> "A wise Physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
> Is more than armies to the public weal."

The Jews were ignorant of medicine until their introduction into Egypt.

The Grecians, like the Egyptians, considered medicine of divine origin. Their Apollo and Minerva, answered to the Isis and Osiris of the latter nation; and Orpheus, the priest, poet, and physician, usurped the place of Thoth.

Esculapius flourished fifty years before the Trojan war; and we find that his two sons distinguished themselves in that war by their valour, and by their skill in curing wounds. Homer, describing Eurypylus wounded and under the care of Patroclus, says,

> "Patroclus cut the forky steel away,
> When in his hand a bitter root he bruised,
> The wound he washed, the styptic juice infused,
> The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow,
> The wound to torture, and the blood to flow."

Hippocrates, who has justly been styled the "Father of Medicine," was born in the island of Cos, situated in the Egean sea, at no great distance from Rhodes. Celsus remarks, that Hippocrates was the first person who emancipated medicine from the trammels of superstition and the delusions of false philosophy. He considered the doctrine, inculcated by physicians, of the celestial origin of disease, as paralysing the efforts of the physician, and proving highly detrimental to the patient. While the vain hopes it held out of recovery, through the medium of prayers, sacrifices, and bribes for the intercessions of priests, could not fail to bring both religion and medicine into contempt. His works, which have descended to us, are very much contaminated by interpolation. He died at the age of 100, three hundred and sixty years before the birth of Christ.

Contemporaneously with Hippocrates lived Democritus of Abdera, a zealous anatomist. Thessalus and Dacro, two sons of Hippocrates, founded, with Poly-

bus, his son-in-law, the Dogmatic School. Their leading tenets are recorded in the book, "On the Nature of Man." This school applying, or, rather misapplying, the mystical speculations of the Platonian philosophy to the study of medicine, adopted this most pernicious principle, that, "when observation failed, reason might suffice." Their doctrine was utterly subversive of the first principle of that illustrious reformer, who, by bringing every fact to the test of the most rigorous observation, and ridding the science of medicine of the gross absurdities which had so long disfigured and perplexed it, succeeded in extricating it from the chaos of confusion in which he found it involved, and elevating it to its true rank among the higher branches of human knowledge.

Contemporaneously with the establishment of the Dogmatists, Eudoxus founded the Pythagorean system, the disciples of which directed their attention principaily to the dietetic part of medicine.

Then followed the Empyrical school, relying solely on facts, and setting principles entirely aside, in their estimation of disease and administration of remedies.

The establishment of the Alexandrian sect formed an important epoch in the history of medicine. Erastratus and Herophilus were the first physicians of note in this school. But we have to regret that the destruction of its splendid library, by the hands of the barbarous conquerors, has left us little to relate concerning its doctrine or practice.

Pliny informs us that the Romans were 600 years without physic, if not without physicians. All opera-

tions in surgery were performed by slaves and freedmen. The first man who practised at Rome, as a regular man, was Archagathus, a Greek. The too frequent use of the knife, and the actual cautery, caused him to be banished from the capital of the Roman empire.

Asclepiodes, a student from the Alexandrian school, was the next physician of note who appeared at Rome. He commenced as a teacher of rhetoric; but abandoned it for medicine; and, by his eccentric address, in a short time brought himself into notice. The prototype of all succeeding Quacks, he affected to contemn every thing that had been done before him. "*Omnia abdi cavit; totamque medicinam ad causam revocando, conjecturam fecit.*"* He ridiculed Hippocrates, and nicknamed his system θανατου μελητη, "A Meditation on Death." He attempted to explain all the phenomena of health and disease, by the doctrine of atoms and pores. He opposed bleeding, and depended principally upon gestation, friction, wine, and the internal and external application of cold water. He first divided disease into chronic and acute, and was the first originator of the *Balinea pensilis*, or shower bath; on his principle was established a sect called the Methodics. They divided disease into two divisions; first, those which proceeded from stricture, and those which were the consequence of relaxation.

The celebrated Themeson, a pupil of Asclepiodes,

* Celsus.

founded this sect. Although Themeson was held in high estimation by some, he was discarded by others, as will appear by the well-known lines of Juvenal:—

> "How many sick in one short autumn fell,
> Let Themeson, their ruthless slayer, tell."
>
> Sat. 10, v. 221.

It was the custom of the Roman physicians to visit their patients attended by all their pupils; in allusion to which practice we have the epigram of Martial:—

> "I'm ill. I send for Symmachus; he's here,
> An hundred pupils following in the rear:
> All feel my pulse, with hands as cold as snow;
> I had no fever then—I have it now."

Among the most distinguished medical writers of the first century, was Aurelius Cornelius Celsus. He has been termed the "Latin Hippocrates." According to good authority, he wrote upon several subjects; in one of his works, now extant, in a passage which deserves to be quoted, as it shows his generous and enlarged mind, he says, "Hippocrates, knowing and skilful as he was, once mistook a fracture of the skull for a natural suture; and was afterwards so ingenuous as to confess his mistake, and to leave it on record." "This," says Celsus, "was acting like a truly great man; little geniuses, conscious to themselves that they have nothing to spare, cannot bear the least diminution of their prerogative, nor suffer themselves to depart from any opinion which they have embraced, how false and pernicious soever that opinion may be, while the man of real ability is always ready to make

a frank acknowledgment of his errors, especially in a profession where it is of importance to posterity to read the *truth*."

The medical writings of Celsus are considered only as inferior to those of Hippocrates, over which they possess this advantage, that they have descended to us free from those interpolations and corruptions of the text, which detract so much from the authority and utility of the latter.

Galen flourished 130 years after Celsus, and was physician to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. He was considered for many years an infallible authority on all matters relating to Pathology. Galen exhibited from earliest infancy evidence of uncommon sagacity. He detected the futility of prevailing systems. Dissatisfied with what his master taught him, as incontrovertible truths and immutable principles, he was filled, as it were, with a new light on studying the writings of Hippocrates, his admiration of which increased on comparing them with the works of nature.

Much has been said of the influence which the study of anatomy had on Galen's mind. After contemplating the structure of the bones of a skeleton, and their adaptation to their different functions, he breaks out into an apostrophe, which has been much admired, and in which he is said to have exceeded any other ancient in pointing out the nature, attributes, and proper worship of the DEITY.

"In explaining these things (he says), I esteem myself as composing a solemn hymn to the Author of our bodily frame; and in this, I think, there is more true

piety than in sacrificing to him hecatombs of oxen, or burnt-offerings of the most costly perfumes; for I first endeavour to know him myself, and afterwards to show him to others, to inform them how great is his wisdom, his virtue, and his goodness."

The works of Galen, Hippocrates, and Aristotle, were translated into the language of the Arabians, to which the science of medicine is not much indebted. They added, however, some improvements to the science of botany and materia medica.

Many ages were allowed to roll on before learning was revived in Europe; this was to a great extent effected by the communications which the Crusaders established between the Europeans and Saracens; and at length, the revival of letters in Italy was fully effected in consequence of Constantinople being taken by the Turks. Learning took shelter in the East during the convulsions of the Roman Empire.

Having traced, in this faint outline of the history of medicine, the science down to the revival of letters in Europe, we shall leave it. We never had a very extravagant notion of the value of the ancient medical writers.* An excessive admiration of them has enabled some to discover in Hippocrates and Galen the rudiments, if not the full development, of every discovery which has been made in modern times; while

* Let us learn to distinguish the uses from the abuses of antiquity. Not to know what happened before we were born, is always to remain a child: to know, and blindly to adopt, that knowledge, as an implicit rule of life, is never to be a man.

others, falling into the opposite extreme, find the present time, that is to say, the times which they illuminate by their genius, the only times in which any great things have been done towards the advancement of the art which they cultivate.

These opposite modes of thinking, are what Lord Bacon calls, in his own quaint phraseology, "the peccant humours of literature," of which he says, "the chiefest is the extreme affecting of two extremes—the one antiquity, the other novelty. Antiquity envieth that there should be new additions, which it may be troublesome to master; and novelty cannot be content to add, but it must deface." "Surely (he says) the advice of the prophet is the true direction in this matter:" "*state super vias antiquas et videte quænum sit via recta, et bona, et ambulate in ea.*" "Antiquity," he adds, "deserveth this reverence, that men should make a stand thereupon, and discover which is the best way; but when the discovery is well taken, then to make progression."*

The mummery of medicine, with all its cabalistic and unintelligible mysticisms, has given place to direct, tangible, demonstrable truths, as simple, as plain, and as interesting as the palpable principles of all other branches of natural philosophy. It is utterly impossible to develop all the nice intricacies of the healing art, or successfully to dispense its numerous blessings, without a strict and perpetual reference to the established operations of nature.

* "Advancement of Learning."

In the beginning, medicine was of necessity a superstitious and an empirical science; that is to say, an experimental art; while nature pursued her course with uniform regularity, and while her operations were uninterrupted by any obstacle, men enjoyed the benefit which it bestowed, without any desire to ascertain their cause and origin; but any deviation from this cause, however trifling it might be, was calculated to excite their curiosity and to astonish their minds. These changes being to them incomprehensible, were readily referred to the agency of some supernatural power; and the infliction of disease was attributed to the wrathful power of an offended deity, from whom both the cure and prevention were alone to be obtained. "*Morbus vero adiram Deorum immortalium relatos, et ab üsdem opem posei solitam,*" says Celsus.

This was the true and simple notion of the case, and it was abundantly fostered by two principles, which operate powerfully upon all rude nations;—a fond desire to penetrate into futurity, and an eager anxiety to avert impending evils. With regard to the first, it has been well observed by an able writer,* that the human mind is most apt to feel and to manifest this vain curiosity, when its own powers are most feeble and uninformed. Astonished with occurrences of which it cannot comprehend the cause, it naturally associates such occurrences with a mysterious and marvellous influence. Ashamed of events which it can neither discern the issue, nor anticipate the con-

* Robertson's History of America, Vol. I. p. 389.

sequences, it has recourse to other means of discovering them, than that which might be afforded by its own sagacity. Whenever superstition is regularly and systematically established, this desire of penetrating into the secrets of futurity is intimately connected with it. Hence arose the mystic divination of Greece, and Rome, as well as that of our own Druids; and this divination speedily assumed the character and form of a religious ceremony. Priests, and the ministers of heaven, pretended to deliver its oracles to men. They were only soothsayers, augurs, and magicians, who possessed the sacred and important art of disclosing what was hidden from less hallowed eyes.

As the diseases of men in a savage state, like those of animals, are few, but violent, their impatience under what they suffered, and their solicitude for the recovery of their health, soon inspired them with extraordinary reverence for those who pretended to understand the nature of their maladies, or to preserve them from their sudden and fatal effects. These ignorant pretenders, however, were such utter strangers to the structure of the human frame, that they were equally unacquainted with the causes of disorders, as with their probable termination. Enthusiasm, mingled generally with some portion of craft, supplied their deficiencies in actual science. They imputed the origin of diseases to supernatural influence; and prescribed, or performed, a variety of mysterious rites, which they declared to be sufficiently powerful to remove them.

Credulity and reverence favoured the deception, so that, among savages, their first physicians were a

species of conjurors or wizards, who boasted of their knowledge of the past, and who predicted the events of the future. Incantations, sorcery, and mummeries of divers kinds, were the means which they employed to counteract the causes of imaginary malignancy, upon the assumed efficacy of which they predicted with confidence the fate of their deluded patients.

In Adair's "History of the American Indians," we find a particular account of their manner of curing the sick; and the author relates a conversation which he had with an old Indian physician, who told him they had just killed a witch for using pernicious charms.

Henessin, an earlier writer, bears ample testimony to the mystic ceremonies of these American physicians and jugglers. The Abbé Poyart, in his history, says, that when the king of Cacongo happens to fall ill, his physicians commence their treatment by publishing his indisposition through the kingdom, and then every one is compelled to kill his dung-hill cock, and offer it as a propitiatory sacrifice to the angry deity whose vengeance is supposed to have fallen upon the monarch. Thus we see, as Pliny has observed, "that magic was the offspring of medicine; and after having fortified itself with the help of astrology, borrowed all its splendour and authority from religion."*

Religion was, indeed, in the early ages, inseparably connected with medicine, and its principles were inti-

* Historia Natur. Lib. xxx. c. 12.

mately attached to it: its founder was deified, and the art itself accounted divine. The one supplied medicine for the soul, the other for the body; and we question very much whether the tangible benefits of medicine were not more highly valued, if not more highly reverenced, than the uncertain and confused advantages which were promised to the virtuous, by the designing priests of a confused and mysterious mythology.

Persia abounds with physicians and astrologers, and the Persians are strongly attached to the occult science of the latter. So much is this the case, that a Persian rarely follows the prescription of his medical adviser, without first ascertaining from an astrologer that the constellation is favourable to the proposed remedy. When a man of note dies in Persia, the astrologer ascribes his death to the uncertainty of physic: while the votary of Galen, on the other hand, throws all the blame on the planet-struck sage, imputing to him an ignorance of the proper time for taking the medicine prescribed. Upon this, the astrologer retorts, that the nature of his profession is extremely hard, when compared with that of the physician; since, if he commit an error, by making a wrong calculation, "heaven discovers it;" whereas, if a physician be guilty of a blunder, "the earth conceals it;" the patient dies, is buried, and is heard of no more.

Medical men have in all ages been held in high estimation, when the understanding of mankind was not clouded by superstition. The ancients deified their celebrated medical men, and dedicated temples to their

honour. Plato, the great heathen philosopher, says, that a good physician is only second to God himself. The Athenians must have had an elevated notion of the science of medicine, for there was a law among them that no slave or woman should study physic. The inhabitants of Smyrna associated, upon the coins of that city, the names of their celebrated physicians with the effigies of their gods. The Romans, in the early period of their history, did not hold the art in very high estimation; but in the time of Julius Cæsar, when physicians came from Greece, (the country whence the Romans derived all their polite learning and knowledge of the fine arts,) they were complimented with the freedom of the "Eternal City;" a privilege of which that proud people was extremely jealous. Their great orator, Cicero, says, "that nothing brings men nearer the gods, than by giving health to their fellow-creatures."

"How the tender springs of life," says an eminent physician, "that elevate a man to move but a little below angels, vibrate and ravish the mind with pleasure, when our art snatches a victim friend from the jaws of death! And shall we then prefer inglorious ease to the divine energy of raising the dead? No, verily: if the soldier, who burns cities and desolates the land by human sacrifices, is worthy of marble or brass, what adequate monument can human art effect for him who burns no cities, but saves their inhabitants, who desolates no country, but peoples it not with stones, as fabled of old, but with his friends, his relations doomed to the grave." The medical man is indeed a guardian angel

of a family, a deity of health. If the profession be not a lucrative one, it is a divine one. It is above money, and is "not to be dealt in by attorneyship," as Shakspeare says of love.

It is, indeed, a high gratification to be the humble administrator of relief to our fellow-creatures; but there are drawbacks to every enjoyment of life. Dr. Cuming, in writing to his friend Lettsom, alluding to this subject, addresses him in the following strain: "Have you not sometimes felt the hurried clay-cold grasp of a respected friend's hand? Have you not seen the lack-lustre eye, the wan, perhaps, distorted features, and the convulsive pangs of an expiring husband and father—his bed encircled by an affectionate wife, and a group of weeping infants, whose comfort in this world—nay, perhaps, whose subsistence—depended upon the life of their parent?—these rend the very heart-strings, and make us deplore the *impuissance* of our art."

The balance of account between satisfaction and remorse, was jocosely stated by Dr. Warren to Lady Spencer, who had said, she thought the frequent reflection, that a different treatment might have saved their patients, must embitter the lives of medical men: he told her, that the balance was greatly in favour of satisfaction, for he hoped to cure her forty times before he killed her once.

It is in the time of such scenes as Dr. Cuming delineates, that when, in the physician, the friend and the divine are combined, his affection, his good sense, and his sympathy, pour into the afflicted the oil of comort; he soothes the pangs of woe; he mitigates the

distress; he finds out something in the wise dispensations of Providence that he carries home to the bosom of affliction. Hence it is that he is truly a guardian angel, his assiduity makes him appear as a sufferer with the family; they view him as one of themselves —sympathy unites him to them; he acquires new ties, new affections; he mourns with them, and his philosophy points out new sources of consolation—he is beloved—he is become the father of the family—he is everything that Heaven in kindness deputes, to soften and dissipate misery.

But how often is the medical man treated with base ingratitude, when his services are not required. How often is he exposed to the neglect, contempt, and contumely of those who are the first, when ill, to demand his services!

> God and the Doctor we alike adore,
> But only when in danger, not before;
> The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
> God is forgotten, and the Doctor slighted.

The most learned men of all ages, the most distinguished ornaments of literature, have combined in ranking very high the learning and humanity of medical men. "I will not stop to enquire," says Dr. Johnson, "whether what Temple says be true, that physicians have had more learning than the other faculties; but I believe every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusion of beneficence, and willingness to exert a lucrative art, where there is no hope of lucre."*

* Life of Sir S. Garth.

Pope, in his epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, says,

> "Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
> The world had wanted many an idle song."

Dryden, in his "Postscript" to the translation of Virgil, pays a high compliment to his own medical friends, and to the profession generally. He says, "that I have received, in some measure, the health which I have lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession, whom I can only pay by this acknowledgement. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me." Pope says, in a letter to his friend Allen, a short period before his death, "there is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty. They are, in general, the most amiable companions, and the best friends, as well as the most learned men I know."*

Judge Blackstone, in his introduction to his cele-

* A curious anecdote is related of Pope, in reference to his medical advisers, which is worth recording.

During his last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians—Dr. Burton and Dr. Thompson. Dr. Burton charged Dr. Thompson with having hastened Pope's death, by the violent cathartic medicines he had administered to the poet. Dr. Thompson retorted the charge with considerable vehemence. The patient at length silenced them, by saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn, by your discourse, that I am in a very dangerous way; therefore, all I now ask is, that the following

brated "Commentaries," speaks in the highest terms of the learning of medical men. He says, "the medical profession, beyond all others, has remarkably deserved the character of general and extensive knowledge."*

Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, was the first Englishman who read Aristotle and Galen in the original Greek. On his return to England, having taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine, at Oxford, he gave lectures on physic and taught the Greek language in that University. He was considered the purest Latin scholar of his day. Erasmus says of him, "*vir non exacti tantum sed severi judicii.*" He not only published works on medicine, but also contributed much to the Philosophy of Grammar, and wrote a work on Mathematics. He was successively physician to Henry the VIII., Edward the VI., and to the Princess Mary.

Dr. Caius, an English physician, read lectures on Aristotle, in the University of Padua. He founded Caius College, and endowed it with considerable estates, for the maintenance of a number of fellows and scholars.

Pythagoras, Democritus, and Aristotle—names that

epigram may be added, after my death, to the next edition of the 'Dunciad,' by way of postcript:—

"Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,
The greatest dunce has killed your foe at last."

* "Some of the most valuable names which adorn the history of English science, have been connected with the science of medicine."—*Babbage*, "*On the Decline of Science in England*," p. 12.

will be held in veneration by the learned as long as philosophy is made the subject of study—did not consider it beneath their dignity to devote themselves to the study of the science of medicine.

It may truly be said, that there is no study which tends to exalt the human mind to more liberal and extended views of human nature, than that of which we have been speaking. It is the one best fitted to interest, to divest the feelings of prejudice, and to form both the moralist and philosopher. In taking a view of human nature, and in studying the characters of men, it teaches us to lay aside all the adventitious qualities, and all the meretricious ornaments which fortune and favour may confer. It levels all distinctions and views, even "Cæsar as cold dumb clay," a mass of matter which exhibits no difference in its composition from that of the vilest of the vile. A good authority* has justly observed, that no profession requires so comprehensive a mind as medicine. In the other learned professions, considered as sciences, there is a certain established standard, certain fixed laws and statutes, to which every question must constantly refer, and by which it must be determined. A knowledge of this established authority may be attained by assiduous application and a good memory. There is little room left for the display of genius, where invention cannot add, nor judgment improve; because the established laws, whether right or wrong, must be submitted to. The only exercise for ingenuity is in

* Dr. Gregory.

cases where it does not clearly appear what the laws are. But even then, as disputable points must be referred to the opinions of the judges, whose opinions being formed from various circumstantial combinations, frequently differ, there is no criterion by which the ingenious reasoner can be judged; and his conclusions, whether well or ill drawn, must still remain undecided. The case is very different in medicine. There we have no established authority to which we can refer in doubtful cases. Every physician must rest on his own judgment, which appeals for its rectitude to nature and experience alone. Among the infinite variety of facts and theories, with which his memory has been filled, in the course of a liberal education, it is his business to make a judicious separation between those founded on nature and experience, and those which owe their birth to ignorance, fraud, or the capricious system of a heated and deluded imagination. He will find it necessary to distinguish between important facts, and such as, though they may be founded on truth, are, notwithstanding, trivial or utterly useless to the main ends of his profession. Supposing these difficulties surmounted, he will find it no easy matter to apply his knowledge to practice.

We had a most elevated idea of the dignity of physic, when we commenced our medical career. We held all other professional grades, in comparison with our own, in great contempt. Time has to a certain extent certain extent cooled our enthusiasm, and a knowledge of the world has somewhat elevated our notions of lawyers and clergymen.

Law is not the profession to which we should have liked to have been educated. We consider lawyers, however, in the present constitution of society as a necessary part of the body politic; and until men can make up their minds to settle their own disputes, we cannot conceive how we can do without the gentlemen of the long robe. The establishment of courts of arbitration, as suggested by Lord Brougham, might prevent, to a certain extent, litigation, but it would not altogether enable us to dispense with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone. Pope says, "All partial evil is universal good," and so we must bow to circumstances.

We certainly do not think that law, as at present studied, is calculated to increase our stock of worldly wisdom.* How few study the *philosophy* of legal science. The mind cannot be enlarged, the faculties expanded, and the judgment matured, when it is often employed in making the "worse appear the better reason;"—in fact, in perverting truth. A counsel enters the court to make out his case, and instead of endeavouring to establish the truth, which ought to be the object of all our investigations, he frequently exercises all his wit, learning, and eloquence,

* M. de la B——, a French gentleman, having invited several friends to dine on a *maigre* day, his servant brought him word, that there was only a single salmon left in the market, which he had not dared to bring away, because it had been bespoken by a barrister. "Here," said the master, putting two or three pieces of gold into his hand, "go back directly, and buy me the barrister and the salmon too."

in its perversion, and so dumfounds, in the midst of learned jargon, the poor jury and the unfortunate persons examined. How graphically has Lord Brougham described the melancholy situation of a brow-beaten witness, when placed at the mercy of two witty barristers.*

The state of medicine may be considered as the criterion, or barometer of the state of general science in a nation. Wherever the arts and refinement have extended their influence, there medicine will be particularly cherished, as conducive to the interests and happiness of mankind. This explains the miserable state of physic in Europe so late as the tenth century, when there was scarcely a physician in Spain. Sancho, the fat King of Leon, was obliged to make a journey to Cordova, in 956, to put himself under an Arabian physician, who, though sent for by the king, resolved that the king should come to him.

Dr. Parr entertained an exalted opinion of the members of the medical profession. His father was a distinguished surgeon; and he himself was destined for the same profession. He used to say his father was "a man of very robust and vigorous intellect."

* "Does not a barrister's affected warmth, and habitual dissimulation, impair his honesty?" asked Boswell of Dr. Johnson: "Is there not some danger that he may put on the same mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?"—"Why, no, Sir," replied the Doctor. "A man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society, than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to do so when he should walk on his feet."

The family was very respectable, but lost the greater part of its property, and, in some measure, its importance, by persisting in its attachment to the declining cause of the Pretender. According to his own account, he had a very precocious intellect, and had obtained a considerable knowledge of the Latin language at the early age of four years. Once, when called from his boyish play to compound medicines, he showed his critical accuracy in pointing out to his father a mistake in the Latin prescription, which drew from the apothecary this authoritative injunction: "Sam, d—n the language of the prescription—make up the mixture." An empty coxcomb, after having engrossed the attention of the company for some time with himself and his petty ailments, observed to Dr. Parr, that he could never go out without catching cold in his head. "No wonder," said the Doctor, pettishly; "you always go out without anything in it." "I cannot exactly perceive the scope of your argument, and therefore cannot adopt your opinion," said a gentleman, with whom Dr. Parr had been arguing. "Then, Sir, I can only say you have the dulness of lead without its malleability." It may be curious, as well as interesting, to know what Dr. Parr's opinions really were on the subject of medicine, and the medical men with whom he so intimately associated. Of the learned professions, Dr. Parr considered the preference due, in many respects, to the medical. "Whilst I allow," says he, "that peculiar and important advantages arise from the appropriate studies of the three learned professions, I must confess, that in erudition, in science, and in

habits of deep and comprehensive thinking, the pre-eminence must be assigned, in some degree, to physicians." Again he observes, "The most desirable profession is that of medicine: the practice of the law spoils a man's moral sense and philosophic spirit; the church is too bigoted and stiff-starched; but the study and practice of physic are equally favourable to a man's moral sentiments and intellectual faculties."* The Rev. W. Field, in his Life of Dr. Parr, observes, "I have often heard him declare, that he considered the medical professors as the most learned, enlightened, moral, and liberal class of the community; and though he often lamented the scepticism on religious subjects which some have shown; yet this, he thought, might be explained on principles, which evince the strength rather than the weakness of the human mind, contemplating under certain circumstances the multiplicity and the energy of physical causes.† But if the 'Religio Medici,' when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, might, in some instances, be found wanting; yet he consoled himself, he said, with reflecting on the many instances in which there was certainly the deepest conviction of religious truth, not merely declared by an exterior profession, but displayed in all its best and happiest effects on the heart and conduct." "In support of our sacred cause," he would often say, "might we not triumphantly appeal to such illustrious names as those of Sir Thomas

* Dr. Gooch, in Blackwood's Magazine for 1825.

† Field's Life of Dr. Parr.

Browne, Sydenham, Boerhaave, and Hartley, in days that are past; and, in our own times, to those of Gregory, Heberden, Falconer, and Percival?"

There was no subject on which Dr. Parr delighted to converse more than on the character and the pretensions of the great men, who, at different times, have appeared in the medical world. Speaking of the most distinguished of all the ancient physicians, Hippocrates, he said, that he had read much of his works, as much as any man in this country; and he thought that the duties of a physician were never more beautifully exemplified than in his conduct, or more eloquently described than in his writings. He often particularly noticed the attention which the great father of physic paid to the nature and properties of water, and its effects on the human frame. This he considered as a subject of far more importance to the medical practitioner than is commonly apprehended; and, perhaps, the observation was suggested to his mind by recollecting the laborious researches, directed to that very object, by his much respected friend Dr. Lamb, begun during his residence at Warwick, and continued many years after his removal to London. Celsus he pronounced "a very wise man," and said, "his works ought not only to be read, but read night and day, by every medical student." His style, he said, is very good Latin; and if it were not so, he ought still to be read for the medical knowledge which he communicates. Almost all that is valuable in Hippocrates, he remarked, may be found clearly and beautifully epitomized in Celsus. In recommending

to a young physician the study of Aretæus, a bold and decisive practitioner in the reign of Vespasian, whose works have ever been admired for the accurate description of diseases which they contain, and for the judicious mode of treatment which they prescribe, "Aye," said he, "if I could find one with a mind, like Aretæus, he should be my physician." Speaking of Dioscorides, distinguished no less as a botanist than as a physician, he said, that he sometimes read his works, and always with pleasure, though it is often difficult to translate his words, especially in the description of plants. Tournefort, Sibthorpe, and other travelling botanists have taken, he thought, the only sure method of explaining the plants, both of Theophrastus and Dioscorides, by diligent researches in the countries where they were originally found. He looked upon Galen as decidedly one of the most learned men who have appeared in the medical world; though inferior in other respects, especially as a pathological observer to Hippocrates or Aretæus. The poem of Frascatorius, the celebrated physician of Verona, in the eighteenth century, being mentioned, Dr. Parr observed, that it was one of the most classical productions, which have appeared since the Georgics of Virgil; with which, indeed, for its melodious versification, its vivid imagery, and its noble sentiments, it has often been compared.

Descending from the ancients to the moderns, he often spoke in praise of the literary acquirements and professional skill of Sir Thomas Browne, Sydenham, and Harvey; but pre-eminently his favourite medical writer was Hermann Boerhaave; and upon his genius,

his attainments, his important works, and his noble character, he was accustomd to expatiate, with almost rapturous delight. It was he that opened, Dr. Parr said, a new and splendid era in the science of medicine and chemistry; and, to his instructions, delivered in his lectures and writings, the wonderful discoveries and improvements of later years may be principally ascribed. Next to Boerhaave, the glory of the Dutch school of medicine, stood the contemporary and friend of Boerhave, Dr. Mead, the illustrious ornament of medical science in England, who was eminently distinguished not only for his professional talent, but for his literary attainments, and for his fine taste in all the arts which adorn and improve human life. The Latin style of his works, Dr. Parr said, is entitled to commendation; but, he added, though a good scholar, Dr. Mead was not skilful in writing Latin; and was therefore obliged to borrow the aid of Dr. Ward and Dr. Leatherland.

In Dr. Friend he admired the man of profound erudition, as well as of extensive medical knowledge; and in reading his works, he always met, he said, the deep thinking philosopher, as well as the elegant writer. Sir George Baker, he considered not only one of the best physicians, but also as one of the best scholars and writers of Latin of his day; and readily yielded to him, in this last respect, the palm of superiority over himself. Dr. Akenside he extolled as a man of vast learning, as well as of high talent, but united, unhappily, to excessive pride. Cullen he thought a most extraordinary man, and said, that he once intended to

write his life. In Dr. Aikin he acknowledged elegance of taste and high cultivation of mind. Dr. Heberden he called, "the amiable and accomplished author of the 'Commentaries,' or, the history of the diseases which came under his own observation, written in pure and flowing Latinity." Of Dr. Gregory, well known for his useful moral, as well as medical publications, Dr. Parr remarked, "that his writings are extensively read, and that they do credit to the ingenuity, the sensibility, and the piety of the author." With great and unfeigned respect, Dr. Parr cherished the memory of Dr. Percival, Dr. Arnold, and especially Dr. James Johnstone, of Worcester, whom he describes "as a man of much intellectual vigour and various research;" but whose life fell a sacrifice, at the age of 30, to his humane and zealous discharge of professional duty, in visiting the prisoners, during the period of a raging fever in Worcester gaol. No medical practitioner ever acquired, within the same space of time, a higher reputation than this young physician; and his virtues, talents, and the valuable services of his life, terminated under such affecting circumstances by his death, have secured for him a place in the grateful remembrance of the city in which he lived and died, and of all to whom his name and his merits were in any degree known. A monument to his memory was erected in Worcester Cathedral, for which the inscription in Latin was written by Dr. Parr.

Of the members of the medical profession, whose friendship Dr. Parr cultivated whilst living, and whom he enumerated in his "last will" amongst the num-

ber of his friends, are, Dr. E. Johnstone, and Dr. Mole, of Birmingham, Dr. Lambe, Dr. Bright, and Sir Anthony Carlisle, of London; the latter of whom he designates, as "a skilful surgeon, a profound philosopher, a most animated writer, and a most valuable friend." Among his friends, he also enumerates, Dr. Hill, of Leicester, Dr. Bourne, of Coventry, and his own medical attendants, Dr. J. Johnstone, Dr. A. Middleton, Mr. Blenkinsop, and Mr. Jones. In the same solemn registry, he has recorded the high value at which he prized the friendship of the very learned, scientific, and truly pious Dr. Falconer, of Bath; and of the eminently distinguished Dr. Holme, "who," says he, "in sincerity, in uprightness, in professional skill, in taste for reading classical authors, and in the knowledge of chemistry, zoology, and English antiquities, has few equals among his contemporaries."

How extremely gratifying it is to the members of a profession who have to struggle against the unreasonable prejudices of the world, to have this testimony in their favour pronounced by one of the most learned scholars of his day.

To be the instruments, however humble, of increasing the happiness of others, is of itself a sufficient reward to the right thinking man, and to have the commendation of those who are considered to rank among the great and good, to be praised by those whom all men exalt, affords an additional and a higher gratification to the conscientious and upright physician.

A wise and witty author has truly observed, "that

the hope of gain and lucre, and different employments of men, shape them into a variety of strange forms." In the sixteenth, and part of the seventeenth century, the learned professions were distinguished by a number of absurd customs, and carried the affectation of superlative wisdom to a ridiculous extreme: their garb, gait, and gestures were grotesque, and resembled those of magicians and conjurors: the physician was disfigured under a grave and solemn countenance: he was caparisoned in an enormous wig, a full-trimmed coat, buttoned to the bottom, and other extravagant paraphernalia. The introduction of more liberal ideas, above all, dramatic satire, enforced by stage exhibitions, have contributed to free the profession from this scholastic pedantry and stupid pomposity; to banish from science dunces and artful cheats, concealed under the mask of wisdom and cloak of gravity. The pensive look is now less studied, and the manners have become less stiff and supercilious.

> Physic of old, her entry made,
> Beneath the immense full bottom's shade,
> While the gilt cane, with solemn pride,
> To each sagacious nose applied,
> Seemed but a necessary prop,
> To bear the weight of wig at top.

The wig, in former times, was looked upon as no inconsiderable part of the insignia of a medical man, whose costume was completed by a full dress suit, &c.

> Each son of Sol, to make him look more big,
> Had on a large, grave, decent, three-tailed wig.

With the polished Reynolds departed the last silk coat among the doctors. The gentlemanly Samuel Howard, and the neat Dick Grindall, bore the last remnants of chirurgical costume; and, with Devaynes and Delmayhoy, expired the magnificent peruke which characterized the "*Opifer per orbem.*" Even in the middle of the last century, so much importance was attached to it, that Dr. Brocklesby's barber was in the habit of carrying a band-box through the High Change, exclaiming, "make way for Dr. Brocklesby's wig!" But of all wigs the most renowned, was that of Delmayhoy, which was so celebrated in the song, beginning,

> If you would see a noble wig,
> And in that wig a man look big,
> To Ludgate-hill repair, my joy,
> And gaze on Doctor Delmayhoy.

This eccentric character gave rise to the following clever and humorous verses:—

> "Delmayhoy sold infusions and lotions,
> Decoctions, and gargles, and pills;
> Electuaries, powders, and potions,
> Spermaceti, salts, scammony, squills.
>
> Horse aloes, burnt alum, agaric,
> Balm, benzoine, blood-stone and dill;
> Castor, camphor, and acid tartaric,
> With *specifics* for every ill.
>
> But with all his specifics in store,
> Death on Delmayhoy one day did pop;
> And, although he had doctors, a score,
> Made poor Delmayhoy shut up his shop."

Much unjust odium has been thrown upon medical men, on account of their supposed adherence to atheistical principles. A more unfounded calumny never was invented. Many of our most distinguished medical men have been as eminent for their piety as for their medical and general learning. Even in the present day, some of the brightest ornaments of society, whether considered as members of our religious establishments, or as literary men, are to be found in the ranks of the medical profession.

It is not very apparent that the study of medicine, in its several departments, has any direct and remarkable tendency to render men irreligious and immoral, beyond the ordinary influence of many other studies. Young men, who have little or no tincture of piety, who do not regard the scriptural standard of religion as the true measure of moral conduct, when collected together, will probably encourage and embolden each other in irregular practices. A youth of some reading and reflection, into whose mind the principles of religion have been instilled at an early age, if he fall under the dominion of immoral propensities, will be uneasy, while his life is so much at variance with what he knows to be his duty; he must, therefore, either relinquish his evil habits, or live in the service of sin, under the continual reproaches of his conscience, or he must find some expedient by which the voice of conscience may be silenced.

The graceful and happy union of learning and philosophy, with a submission to revealed religion, has been frequently exhibited to the world by several of

the most illustrious characters that ever adorned the seats of science; and to these ingenuous spirits an appeal may be safely made, and the question securely rested, whence they derived their knowledge of God and of themselves. The volumes of Bacon, and of Newton, of Pascal, and of Boyle; of Leibnitz, Grotius, and Locke; of Arnauld, Malebranche, Clarke, Euler, Maclaurin, Ray, Derham, Hales, &c., concur in giving honour to the Holy Scriptures, in acknowledging them as the only sure guides to the knowledge of those divine truths which can make us "wise unto salvation."

As the following remarks of Dr. Gregory so fully demonstrate the falsity of the charge in question, we offer no apology for quoting them in full. He observes, with expressions of just and honest indignation, "that the charge is absolutely false; I will venture to assert, that the most eminent of our faculty have been distinguished for their regard to religion. I shall only mention, as examples, Harvey, Sydenham, Arbuthnot, Boerhaave, Stahl, and Hoffman. It is easy, however, to see whence this calumny has arisen. Men, whose minds have been enlarged by extensive knowledge, who have been accustomed to think and reason upon all subjects with a liberal and generous freedom, are not apt to become bigots to any sect or system whatever. They can be steady to their principles, without thinking ill of those who differ from them; but they are particularly impatient of the authority and controul of men who pretend to lord it over their consciences, and to dictate to them what they are to believe in every article where religion is

concerned. This freedom of spirit, this moderation and charity for those of different sentiments, have frequently been ascribed, by narrow-minded people, to infidelity, scepticism, or, at least, lukewarmness in religion; while, at the same time, some men, who were sincere and devout Christians, exasperated by such reproaches, have expressed themselves in an unguarded manner, and thus given their enemies an apparent ground of clamour against them. This, I imagine, has been the real source of that charge of infidelity so often and so unjustly brought against physicians. I will venture to affirm, that men of the most enlarged minds, clear and solid understandings, who have acted in life with the greatest propriety, spirit, and dignity, and who have been regarded as the most useful and amiable members of society, have never been the men who have openly insulted, or insidiously attempted to ridicule the principles of religion; but, on the contrary, have been its best and warmest friends. Medicine, of all professions, should be the least suspected of leading to impiety. An intimate acquaintance with the works of nature elevates the mind to the most sublime conceptions of the Supreme Being, and at the same time dilates the heart with the most pleasing prospects of Providence. There are some peculiar circumstances in the profession of a physician, which should naturally dispose him to look beyond the present scene of things, and engage the heart on the side of religion. He has many opportunities of seeing people, once the gay and the happy, sunk in deep retired distress; sometimes devoted to

a certain but painful and lingering death ; sometimes struggling with bodily anguish, or the still fiercer tortures of a distracted mind. Such afflictive scenes, one would suppose, might soften any heart, not dead to every feeling of humanity, and make it reverence that religion which can alone support the soul in the most complicated distresses; that religion, which teaches us to enjoy life with cheerfulness, and to resign it with dignity."

Were we asked, we could point out the names of many living distinguished medical men, whose moral character and piety could not for a moment be questioned. Men, whose *actions*, and not *professions*, demonstrate the character of their minds. In all large bodies of men, many will undoubtedly be found who entertain very erroneous notions concerning religion ; but we utterly repudiate the assertion, that the medical profession, more than any other body of professional gentlemen, are open to the charge of infidelity and scepticism.

A question, very frequently asked, is this ; has any good resulted from the medical discoveries of the present age ? To this interrogatory, we say, that it can be demonstrated by a reference to statistical documents, that in proportion as the different branches which form the foundation of the science of medicine have been improved, so in proportion has the duration of human life been increased.

It is a fact, capable of demonstration, that since the healing art reached that point of cultivation, which has entitled it to rank among the sciences, disease has been

gradually decreasing, both in frequency, malignancy, and fatality. And it is equally capable of demonstration, that the degree of perfection with which anatomy has been studied, at any successive periods, may be safely taken as the rule by which the progress of all the branches of medicine may be ascertained. And on what else should it depend; how much does a watch-maker know about a watch, by counting its beats, and looking at the outside? As anatomy has been encouraged, so has medicine progressed. Wherever dissection was forbidden, surgery declined; and even in the present day, the schools of medicine, in which dissection is most liberally practised, send out into society, surgeons and physicians, who seldom fail to prove, in after life, the accuracy of Baillie's assertion, that "the dead body is that great basis on which we are to build the knowledge that is to guide us in distributing life and health to our fellow-creatures."

Sir William Petty (who died 150 years since,) states, that the proportion of deaths to cures, in St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, during 1741, was one in ten; during 1780, the mortality had diminished one in fourteen; during 1813, one in sixteen; and that during the year 1827, out of 12,494 patients, 259 only were buried, or, one in forty-eight. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has justly observed, "such is the advantage which has been already derived from the improvement of medical science in the study of anatomy, that comparing the value of life as it is now calculated, to what it was an hundred years ago, it has absolutely doubled. The most

fatally malignant diseases have become comparatively mild in the hands of modern physicians. The entire half of our population, were at one time destroyed by one disease alone—the small-pox; the mortality of which, at the present time, is but partial. Typhus fever was once accustomed to visit this country in annual epidemics, and to slay one out of every three whom it attacked; whereas, in the present day, it is seldom seen as an epidemic, and its average mortality does not amount to one in sixteen. Measles, scarlet-fever, hooping-cough, and consumption, are now no longer regarded with the extreme terror in which they were once viewed. From the year 1799 to 1808, the mortality of consumption amounted to about 27 per cent. of those who became ill; from 1808 to 1813, it diminished to 23 per cent.; and from 1813 to 1822, it still further decreased to 22 per cent."

As anatomy was more attended to, surgery proportionally advanced; until, in the days of Harvey, (who discovered the circulation of the blood, in 1610,) bold and important operations were attempted. The extreme clumsiness and cruelty with which they were then performed could scarcely be credited, had we not in our possession, some descriptions of them, by those who operated. The preceptor of the immortal Harvey describes, what he considers an improved and easy operation, in the following terms: "If it be (speaking of tumours,) a moveable one, I cut it away with a red hot knife, that sears as it cuts; but if it be adherent to the chest, I cut it without bleeding, with a wooden or horn knife, soaked in aquafortis,

with which, having cut the skin, I dig out the rest with my fingers!!"

It is a little more than fifty years ago, when Mr. Sharpe, one of the most eminent surgeons in London at that time, denied the possibility of the thigh bone being dislocated at the hip joint; an accident which occurs daily, and which the merest bone-setter in the kingdom can now detect.

In the treatment of simple wounds surgeons were, at one time, really very rude and cruel. Instead of bringing the edges of the wound together, and endeavouring to unite them by the first intention, as it is practised in the present day, the wound was filled with dressings and acid balsams, or distended with tents and leaden tubes, in order to force the wound into a painful suppuration, which they considered necessary to effect a cure.

In those days, every flap of skin, instead of being re-united, was cut away; every open wound was dressed as a sore, and every deep one was plugged up with a tent, lest it should heal. Tents, syndons, setons, leaden canulas, and strong injections, were among the chief implements of ancient surgery. The lips of a wound were never put together; if it was not large and free, their rule was to dilate it, but never with the knife; with a sort of forceps, they tore it open; they seldom made counter openings to let out the matter, and the most simple wounds were often forced into malignant sores. These long tents were thrust into wounds of the neck and cheek, until the neck or head swelled enormously. Even in compound fractures,

they thrust their dressings betwixt the ends of the broken bones, as if they had been afraid of the formation of callus.

At one period, all wounds were cured by the process of sucking; it was chiefly practised in the army, the. drummers of the regiment were the suckers; and the common soldiers submitted to this cure secretly, in order to conceal their quarrels from their officers and priests. The practice of duelling had proceeded to such lengths in France, that even the common soldiers settled their drunken disputes with their swords. A hasty word betwixt soldiers of two regiments in garrison, established a perpetual quarrel between the corps. They went out in the evening to the skirts of some adjoining wood, and fought by scores; when they happened to quarrel in taverns, they fixed their pocket-knives upon the brooms and mopsticks; and when their knives and side-arms were taken from them, they fought with sticks sharpened and hardened in the fire, which we find made more desperate wounds than tempered swords; wounds, bruised, livid, and sloughing, like those made by shot. When a party went out to the wood, the drummer of the regiment, or some good experienced sucker, went along with them. The duel ended the moment that one of the combatants received a wound; the sucker immediately applied himself to suck the wound, and continued sucking and discharging the blood until the wound ceased to bleed; and then, the wound being clean, he applied a piece of chewed paper upon the mouth of it, tied up the

limb with a tight bandage, and the patient walked home. The *savoir-faire*, or trick or cunning of this way of cure, consisted in making grimaces and contortions, signing their patient with a sign of the cross, and muttering between their teeth some unintelligible jargon. All their care was to keep this profession among themselves; and it was from this profanation of the name of Christ, and this abuse of the sign of his cross, that there arose a hot war between the suckers and priests: the priests refusing confession, extreme unction, or any sacrament of the church, to those who had undergone these magical or diabolical ceremonies; while the suckers, on the other hand, refused to suck those who had any connexion with the priests. The former were afraid of losing the dues of the church, and the privilege of giving extreme unction, and dismissing the soul to heaven (for those who submitted to the secret dressing were usually past all relief, before the secret was disclosed to the priest): the latter, on their parts, were careful to preserve a trade which was not without its emoluments. Verduc observes, *Suxerunt quidem at non sanguinem sed potius aurum:* "They were more skilful in sucking gold than blood."

Contrast this barbarous surgery with the improved and rational principles which guide the surgeons of the present day, and the conviction must be, that the science of healing is in a vastly improved condition. The art of surgery is not what it formerly was. It does not consist, as it did in by-gone days, in the performance of manual operations. Mere dexterity in using the knife is not an infallible test of surgical

skill. The man, who, by the application of the principles of his art, can prevent the mutilation of the human frame, is considered to take the highest position in the ranks of his profession.

The improvement in medicine has been equally great. Diseases are more easily detected; the cultivation of morbid anatomy has thrown considerable light on the situation of those structural alterations, which too often baffle the skill of the most able men in the profession; materia medica, chemistry, and all the auxiliary sciences which mutually bear upon and illustrate that of medicine, have proportionally advanced in improvement, and still continue to do so. The application of the stethoscope, in the detection of diseases of the thoracic viscera, has been of the most essential service in enabling the physician to discover, with wonderful accuracy, the early dawnings of affections of the lungs and heart. This subject, however, will be more minutely considered in another part of this work.

In conclusion, we would observe, that if ever the science of medicine be destined to take an elevated position, that rank, which it is fully entitled to claim, it must be by the application to the study of its many branches those unerring principles of induction, which the great mind of Lord Bacon has so fully developed in his master-production.* Let medical men study this work more than they have hitherto done, and much good to the science which they investigate will be the result.

* The Novum Organum.

CHAPTER II.

ECCENTRIC MEDICAL MEN.

Dr. Mounsey—Dr. Marryatt—Sir John Hill—Sir Richard Jebb —Sir John Eliot—Dr. Radcliffe—Mr. John Abernethy.

Whole volumes might be written on this subject, full of interest and instruction! Many of the most distinguished ornaments of the medical profession have been most eccentric in their manners; and although the eminence they attained cannot altogether be attributed to this circumstance, still we ought not entirely to overlook it in our calculation of the causes which have enabled them to obtain so great a degree of the confidence and support of the public.

Many justly celebrated practitioners have been naturally singular in their habits of acting and thinking, independently of the position they held in the medical world: others have aped the manners of their superiors, hoping, by this circumstance, to acquire notoriety and practice.

We will not, in this place, pretend to inquire how much the success of the late John Abernethy was to

be attributed to his blunt eccentricity; but we may venture to assert it was of service to him, notwithstanding his pre-eminent talents would have commanded success, had he been the very reverse of singular in his deportment.

The late Lord Erskine has observed, that "it is in the nature of every thing that is great and useful, both in the animate and in the inanimate world, to be wild and irregular, and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them."

How many, in imitation of this great surgeon, have assumed his manners without possessing one particle of his genius, as if roughness and ill-breeding would alone ensure success in life; of such men, well might it be said—

——— "This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains his gait
Quite from his nature; he cannot flatter, he!
An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth.
These kind of knaves, I know, which, in this plainness,
Harbour more craft, and more corrupted ends,
Than twenty silly clucking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely."

It is said, that there are excesses of the *suaviter in modo*, even more designing and censurable than the overacting of the *fortiter in re*. Dr. Gregory marks, and forcibly condemns the double-faced and fee-seeking satyr, who blows south in the mansions of wealth, and north in the hovels of poverty; the cur, who having grown rich by compliance with good manners,

conceives himself indispensable to his employers, and becomes rapacious and brutal upon the strength of his reputation; and the servile and fawning sycophant, who, in exceeding the established rules of good breeding towards characters, despicable in other respects than external splendour and magnificence, forgets that his philosophy is but a name.*

How is it that we never meet with a physician, in a dramatic representation, but he is treated as a solemn coxcomb and a fool?† This satire, however, cannot properly be considered as levelled against the science of medicine, but against those who practise it; not against the profession, but against its particular manners. What must be the state of medicine, when a learned physician admits that, in order to ensure success, a medical man's manners should be *obsequious?*‡

Whatever may be said of eccentricity, it must be evident to any person of observation, that a medical practitioner's success depends materially upon his outward appearance. A singular dress, an affected pomposity, a mysterious air, all conspire to throw around the physician indications of unusual sagacity which is sure to attract the notice of those uninitiated in the ways of the world, and to ensure a degree of respect to which he cannot have a reasonable claim.

* Dr. Percival.

† Moliere makes Beraldo, in the "*Malade Imaginaire,*" say, "I don't know a more pleasant piece of mummery, or any thing more ridiculous, than for one man to undertake to cure another."

‡ Dr. Young's "Medical Literature."

How much affected dignity and pomposity influence the world, may be gleaned from the following fact:—Dr. Hugh Smith, who was a medical Nimrod, and resided at Bristol, when compelled to leave home, often substituted for himself an elderly man, on whose head he placed a cauliflower wig. The deputy sat, subtle-looking, like an ape in a house-porch, dispensing with facility to his applicants, from drawers, therapeutically labelled, "ointment for sore eyes," "pills for the bilious," *et hoc genus omne*. After the death of the principal, the "Mock Doctor" succeeded to his practice, and the acquisition of an ample fortune!

In bringing before our readers the more striking incidents in the lives of some of our most celebrated eccentric medical men, we would premise that it is not our intention to enter into a minute detail of every circumstance connected with their career, but merely to give the principal events relating to each physician, with anecdotes illustrative of their respective characters.

We shall begin with Dr. Mounsey, who was for many years the Abernethy of his day. He was physician to Chelsea Hospital, and attracted considerable attention by his many eccentricities: of his early history we have not been able to discover any records. The "Chelsea Doctor," as he was commonly called, was a truly original character. We have collected many authentic anecdotes of him, which we shall give without any respect to chronological arrangement.

The Doctor was intimately acquainted with Sir Robert Walpole, who knew the worth of his "Norfolk

Doctor," as he called Mounsey, but neglected to reward it. The prime minister was fond of billiards, at which his friend very much excelled him. "How happens it," said Sir Robert, in his social hour, "that nobody will beat me at billiards and contradict me but Dr. Mounsey?" "They," said the Doctor, "get places; I get dinners and praise." The Duke of Grafton was mean enough to put off paying him for a long attendance on himself and family, by promising him a little place at Windsor. "I take the liberty to call on your Grace, to say the place is vacant," said the Chelsea Physician. "Ecod (his Grace had not the most harmonious voice, and repeated this elegant word in a very peculiar manner), Ecod, I knew it; the Chamberlain has just been here to tell me he promised it to Jack." The disconcerted and never-paid physician retired, and informed the Lord Chamberlain of what had passed, who said, "don't for the world tell his Grace; but, before he knew I had promised it, here is a letter to me, soliciting for a *third person*."

By way of ridiculing family pride, he used to confess, that the first of his ancestors, of any note, was a baker and dealer in hops, a trade which enabled him, with some difficulty, to support his family. To procure a present sum, this ancestor had robbed his feather beds of their contents, and supplied their deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years, a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became more scarce, and of course enormously dear; the hoarded treasure was ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops, which in a plentiful season, were of no value; and thus, the

Doctor used to add, "our family *hopped* from obscurity."

The mode in which he drew his own teeth was singular. It consisted in fastening a short piece of catgut firmly round the affected tooth; the other end of the catgut was, by means of a strong knot, fastened to a perforated bullet, with this a pistol was charged, and when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger, a troublesome companion was dismissed, and a disagreeable operation evaded.

Dr. Mounsey was always infatuated with a fear of the insecurity of the public funds, and was frequently anxious, in his absence from his apartments for a place of safety, in which to deposit his cash and notes: going on a journey, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire-place of his sitting-room for his treasury, and placed bank-notes and cash to a considerable amount in one corner, under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his housekeeper preparing to treat some friends with a cup of tea, and by way of showing respect to her guests, the parlour fire-place was chosen to make the kettle boil; the fire had not long been lighted when the Doctor arrived. When he entered the room the company had scarcely began tea. Mounsey ran across the room, like a madman, saying, "Hang it, you have ruined me for ever; you have burned all my bank-notes." First went the contents of the slop basin, then the tea-pot; then he rushed to the pump in the kitchen, and brought a pail of water, which he threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who, in the utmost consternation,

got out of his way as speedily as possible. His housekeeper cried out, "For G— sake take care, Sir, or you will spoil the steel stove and fire-irons." "D—n the irons," replied the Doctor; "you have ruined me —you have burned my bank-notes." "L—, Sir," said the half-drowned woman, "who'd think of putting bank-notes in a Bath stove, where the fire is ready laid?" "And," retorted he, "who would think of making a fire in the summer time, where there has not been one for several months?" He then pulled out the coals and cinders, and, at one corner, found the remains of his bank-notes, and one quarter of them entire and legible. Next day, Dr. Mounsey called upon Lord Godolphin, the high-treasurer, and told him the story. His Lordship said, "that he would go with him to the Bank the next day, and get the cash for him, through his influence." He accordingly ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet Mounsey at the room in the Bank, where some of the directors daily attended. The Doctor, being obliged to go to the Horse-Guards on business, took water at Whitehall for the City. In going down the river, he pulled out his pocket-book, to see if the remains of his notes were safe, when a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into the river. "Put back, you scoundrel," said the doctor, "my bank-notes are overboard."

He was instantly obeyed, and the doctor took his hat and dipped it into the river, inclosing the notes and hat full of water. In this state he put it under his arm, and desired to be set ashore immediately.

On landing, he walked to the Bank, and was shown into the room where Lord Godolphin had just before arrived. "What have you under your arm?" said his lordship. "The d——d notes," replied the doctor, throwing down his hat with the contents on the table, with such a force as to scatter the water into the faces of all who were standing near it. "There," said the doctor, "take the remainder of your notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them!"

Those who were acquainted with Garrick admired and esteemed him; but they universally confessed, that, notwithstanding he eagerly sought and enjoyed a joke at another man's expense, he was nettled if it were raised at *his own*. Mounsey frequently retorted with success. The little manager was sore, and lapsed, on one particular occasion, into an unjustifiable asperity of reply, which called forth the latent spark of resentment from the doctor. Severe recrimination, fomented by the ill-timed interference of officious meddlers, who enjoyed the quarrel, subsisted to the last. There were some unfinished stanzas, penned by the Doctor, during Garrick's illness, on which occasion many physicians had been called in. As soon as Garrick died, Mounsey destroyed the verses, and never could be prevailed upon to repeat them. The following extracts will show how satirical they must have been:—

"Seven wise physicians lately met,
To serve a wretched sinner;
Come Tom, says Jack, pray let's be quick,
Or I shall lose my dinner."

The consultation then begins, and the case of the patient is stated; after which follows:—

"Some roar'd for rhubarb, jalap some,
And some cried out for Dover;*
Let's give him something, each man said—
Why e'en let's give him—over!"

This desperate counsel is, however, rejected by one of the medical sages, who, after some reflections on the life and habits of the patient, declares that he has great confidence in chinks, adding—

"Not dried up skinks, you ninnies:
The chinking that I recommend,
Is the famous chink of guineas."

After this, a humourous altercation ensues, by whom this auricular application of the purse should be made; with humility and politeness towards each other, for which physicians are so remarkable, each declines the honour to the superior rank of his order. But the poet shrewdly guesses that this backwardness arose from the majority of them not chusing to exhibit the comfortless state of their pockets. At length a physician, in high repute, with a purse replenished with guineas, approaches with due solemnity the patient's bed; the curtain is withdrawn, and the glittering gold shaken at the sick man's ear.

"Soon as the fav'rite sound he heard,
One faint effort he tried:
He op'd his eyes, he stretched his hand,
He made one grasp, and died."

* Dover's Powder.

Lord Bath made a vain attempt to reconcile these two old friends: "I thank you," cried Mounsey, "but why will your lordship trouble himself with the squabbles of a merry-andrew and a quack doctor?"

No one who pretended to understand Mounsey's character, can forget that it was impossible for folly or affectation to pass undetected, and, seldom, with impunity, in his company. A young clergyman, whose sound understanding and good heart were indisputable, was affected with a solemn theatrical mode of speaking at times, accompanied with a mincing, finical gesture, bordering on the coxcomb. This foible did not escape the eagle-eye of his friend, who well knew his worth, and would not hurt his feelings; the doctor, therefore, took an opportunity when they were alone to censure him, and agreed that, whenever he saw the "affected dramatica," as he called it, coming on, as a signal, always to offer his snuff-box, with two smart raps on the lid of it, to prevent him from lapsing into such a bad habit. The gentleman alluded to, as a sterling proof of his good sense, spoke ever afterwards of that circumstance with gratitude. A visible improvement took place in the deportment of the divine, and Mounsey was probably instrumental in procuring preferments for him, as well as in his obtaining a wife with a handsome dower.

Dr. Mounsey was in the habit of the closest intimacy with Garrick, whose fascinating powers of conversation, and elegant manners, were diametrically opposed to those of Mounsey. The doctor, during a long intercourse with the great and gay, invariably

maintained a plainness of comportment, which was by no means an unpleasing one; nor could he ever be persuaded to sacrifice sincerity at the shrine of abject flattery. He spoke the truth, and what sometimes gave offence, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," which afforded a frequent opportunity to ignorance and malignity to cry him down as a cynic. This difference of manner between him and Garrick, was productive of a mutual, but by no means an unfriendly, interchange of raillery. To raise a laugh at the doctor's expence, was the amusement of many an hour at Hampton.

Garrick one evening, on his return from Drury Lane, where he had been performing, told the doctor, that wishing to see a favourite scene acted by a performer at Covent Garden then very popular, he had slipped from his own stage very slily, and trusted an underling actor, known by the name of Dagger Mar, to supply his place for a few minutes, which was only to stand silent and aloof, and that he had returned soon enough to resume his part in the dialogue of the scene.

The doctor credulously swallowed this story, and readily circulated it with much delight; the town enjoyed the joke, and he was heartily laughed at for his pains.

In advancing sums to assist inferior tradesmen Mounsey was ever ready, often with little prospect of having the money returned. Not long before his death, the doctor advanced a servant, retiring from a gentleman's service, an hundred pounds to set him up

in business. The tradesman had applied to his master to assist him, "a fine delicate woman's man," who trembled at a breath of wind: he generously lent him twenty pounds, which, however, he made him repay in a fortnight. This "bug with gilded wings," as the doctor used to style him, would lavish treble the sum on some squeaking eunuch, or on some new furniture for his phaeton, in which, by the bye, he was often afraid to ride. "Nature certainly at first designed him for a woman," said Mounsey, in one of his peevish moments, "but was unwilling to disgrace the sex."

During a prevailing sickness in the doctor's neighbourhood, all intercourse with his family was interdicted by a serious letter sent to him. A correspondence by post, however, was admitted; but the *billet-doux* was obliged to pass quarantine for a night and a day, or, as the doctor termed it, to be *bleached*. If he met them in his post chaise, on the road, the glasses of the coach were carefully and closely shut up, and a waving of hands was the only personal civility that passed between himself and his intimate friends for seven months.

"We are afraid of you, doctor, you come from a sick room," exclaimed the *petit maitre*. "You often make me sick," replied Mounsey, "but never afraid."

The windows of Dr. Mounsey's apartment looked upon the college court and walls. When he had arrived at a very advanced age, many members of the faculty, who thought this situation extremely desirable, and the doctor literally an encumbent, most

naturally looked forward to the termination of his existence; and the applications to the minister to succeed Dr. Mounsey were innumerable. In consequence of their ardent hopes of the place, the court of Chelsea Hospital used to be the favourite walk of the medical candidates. Here they used to enjoy themselves in the contemplation of the advantages of the situation, its vicinity to the metropolis, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Coach-houses gratis, and an hundred other agreeable anticipations, had certainly their due weight, while the doctor, sitting at his window, used to enjoy his own thoughts, and smile at their presumption.

One day this humorist saw, from his observatory, a physician, accompanied by his friend, who were taking a survey of the spot. The friend was pointing out to the candidate the pleasant situation of the medical apartments, and enumerating the various advantages of the college residence. As Mounsey was fond of teasing, he immediately descended. A few words served for his introduction; when turning to the physician, he said,

"So, sir, I find you are one of the candidates to succeed me!"

The physician bowed, and proceeded:

"But you will be confoundedly disappointed."

"Disappointed!" said the physician, with quivering lips.

"Yes," returned Mounsey, "you expect to outlive me; but I discern from your countenance, and other concomitant circumstances, that you are deceiving

yourself—you will certainly die first: though as I have nothing to expect from that event, I shall not rejoice at your death, as I am persuaded you would at mine."

This was actually the case: the candidate lived but a short time, and Dr. Mounsey was so diverted with checking the aspiring hopes of his brethren of the faculty, that whenever he saw a physician on the look out, he used to go down and confront them in the same manner. He did so to several, and what is singularly extraordinary, his prognostications were in every instance verified. The medical speculators shrunk aghast from Chelsea; so that at the death of the doctor, the minister was not engaged by a single promise, nor had he for some time a single application for the place of physician to the college.

Taylor in his Records relates the following anecdote of Mounsey:—"The doctor told me that he was once in company with another physician and an eminent farrier. The physician stated that, among the difficulties of his profession, was that of discovering the maladies of children, because they could not explain the symptoms of their disorder. 'Well,' said the farrier, 'your difficulties are not greater than mine, for my patients, the horses, are equally unable to explain their complaints.' 'Ah!' rejoined the physician, 'my brother doctor must conquer me, as he has brought his cavalry against my infantry.'" With regard to religion, after long study, and much reading Dr. M. was a staunch supporter of the Unitarian doctrine, and early imbibed an unconquerable aversion to

bishops and church establishments. He denounced the Athanasian doctrine in no measured language; in fact, whenever the subject was mentioned, he burst into the most vehement expression of abhorrence and disgust.

During his abode at Lord Godolphin's, he was one day riding in Hyde Park with a Mr. Robinson, a well-meaning man, who was lamenting the deplorable state of the times, and concluded his harangue with saying, "and doctor, I talk with people who believe there is no God." "And I," Mr. Robinson, returned the doctor, "talk with people who believe there are *three*." The alarmed Trinitarian immediately set spurs to his horse, and would never after speak to the author of so profane a reply.

Dr. Mounsey was a man of strong passions, pointed wit, and lively imagination. His wit was ardent, insatiable, and often troublesome; but then his communication was rapid, copious, and interesting; he possessed a vein of humour, rich, luxuriant, and, like the nature of all humours, sometimes gross, and inelegant. His wit was not the keen, shining, well-tempered weapon of a Sheridan, a Beauclerck, or a Burke; it partook rather of the nature of the irresistible massy sabre of a Cossack, which at the time it cuts down by the sharpness of its edge, demolishes by the weight of the blow. To these qualities were added deep penetration, and an incredible memory, which poured forth in an inexhaustible flow of words, the treasures of past years, which at times, like other treasures, were not without their dross.

He was a storehouse of anecdote, a reservoir of good things, and a chronicle of past times. His faults he either would not, or could not, conceal; they were prominent to all:—a vitiated taste, a neglected dress, unseemly deportment, and disgusting language, formed the marked characteristics of this singular man; who even on his death bed, maintained all the force of his singularity, by bequeathing his body for dissection, an old velvet coat to one friend, and the buttons of it to another. In his will he inveighs bitterly against bishops, deans, and chapters; and leaves annuities to two clergymen who had resigned their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine.

Dr. Mounsey died, at his apartments in Chelsea Hospital, December 26th, 1788, at the advanced age of ninety-five.

The following epitaph was written by himself, after having been much teazed by visitors who were anxious to succeed him.

"Here lie my old bones: my vexation now ends:
I have liv'd much too long for myself and my friends.
As to churches and church-yards which men may call holy;
'Tis a rank piece of priestcraft, and founded in folly.
What the next world may be, never troubled my pate;
And be what it may, I beseech you, O fate!
When the bodies of millions rise up in a riot,
To let the old carcase of Mounsey be quiet."

Mounsey contributed nothing to the literature of his profession. He is represented as having been a

good practical physician, and much respected by all who knew him, and had occasion to avail themselves of his professional services. He was passionately fond of theatrical exhibitions, and a friend of the drama. He was at one period of his life the intimate friend and associate of Garrick, who often spoke highly of the doctor's talents and humour. He attended the celebrated actor in a dangerous illness, and succeeded in curing him after all the other physicians had given him over.

In our enumeration of eminent eccentric physicians we must not forget Dr. William Butler, of Clare Hall, Cambridge, who was one of the greatest physicians, and the most capricious humorist of his time. His sagacity in detecting disease was very great. Mr. Aubrey says that it was Butler's usual custom to sit among the boys at St. Mary's Church in Cambridge; and that having been once sent for to King James at Newmarket, in obedience to one of those whimsical caprices which distinguished him so much, he suddenly turned back to go home; and so strangely restive was this singular man in his oddities, that the messenger was obliged to compel him by force to make his visit to the king.

The irregular indulgence of these fantastical humours did not lessen his character as a physician, however it might have affected his interests. No man, of his time, enjoyed so general and so deserved a reputation.

Aubrey relates the following story of Butler, which he says was the occasion of his first being taken notice of:—A clergyman, in Cambridgeshire, by excessive application in composing a learned sermon, which he was to preach before the king, at Newmarket, had brought himself into such a way, that he could not sleep. His friends were advised to give him opium, which he took in so large a quantity, that it threw him into a profound lethargy. Dr. Butler, who was sent for, from Cambridge, upon seeing and hearing his case, flew into a passion, and told his wife, that she was in danger of being hanged for killing her husband, and very abruptly left the room. As he was going through the yard, on his return home, he saw several cows, and asked her to whom they belonged; she said, to her husband. "Will you," says the Doctor, "give me one of these cows, if I can restore him to life?" She replied, "with all my heart." He presently ordered a cow to be killed, and the patient to be put into the warm carcase, which, in a short time, recovered him. Granger says, "the reputation for physic was very low in England before Butler's time; hypothetical nonsense was reduced to a system, not only in medicine, but also in other arts and sciences."* Butler died, aged 83, in 1618.

In the last century, lived Dr. Marryat, a very eccentric character. He was also a man of considerable

* Aubrey's MSS. in Asthmole's Museum.

ability. His good fortune, in restoring to health some patients who had long been afflicted with painful and dangerous maladies, acquired him a reputation, which quickly enabled him to keep his carriage; but he was improvident, and made no provision for the infirmities which usually attend the *bon-vivant;* and, in consequence, was, towards the close of his career, much reduced. In the midst of his poverty, he, nevertheless, strenuously and haughtily refused the assistance of some very near relatives, of the highest respectability, who would willingly have comforted his old age, if the pride of his spirit would have permitted them. He was a man of strict integrity, and was always punctual to the utmost of his abilities, when it was in his power. In his latter days, when he imagined his credit was bad, he applied to a Mr. A——, and abruptly said, "You don't know me; but will you trust me with a bed, to sleep upon?" The reply was in the affirmative: "Well, then," said he, "I shall pay you on such a day." Exactly at the appointed time, the doctor called, but not finding Mr. A. at home, he wrote a note, saying, "Why do you make me a liar? I called to pay you; send for your money this evening, or I will throw it into the street."

In his last illness, a friend came to see him, to whose questions respecting his health, he replied, "I am very bad; but it is not worth your while to stay and see an old man die." Afterwards, in the course of the conversation, he said, "the world supposes that I am an atheist, but I am not; I know and believe that there is an Almighty God, who made me,

and will not suffer me to perish; and, therefore, I am not afraid to die."

This eccentric physician's death was caused by his obstinately refusing to take proper medicines, until his disease had taken too firm a hold of his constitution. The mention of physic threw him into convulsions. When he found he was sinking rapidly, he said to a medical friend, who was standing by his bedside, "cannot you give me something to relieve me?" "It is too late," replied the doctor. "Oh, what a fool I have been towards myself," exclaimed poor Marryat, a few minutes before he ceased to breathe!

In 1716, the famous Sir John Hill flourished in the metropolis; he was originally an apothecary in St. Martin's Lane. Hill was known to the world as the doctor on whom that well-known epigram was written:

"For physic and farces,
His equal there scarce is,
His farces are physic,
His physic a farcé is."

Hill wrote several farces, which were brought out on the stage, and very severely handled by the critics of the day. It has been recorded, of this eccentric physician, that when his wife was in labour, he locked her in her chamber, and went out with the key in his pocket; the neighbours, hearing her cries, forced the door open, and procured a midwife. The child died in a few days after. A benevolent lady, who pitied Mrs. Hill's situation, brought her, among other

things, a shirt to make child-bed linen of: Hill took off the neck and ruffles, and wore them at the play. He used to hint, that he was the natural son of the Duke of Richmond, and sealed his letters with the Duke's arms. Haller, who corresponded with him, once asked Mr. Hudson about this circumstance, who observed, that "he was always a lying fellow, and would say that he found plants in situations, where nobody else could meet them."

Hill once made his appearance at the Duke of Richmond's house, attired in elegant mourning, with servants, and a handsome chariot. He said, that a large estate had been unexpectedly bequeathed to him, that he had a borough at his command, and was come to lay it at the Duke's feet. This farce was kept up for a fortnight; and then the whole was found to be a fabrication, and the Duke would never after suffer him to come into the house. It was a conversation at Dr. Watson's, that first made Hill a quack. Hill's poverty was mentioned, and Dr. Watson was wondering that Hill, amongst all his schemes, had never attempted quackery, when the field was open: this was reported to Hill, by one of the company, and soon after came out one of his medicines; some of these, however, had not much success; but the tincture of sage, and balsam of honey, sold so well, that Ridley, the bookseller, in St. James's Street, once assured Mr. Hudson, that he sold of them, to the amount of £30. per week; and that there was a still greater demand for them in the city.

Hill was once engaged in several periodical works,

viz., "The Lady's Magazine," "A System of Divinity," a work on "Cookery," and several Voyages and Travels. It has been humorously said, of this eccentric character, that he was

> "The writer on snuff, valerian and sage,
> The greatest imposter and quack of his age;
> The punishment ordered for all such sad crimes,
> Was to take his own physic, and read his own rhymes!"

If you have occasion for physicians, says the scholar Salernitina, there are three to whom you may apply at all times with safety; these are, a cheerful mind, moderate exercise, and a regulated regimen. So said Dumoulin, the most celebrated physician of his time. In his last moments, being surrounded by several of his colleagues, who were deploring his approaching death, he addressed them thus:—"Gentlemen, I leave behind me three excellent physicians." Each of the doctors present conceived himself to be one of the three; but they were soon undeceived, when Dumoulin informed them, that the three he meant were water, exercise, and regimen.

Dumoulin was fond of money. He is said to have received some large sums of money in the shape of fees. On leaving one of his patients, who had made him a handsome payment in coined money, as the amount was considerable, he put it into his pocket. On returning home, his first thought was to count the pieces he had received. The attention he was paying to his money, prevented him from noticing a friend

who was waiting for him in his department. This person said, "allow me to hand you a chair." Dumoulin looked at him with a contemptuous sneer, saying, "learn, blockhead, that a man never feels tired when counting his money." A great love for this precious metal is generally accompanied with a slight tincture of avarice. In this respect Dumoulin yielded to no one. On one occasion he was sent for to visit the Prince Count of Clermont, who was indisposed. The surgeon, who came for him, was in one of the royal carriages, driven by the body coachman. After a visit to the Prince, Dumoulin took the liberty of using the carriage to pay two or three other visits in the neighbourhood of the Prince's residence. After the last visit, he felt in in his pocket for some time, and, at length, finding sixpence, he offered it to the coachman. This was, of course, refused, but he frequently amused himself in repeating this tale to his associates.

Dumoulin received three Louis for every visit to the Prince. On another occasion, together with M. Sylva, a physician not less famous than himself, but better informed and less interested, he visited a man of high rank, who was so dangerously ill, that at their last visit he died in their hands. This sudden death, being quite unexpected, it occasioned considerable consternation and murmur in the apartment, particularly in the anti-chamber, where the domestics allowed themselves to adopt the most licentious conversation, and even threatened the doctors with unpleasant consequences. M. Sylva, naturally timid, was alarmed, and communicated his fears to Dumoulin, saying,

"By what door shall we escape?" Dumoulin, having no fear but that of not being paid, replied, "*By the door where they pay,*" and intrepidly left the apartment, followed by Sylva, who trembled with fear. A great miser, having heard that Dumoulin far surpassed him in saving knowledge, waited on him one winter evening about eight o'clock. He found him sitting, illuminated, or rather darkened, by the smoky light of a single lamp. On entering, he said to him, "I have heard that you are one of the greatest economists existing; I also am so inclined, but conscious of my inferiority, I should be happy to become your pupil on this point." "Is that all?" replied Dumoulin, "Sir, be seated;" in saying so, he extinguished the lamp. "There is no occasion for light to show us how to talk, it only produces inattention. Well, then, what is your object?" "Sir," cried the stranger, "the lesson of economy I have already received is enough. I shall always remain a scholar in respect to you. I shall endeavour to profit by the lesson I have received," and so withdrew in the best way he could in the dark.

Notwithstanding Dumoulin's love of money, he could resist the largest fee probably ever offered to a physician, when to have accepted it, would have been to sacrifice every thing which a man of honour and principle holds dear. It is related, that a man of high rank and title waited upon this physician, to request him to exert his skill in the performance of a delicate operation, which medical men, under peculiar circumstances, are sometimes compelled to perform. Dumoulin refused to do it. The illustrious stranger called

a second time, and offered the doctor a fee of £2,000, on the condition of his performing the operation, and keeping the matter a secret. Tempting as this offer was, Dumoulin positively declined to listen to the proposal, and gave orders to his servant not to admit the stranger again to his presence, lest he should forget those high chivalrous principles which, to the honour of medical men, have so prominently characterised the minds of our most distinguished physicians and surgeons.

Sir Richard Jebb was born in 1719, and after taking his degree of M.D. commenced practice in Westminster, where, in a short time, he set up his carriage, and became physician to the Infirmary and to St. George's Hospital. He subsequently attended the Duke of Gloucester, whom he was fortunate enough to cure of a dangerous illness. The king now appointed him physician extraordinary to the court; and, in 1778, he was created a baronet. His reputation had been so great for many years previous to this period, that the king, being indisposed one day, desired him to be sent for; but being told that it was etiquette to employ the physician in ordinary, he said, "Don't tell me of your 'ordinaries' or 'extraordinaries;' I will have Jebb." He was for some time very popular, being as much employed as Dr. Mead, and being as successful as Radcliffe, whose bluntness and eccentricity he very much imitated.

Poor Sir Richard Jebb! he was loved, notwithstanding all his eccentricity. He had the bluntness,

without the rudeness of Radcliff. He had the medical perception, but not the perseverance and temporizing politeness of Warren. In every respect, but fortune, superior to Turton; or to Baker, but in classical learning; and yet he was the unhappy slave of bad passions. His own sister was for a long time confined in a mad-house; the same fate attended his cousin; and a little adversity would have placed poor Sir Richard there also. There was an impetuosity in his manner, and wildness in his look, and sometimes a strange confusion in his head, which often made his friends tremble for the safety of the sensorium. He had a noble, a generous heart, and a pleasing frankness among his friends; communicative of experience among the faculty; earnest for the recovery of his patients, which he sometimes manifested by the most impetuous solicitude. Those that did not well know him, he alarmed. Those that did, saw the unguarded and rude ebullition of earnestness for success. "Like Corporal Trim, for his Lefevre, I miss him much," says Dr. Lettsom, speaking of Sir Richard, "for to speak my mind, I have but little faith in some pompous survivors. Thy patients, in whom thou imposed most severe restraints in diet, thought thee an unfeeling mortal; and yet I knew few were possessed of more sensibility. I remember thy speech, 'Good God! Dr. Lettsom, Lord ———, whom I cured a year ago, has employed, lately, another physician.' 'Well, Sir Richard, you have more than you can do.' 'I know it, but this case has grieved me, incessantly, for a fortnight.' But when His Majesty turned away poor

Jebb, and substituted in his place Sir George Baker, he never recovered from the blow. He left Great George Street, and pretended to retire to Lambs Conduit Street. But when the measles brought him again into the Royal Family, he was so agitated, that instead of sleeping at Windsor, he got up twelve times each night, was hurried, confused, tortured about the event, till at length, without apparent danger, he sent for Baker, to consult. After the termination of the measles, his own debility ensued, which he injudiciously increased by venesection; the effects of which no cordial could remove. But, poor fellow! a little before he died, the queen, in a letter, written by a German lady, inquired after his state of disease. This letter rekindled the expiring flame; he grasped it, and never parted with it, till life parted with his poor emaciated and weather-beaten frame!

It is stated that Sir Richard Jebb was very rough and harsh in his manner. He once observed to a patient to whom he had been very rude, "*Sir, it is my way.*" "Then," replied the patient, pointing to the door, "I beg you will make *that your way.*"

Sir Richard, on being called to see a patient, who fancied himself very ill, told him candidly what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live, what I may eat, and what not." "My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of

digestion; nor the bellows because they are windy; but any thing else you please."

Sir Richard Jebb was the first cousin to Dr. John Jebb, who had been a dissenting minister, well known for his political opinions and writings. His Majesty George III. used sometimes to talk to Sir Richard concerning his cousin; and on one occasion more particularly spoke of his restless reforming spirit, in the church, in the university, &c. "And please your Majesty," replied Sir Richard, "if my cousin were in heaven, he would be a reformer."

Sir Richard was not distinguished for being tenacious of the language he made use of to patients. Nothing used to make him swear more than the eternal question, "What may I eat?" Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?" "Yes, madam, the best thing you can take." "O dear! I am glad of that. But, Sir Richard, you told me the other day, that it was the *worst* thing that I could eat!" "What would be proper for me to eat to day?" says another lady. "Boiled turnips." "Boiled turnips!" exclaimed the patient, "you forget, Sir Richard, I told you I could never eat boiled turnips." "Then, madam, you must have a d——d vitiated appetite." The following lines were written for Sir Richard Jebb's epitaph.

"Here, caught in death's web,
Lies the great Doctor Jebb,
Who got gold dust just like Astley Cooper;
Did you speak about diet
He would kick up a riot,
And swear like a madman or trooper.

When he wanted your money,
Like sugar or honey,
  Sir Richard looked happy and placid;
Having once touch'd the cash,
He was testy and rash,
  And his honey was turned to an acid."

Sir JOHN ELLIOT, as is well known, was a merry, eccentric little being, who talked pretty much at random, and oftentimes with no great reverence for the subjects which he talked upon. On one occasion he called upon a patient, Henderson, the celebrated actor, to inquire how his medicine had succeeded, and in his northern accent demanded of the patient, "Had he taken the *palls* that he sent him?"—"He had." "Well! and how did they agree? what had they done?" "Wonders," replied Henderson; "I survived them." "To be sure you did," said the doctor, "and you must take more of them, and live for ever: I make my patients immortal." "That is exactly what I am afraid of, doctor," rejoined the patient. "I met a lady of my acquaintance yesterday; you know her well: she was in bitter affliction, crying and bewailing herself in a most piteous fashion: I asked her what had happened. "O melancholy event—her dearest friend was at death's door." "What is her disease?" cried the doctor. "That is the very question I asked," replied Henderson; but she was in no danger from her disease; 'twas very slight; a mere excuse for calling in a physician." "Why, what the devil are you talking about?" rejoined the doctor, "if she had called in a physician,

and there was no danger in the disease, how could she be said to be at death's door?" "Because," said Henderson, "she had called in you: every body calls you in; you dispatch a world of business, and, if you come but once to each patient, your practice must have made you very rich." "Nay, nay," quoth Sir John, "I am not rich in this world—I lay up my treasure in heaven." "Then you may take leave of it for ever," rejoined the other, "for you have laid it up where you will never find it."

Elliot's medical skill was thought highly of by Lord George Germain, who exerted himself at court for the purpose of procuring a baronetcy for his friend. The king, who disliked Elliot personally, and regarded his professional talents with as little partiality, displayed much repugnance to grant the request. Yielding, however, at last to the importunities of Lord Germain, His Majesty observed, "Well, my Lord, since you desire it, let it be: but remember, he shall not be my physician." "No, Sir," answered Lord George, bowing, "He shall be your Majesty's baronet and my physician." The king laughed, and Elliot was raised to the Baronetage.

It is difficult to discover the reason of the king's personal dislike to this physician. His abilities were by no means to be despised, and his manners were extremely fascinating. It has been observed that Elliot was a great favourite of the ladies. His female patients were always falling in love with him; and he often found himself (considering that he was a married man) placed in awkward situations.

The daughter of a nobleman, high in office, is said to have been desperately smitten with this physician, and made overtures of marriage to him, not knowing that he was already in that happy condition. Elliot was compelled to decline the proffered honour; and so amazed was the lady when she heard that he was already married, that she threatened to assassinate his wife if she had an opportunity.

Sir John Elliot was guilty of many acts of eccentricity. Among others it is recorded that he had a death's head painted on the pannel of his carriage. This was enough one would think to frighten away all his patients. But it did not affect his practice.

In the year 1650 was born the celebrated eccentric Dr. Radcliffe. His munificent acts of bounty pointed him out as one of the most celebrated of a profession that has always been distinguished for its liberality; and fully explain to us the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries, to whom, in spite of his infirmities of temper, the generosity of his disposition, and the sprightliness of his conversation, rendered him at all times a most agreeable companion.

After Radcliffe's establishment at Oxford, where he had graduated in 1682, he soon acquired a considerable degree of reputation as a successful practitioner, though his method of treating his patients was very different from that generally pursued by the faculty.

Two of the most eminent apothecaries in Oxford, therefore, did all they could to decry his mode of

practice, and to depreciate his medical character. Dr. Luff said "the cures he (Dr. Radcliffe) performed were only guess work;" and Dr. Gibbons, his other opponent, who is said to have been an excellent Grecian, observed of Radcliffe, by way of sarcasm, "That it was a great pity his friends had not made a scholar of him."

Radcliffe was never a hard student. He had very few books of any kind; so few, indeed, that the learned Dr. Ralph Bathurst, President of Trinity College, when on a visit at his chambers, in the University, asked Radcliffe "where his study was?" Upon which he pointed to a few phials and a skeleton, and answered, "Sir, this is Radcliffe's library." Notwithstanding his apparent contempt of literature, he left £40,000 for the building of a splendid library,* attached to the University of Oxford, and £150 per annum, to the librarian, and £100 for the purchase of books,† and founded two travelling fellowships.‡

* This splendid monument of Radcliffe's liberality was opened with great ceremony, April 13, 1749, when the degree of M.D. was conferred on Drs. Pitcairn, Conyers, and Kennedy. For a considerable time after the opening of this literary depot, as if to verify the joke of Radcliffe's private library being in his window seat, it was literally without books, and was known by the title of the "Medical Library," and many collections of books were given to it under that denomination.

† Garth humourously said, that for Radcliffe to leave a library, was as if an eunuch should found a seraglio.

‡ Dr. Johnson had, in general, a peculiar pleasure in the company of physicians. He says, "It is wonderful how little good Radcliffe's travelling fellowships have done. I know nothing

About the time the bishops were sent to the Tower, Radcliffe was much tormented to turn papist. Mr. Obadiah Walker, of Trinity College, urged him strongly on this subject; to which Radcliffe made a frank and noble reply. He says: "I should be in as unhappy a condition in this life, as I fear I shall be in the next, were I to be treated as a turn-coat; and must tell you, that I can be serious no longer, while you endeavour to make me believe what, I am to think, you give no credit to yourself. Fathers and Councils, and Antique Authorities, may have their influence in their proper places; but should any of them, though covered with dust, 1400 years ago, tell me, that the bottle I am now drinking with some of your acquaintance is a wheel-barrow, and the glass in my hand a salamander, I should ask leave to dissent from them all."

Radcliffe lost £5,000 in a speculation he made in a venture to the East Indies; the vessel, upon its return, being captured, and the property lost. He was induced to this act by Betterton, the tragedian, who was ruined by the event. When the doctor heard of his loss, he was enjoying himself at the Bull's Head Tavern, in Clare Market; and he desired his companions not to

that has been imported by them, yet many additions to our medical knowledge might be got in foreign countries. Inoculation, for instance, has saved more lives than man has destroyed; and the cures performed by the Peruvian bark are innumerable. But it is in vain to send our travelling physicians to France, for all that is known there is known here. I would send them out of Christendom. I'd send them among barbarous nations."

interrupt the circulation of the glass, "for that he had no more to do but to go up so many pair of stairs, to make himself whole again."

Of the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe much has been written, but yet much remains to be said. He was, probably, the most eccentric, and at the same time, the most successful physician of his day. Although he practised medicine, he had as great a contempt for physic, as he had for physicians, avowing it as his opinion, that the whole art might be written on a sheet of paper. Yet, it may be doubted, whether a more luminous lesson was ever given, than his declaration that, when a young practitioner, he possessed twenty remedies for every disease, and before the end of his career, he found twenty diseases, for which he had not one remedy.

His reputation seems to have had the precedence of his experience, for we find, that before he had been two years in the medical world, his business was very extensive, particularly among those of the higher ranks. And here we have a singular exemplification, of how much the fortunes of the ablest men are dependent on fortuitous circumstances.

When Radcliffe came to London, in 1684, he settled in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and in the following year, died Dr. Short, who had considerable practice in that neighbourhood. Dr. Lower, whom he is said to have succeeded, had, at that time, no business to succeed to, for he had joined the Whig party, in 1678, thinking they would carry all before

them; but being mistaken, he lost the Royal patronage, and, consequently, his practice.

Lower had also the Protestant interest very much at heart, and used to show that humour in every visit he made. He was a great favorite of Nell Gwynne's, and was often with her; and was so successful in getting from her all the particulars of the Court intrigues, that the King himself used often to complain to him, and say, he did more mischief than a troop of horse.

Dr. Radcliffe was a man of great decision,—the result of eminent talent. He always gave his predictions in a tone of confidence. Having prophesied, with great accuracy, the fate of the Duke of Beaufort, he was always referred to as an oracle to decide disputed points of practice.

In Dr. Radcliffe's day great stress was laid on critical days. A slight cathartic on the *sixth* day of acute fever was considered fatal. A person having taken a gentle aperient on the sixth day, who laboured under an attack of acute fever, died. The person who prescribed the dose produced the recipe, and, in his own justification, pleaded the mildness of the medicine. Radcliffe, whose judgment was referred to, after an examination into the nature of the case, acknowledged indeed the mildness of the dose, but in his own style pronounced, "*it was ill-timed; disturbed a crisis, and thereby kibled the patient.*"

Radcliffe's ready wit often got him into trouble. Dr. Marshall prosecuted him for a witticism, and he

excited Swift's spleen, who was pleased to call him "that puppy Radcliffe." His wit blazed without respect to persons, the king himself not excepted; nor did the ties of neighbourly friendship restrain him.

But it was not so much his wit, as his daring genius, that set at defiance, and put him above the rules that shackled the dunces of the day, and produced so much bitterness against him. It was his good sense, his practical knowledge, his decision in danger, and his ready expedient, that commanded the confidence of patients, and excited the envy of competitors. Erudition had nothing to do with his success. His friend Mead paid him a cold compliment, when he said, "that he was deservedly at the head of his profession, *on account of his great medical penetration and experience.*" His contemporaries would not admit that Radcliffe was a man of very considerable learning, although all were compelled to admit that he was a physician of very great attainments.

Among the many singularities recorded of this eccentric man, is the following:—whilst he was one evening deeply engaged at a tavern, he was called on by a grenadier, who desired his immediate attendance on his *Colonel;* but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Esculapius to postpone his sacrifice to Bacchus. "Sir," quoth the soldier, "*my orders were to bring you:*" and being a very powerful man, he took him up in his arms and carried him off by force. After traversing some dirty lanes, the doctor and his escort arrived at a narrow alley—"What the d——l is all this," said Radcliffe, "your colonel don't live

here?" "No," said his military friend, "no, my *colonel* does not live here—but my comrade does, and he's worth two colonels, so by ——, doctor, if you don't do your *best* for *him*, it will be the *worst* for *you*."

He was once sent for into the country to visit a gentleman ill of the quinsey. Finding that no external or internal application would be of service, he desired the lady of the house to order a hasty pudding to be made; when it was done, his own servants were to bring it up; while the pudding was preparing, he gave them instructions how they were to act. When the pudding was set on the table, the doctor said, "Come, Jack and Dick, eat as quickly as possible; you have had no breakfast this morning." Both began with their spoons, but on Jack's dipping one for Dick's twice, a quarrel arose. Spoonfuls of hot pudding were discharged on both sides; handfuls were pelted at each other. The patient was seized with a hearty fit of laughter, the quinsey burst, and the patient recovered.

In the month of December, 1694, Queen Mary was seized with the Small Pox, which the court physician found it impossible to cure. Dr. Radcliffe was accordingly sent for by order of the Council to give his opinion. At the first sight of the recipes, without seeing her Majesty; he told them, "she was a dead woman; for it was impossible to do any good in her case, where remedies had been given that were contrary to the nature of the distemper; yet he would endeavour to do all that lay in him, to get her some ease." Dr. Radcliffe's efforts to relieve his royal patient proved unavailing, and the queen died.

"Nor could the skilful Radcliffe's healing hand,
The Goddess's approach to Death withstand.
Yet, oh! if fate, that had her vitals seized,
Might then have been by mortal's aid appeased.
His, e'en his art, the Victim had relieved."

In the same year Dr. Edward Hans (afterwards Sir Edward Hans) having acquired an Oxford reputation, left the University, and settled in London as Dr. Radcliffe's rival. Dr. Hans was an excellent scholar, and a good chemist and anatomist. On his arrival in town, he set up a very spruce equipage, and in this way he endeavoured to attract the eyes of the public and obtain practice; but he found he was unable to compete with Dr. Radcliffe. Dr. Hans now had recourse to a stratagem; and, to get into repute, ordered his footman to stop most of the gentlemen's chariots, and inquire whether they belong to Dr. Hans, as if he was called by a patient. Accordingly the fellow, in pursuance of his instructions, stopped every coach from Whitehall to the Royal Exchange; and even went into Exchange Alley, and entering Garraway's Coffee-house, made the same interrogatories above stairs and below. At last Dr. Radcliffe, who was usually there about 'change time, and being seated at a table with several apothecaries and surgeons, cried out, when Hans's footman asked, in breathless anxiety, for his master.—"Dr. Hans is not here, what do you want with him?" The footman replied, that such and such a lord was taken ill. "No, no, friend," said Radcliffe, "you are mistaken, the doctor wants those lords."

These methods, however, of imposing upon the

public, although seen through and discovered by the quick-sighted, obtained for Dr. Hans abundance of patients; and at last, he became principal physician at Court. On which occasion, an old friend of Radcliffe's, brought him the intelligence of his rival's appointment. "So much the better for him," said Radcliffe, "for now he has a patent for killing." "But," says the friend, in order to ruffle Radcliffe's temper, "but what is more surprising, the same doctor has two pairs of the finest horses that ever were seen." "Then, they will sell for more," coolly replied the doctor, thus signifying that his practice would scarce permit him to keep them long.

A celebrated *bon vivant* applied to Radcliffe, and complained of being afflicted with cholicky spasms. "What have you eaten to-day," said the physician. The patient informed him, that he had been at a feast, and had rather exceeded his usual fare, which was so and so, daily. "Well," said Dr. R., if happily, "you escape from death's clutches to-night, I would advise you to hang thyself to-morrow, for he can alone rid you of your complaints."

At one period, Dr. Radcliffe was highly in favour with the Princess Ann, of Denmark; but he forfeited her good graces, by his unpardonable rudeness. The Princess having been taken ill, the doctor was sent for, but he did not make his appearance as soon as was anticipated, and another messenger was dispatched for him. When the symptoms of her highness's distemper were related to him, he declared that "her malady was nothing but the vapours, and that she was

in as good a state of health as any woman breathing, could she but believe it." In consequence of this uncourtly language, he was dismissed from his attendance on the princess, and Dr. Gibbons was nominated as his successor.

Dr. Radcliffe was always violently opposed to anything bearing the resemblance of quackery.

The art of uroscopie, as it was called, was, in his time, much in vogue. Provided with this infallible indication of disease, a foolish woman called upon the doctor, and dropping a curtsey, told him, that having heard of his great fame, she had made bold to bring him a fee, by which means she hoped his worship would be prevailed upon to tell her the distemper her husband lay sick with, and to prescribe proper remedies for his relief. "Where is he?" cries the doctor. "Sick in bed, four miles off." Taking the vessel, and casting an eye upon its contents, he enquired of the woman what trade the patient was of; and, learning that he was a bootmaker, "Very well," replied the doctor; and, having retired for a moment, to make the requisite substitution, "take this home with you, and if your husband will undertake to fit me with a pair of boots by its inspection, I will make no question of prescribing for his distemper, by a similar examination."

W. Pittis, Dr. Radcliffe's first biographer, relates the following account of an altercation which took place between Sir Godfrey Kneller, the king's painter, and Dr. Radcliffe. The doctor, at this period, lived in Bow Street, Covent Garden. Attached to his

house, he had a large garden, which was contiguous to another at the back of it, belonging to Sir Godfrey. As Kneller's garden contained many curious exotic plants, Dr. Radcliffe expressed a wish to have a door made in the wall which separated the two gardens, in order that he might occasionally pay a visit to the valuable flowers, without putting Sir G. Kneller's family to any inconvenience. To this proposition the painter readily consented, and a door was accordingly soon made. No source of annoyance occurred to either party, until the doctor's servants, instead of being strict observers of the terms of agreement, made such havoc amongst the painter's exotic plants, that Sir Godfrey, being out of all patience, intimated to his friend, the doctor, that he could not put up with such insolences; yet, notwithstanding this complaint, the grievance continued unredressed; when Sir Godfrey sent word by one of his servants, that if the nuisance continued unabated, he should be obliged to lock up the doors. At this, Dr. R. was terribly enraged, and sent back for answer, that Sir Godfrey might do what he thought fit, in relation to the door, *so that he did but refrain from painting it.* "Did my very good friend, Dr. Radcliffe, say so?" cried Sir G. Kneller: "go back to him, and, after presenting my service to him, tell him, that *I can take anything from him but his physic.*" This anecdote has been immortalized in verse.

Quoth Kneller, I'll certainly stop up that door
If ever I find it unlocked any more;

"Your threats," replied Radcliffe, "disturb not my ease,
And so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you please."

Dr. R. was sent for to see the king, who had been seized with symptoms resembling the dropsy. Dr. R. found the king reading Sir R. L'Estrange's new version of "Æsop's Fables." After a little preliminary conversation, the doctor requested His Majesty to allow him to look at the book he was reading. Upon opening the volume, the doctor read to the king the following fable, in these words :—

"Pray, sir, how do you find yourself?" says the doctor to his patient. "Why, truly," says the patient, "I have had a most violent sweat." "Oh! the best sign in the world," quoth the doctor. And then, a little while after, he is at it again; with a "pray, how do you find your lady?" "Alas!" says the other, "I have, just now, such a terrible fit of horror and shaking upon me!" "Why, this is all as it should be," says the physician, "it shows a mighty strength of nature." And then he asks him, a third time, the same question. "Why," says the patient, "I am all swelled, as if I had the dropsy. "Best of all," quoth the doctor, and goes his way. Soon after this, comes one of the sick man's friends to him, with the same question, "How he felt himself?" "Why, truly, so well," says he, "that I am e'en ready to die, of I know not how many *good signs and tokens.*" "May it please your Majesty," says Radcliffe, "your's and the sick man's case is the very same." He advised the king to abroad, and upon his return, Dr. R. was

sent for again. In reply to some questions put by the doctor, the king, showing his swollen ankles, which formed a striking contrast with the rest of his emaciated body, exclaimed, "and what think you of these?" "Why, truly," said he, "I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."

Dr. Radcliffe had a great objection to paying his bills. A pavior, after long and fruitless attempts to get his account settled, caught Dr. R. just getting out of his chariot, at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. "Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." "You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit? You must be poor—come in, and you shall be paid."

Among the many *facetiæ* related of this physician, it has been noticed, that when he was in a convivial party, he was very unwilling to leave it, even though sent for by persons of the highest distinction. Whilst he was thus deeply engaged at a tavern, a person called, in order to induce the doctor to visit his wife, who was dangerously ill; but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Esculapius to postpone his sacrifice to the jolly god. Enraged at the doctor's obstinancy, the man, who was very strong, took him up in his arms, and carried him off triumphantly. The doctor was, at first, greatly enraged, particularly as the circumstance excited much laughter amongst the

spectators. Having cooled a little, however, before he was set down, he listened to the apology of the husband, who excused himself for his rudeness, by the extreme illness of his wife. The doctor then exclaimed, with an oath, "Now, you impudent dog, I'll be revenged of you; for I'll cure your wife."

Dr. R., who was attending the lady of Lord Chief Justice Holt, with a diligence remarkable for one of his situation as a physician, was asked, by one of his intimate friends, the cause of it. "Why," said the doctor, "to be sure, I have brought her through a very obstinate disorder, though I have no particular regard for the woman; but, I know that her husband hates her, and, therefore, I wish to plague him."

Contemporaneously with Radcliffe, lived a Dr. Case, a celebrated quack, a native of Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire. This empyric was famous for his astrological acquirements, and was looked upon as the successor of Lilly, whose magical utensils he possessed. He is said to have got more for the following distich, placed over his door, than Dryden did for all his poetry,

"Within this place,
Lives Doctor Case."

And he was, doubtless, well paid for composing the couplet which he affixed to his pill boxes:

"Here's fourteen pills for thirteen pence.
Enough for any man's own conscience."

Dr. Radcliffe met this doctor at a tavern, when the

following conversation took place: "Here, brother Case, I drink to all the fools, your patients." "Thank ye," quoth Case, "let me have all the fools, and you are welcome to the rest."

An old lady, who had spoken disrespectfully of Dr. R.'s talents, was taken seriously ill, and her daughter, for whom the doctor entertained a high respect, obtained a visit from him, on the pretence that she, herself, was indisposed: Radcliffe's stay, was, however, short; for no sooner had he been made acquainted with the fact, than he abruptly departed, observing, that "he neither knew what was good for an old woman, nor what an old woman was good for."

Tyson, of Hackney, a notorious usurer, having gone to the doctor's residence for advice, clad in mean attire, with a view to save the fee, was thus roughly addressed by Radcliffe, who had penetrated through his paltry disguise:—"Go home, sir, and repent, as fast as you can; for the grave and the devil are equally ready for Tyson of Hackney, who has received an immense estate out of the spoils of orphans and widows, and will certainly be a dead man in ten days." Tyson, it is said, died as Radcliffe had predicted, in ten days, leaving property, to the amount of £300,000.

A lady, of rank and fortune, too anxiously careful of the health of an only son, as well as too partial to his merits, sent for Dr. R., relative to his health. On a previous consultation with the lady, about the malady of his patient, she very gravely told him, that, "although she could not say her son was immediately affected with any disorder, yet she was afraid, from

the excess of his spirits, and the very great prematureness of his understanding, he might, without the doctor's medical interference, verify the old proverb—'soon ripe, soon rotten.'"

The doctor, by this time, having pretty well taken the measure of the lady's understanding, as well as the wants of her son, desired to see the patient; when, presently, a servant introduced a strong chubby boy, between nine and ten years of age, eating a large piece of bread and butter. "Well, sir," says the doctor, "what's your name?" "Daniel, sir," says the boy. "And pray, Master Daniel, who gave you that fine piece of bread and butter?" "My godfathers and godmothers, who did promise and vow three things, &c.," and was going on with the answer in the Catechism. "Very well, indeed," said the doctor, gravely. "Now, Master Daniel, let me feel your pulse. Quite well, there too: so that, dear madam, (turning round to the mother) you may make yourself easy about your son, as he is not only in good health at present, but in no danger of losing that health by too much premature knowledge."

At one period of his life being pressed by his acquaintances to marry, he looked out for a wife, and at length fixed upon the daughter of a wealthy citizen of London, with whom it was agreed he should have £15,000 down, and a still larger sum on the demise of her father, whom, however, he soon found reason to address in the following terms: "Miss Mary is a very deserving gentlewoman; but you must pardon me, if I think her by no means fit to be my wife,

since she is another man's already, or ought to be. In a word, she is no better and no worse than actually quick with child, which makes it necessary that she be disposed of to him that has the best claim to her affections. No doubt you have power enough over her, to bring her to confession, which is by no means the part of the physician. I shall wish you much joy of a new son-in-law, when known, since I am by no means qualified to be so near of kin. Hanging and marrying I find go by destiny; and I might have been guilty of the first, had I not so narrowly escaped the last." How the doctor made the discovery is not recorded, but subsequent events proved that he was right, as to the condition of his intended spouse.

Dr. Radcliffe being called upon to visit a sick man, asked him, as he entered the room, how he did? "O doctor," replied the man, in a plaintive tone, "*I am dead.*" The doctor immediately left the room, and reported in the neighbourhood that the man was dead. The report was at first believed, and circulated; but as soon as the mistake was discovered, the doctor was asked, "Why he had propagated a falsehood?" He replied, "I did it on the best authority; for I had it from the man's own mouth."

Dr. Radcliffe, attending one of his intimates in a dangerous sickness, with an unusual strain of generosity for him, declared he would not touch a fee. One insisted, the other positively refused. When the patient's health was established, and the doctor was taking his leave, the patient said, "Sir, in this

purse I have put every day's fee; nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude?" The Doctor eyed the purse, counted the number of days he had been attending, and then holding out his hand, replied, "Well, I can hold out no longer; singly I could have refused them for a twelve-month; but altogether they are irresistible."

A lady of rank consulted Radcliffe in great distress about her daughter, and the doctor began the investigation of the case by asking, "Why, what ails her?" "Alas! doctor," replied the mother, "I cannot tell; but she has lost her humour, her looks, her stomach; her strength consumes every day, and we are apprehensive that she cannot live." "Why do you not marry her," said Radcliffe. "Alas! doctor, that we would fain do, and have offered her as good a match as ever she could expect." "Is there no other that you think she would be content to marry?" "Ah, doctor, that is that troubles us; for there is a young gentleman we doubt she loves, that her father and I can never consent to." "Why, look you, madam," replied Radcliffe, gravely, "then the case is this: your daughter would marry one man, and you would have her marry another. In all my books I find no remedy for such a disease as this."

An anecdote, somewhat, similar is recorded of the daughter of the late Sir Walter Farquhar, who attended George III. during his melancholy illness. This physician calling one day on Mr. Pitt, the premier observed him to be unusually ruffled, and inquired what was the matter. "Why, to tell you

the truth," replied the doctor, "I am extremely angry with my daughter. She has permitted herself to form an attachment to a young gentleman, by no means qualified in point of rank or fortune to be my son-in-law." "Now let me say one word in the young lady's behalf," returned the minister. "Is the young man you mention, of a respectable family?" "He is." "Is he respectable in himself?" "He is." "Has he the manners and education of a gentleman?" "He has." "Has he an estimable character?" "He has." "Why then, my dear Sir Walter, hesitate no longer. You and I are all acquainted with the delusions of life. Let your daughter follow her own inclinations, since they appear to be virtuous. You have had more opportunities than I have, of knowing the value of affection, and ought to respect it. Let the union take place, and I will not be unmindful that I had the pleasure of recommending it."

The physician consented, the lovers were united, and the patronage of the minister soon gave old Sir Walter no cause to regret the event.

In 1703, Radcliffe had an attack of pleurisy, which, owing to his own imprudence had nearly proved fatal to him. During the attack he could not be induced to abandon the bottle. Mr. Bernard, the serjeant-surgeon, being called in, bled him to the extent of one hundred ounces, and checked the disease. Radcliffe was fully sensible of his danger, and made his will, leaving the greater part of his estate to charity, and several thousand pounds for the relief of sick seamen sent on shore. His obstinacy manifested

itself throughout his attack of illness, for after having lost a large quantity of blood, he insisted upon being removed to Kensington, and was taken thither in a chair by four men, and during the journey he fainted away. Dr. Atterbury relates these particulars, and says that he slept immediately afterwards, and that he was likely to do well; "so that the town physicians, who expected to have his practice, began now to think themselves disappointed."

The pleasures of the table had great charms for Radcliffe; and Dr. Lettsom has reported a curious relation on this subject, as told him by the eccentric Dr. Mounsey.

"A little behind my house," says Dr. Cumming, "lies Carshalton, at which place in days of yore, I have been informed that Dr. Radcliffe and the great Dons in his day, held an hebdomadal meeting, sacred, not to Æsculapius, but to Bacchus. To admit a young physician to one of these meetings, was deemed a distinguished honour; for no one was asked unless he seemed likely to prove conspicuous. When Dr. Mead was young, and just beginning to be talked of, he was asked to Carshalton; the object was to make him drunk, and to see the man: this design he suspected, and carefully avoided to fill a bumper when the sign was given.

"Mecum sæpe viri cum vino pellite curas:"

And he so managed as to see all the company retire under the table, except Radcliffe and himself; and the former was so far gone as to talk fast, and to

show himself affected by the potations. "*Mead,*" said he, "will *you succeed me.*" "*It is impossible,*" replied the polite Mead; "*you are Alexander the Great, and no man can succeed Radcliffe: to succeed to one of his kingdoms is the utmost of my ambition.*" Radcliffe, with all his bluntness, was susceptible of flattery when delicately dressed up, and this reply won his heart. "*I will recommend you, Mead, to my patients,*" said he; and the next day he did Mead the honour to visit him in town, when he found him reading Hippocrates. Radcliffe with surprise asked, "Do you read Hippocrates in the original Greek?" "Yes," answered Mead, respectfully. "*I never read it in my life,*" said the great Radcliffe. "*No!*" replied Mead, "*You have no occasion, you are Hippocrates himself.*" This did the business for Mead, and it completely gained the blunt Radcliffe; and when he did not choose to attend patients, he recommended Mead, who from that moment rapidly rose in his profession. "This," says Dr. Lettsom, "I heard ten years ago from old Dr. Mounsey of Chelsea, who was one of the party; and since, Crespigny, of Camberwell, told me the anecdote of this drinking party."

On the 28th of July, 1714, Queen Anne was seized with a severe fit of illness, which terminated her life. Radcliffe was sent for; but he sent word that "he had taken physic, and could not come." In a letter to a friend he states his reason for not obeying the summons. He says, "I knew the nature of attending crowned heads in their last moments too well to be fond of waiting upon them without being sent for

by the *proper authority*.—You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians before a sovereign's demise.—However, as ill as I was (his disease was the gout), I would have went to the Queen in a horse-litter, had either her Majesty, or those in commission next her, commanded me to do so."

Radcliffe, however, confessed that everything had been done to save her Majesty's life. In consequence of Radcliffe's apparent neglect of the Queen, the popular feeling ran very strongly against him. He felt this very acutely. He did not survive the Queen many months. An early biographer says, that he fell a "victim to the ingratitude of a thankless world, and the fury of the gout." He died in November, 1714, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

It is said that Radcliffe's diagnostic powers were unequalled by any physician of the day. Upon visiting a patient for the first time he was most particular in examining the condition of the eye, the temperature of the skin, and state of the pulse. He paid particular attention to the mind of the patients under his care. He has been heard to say that he attributed much of his success and eminence to this circumstance.

It was said of Radcliffe after his death, by some friends who were well aware that he never thought of these things when alive, that, a little before he died, he read the the twentieth or thirtieth chapter of Genesis, and observed, "he found Moses a clever fellow; if he had known him a little sooner, he thought he would have read him through."

Among the celebrated eccentric surgeons, the name of JOHN ABERNETHY stands prominently forward. Of the early history of this eminent man very little is really known. It is said that, like most men who have obtained great eminence, he manifested, when quite a youth, indications of that singular genius which was destined, at a more advanced period of his life, to astonish the world. Abernethy was unquestionably one of the most successful surgeons of his day. Notwithstanding his eccentricity and apparent hard-heartedness and want of feeling, all who really knew his disposition admitted that he had much of the "milk of human kindness" intermixed with other qualities, which concealed the more benevolent features of his character from the eyes of superficial observers.

His great success in life must be, in a great measure, attributed to his having directed the attention of the public to the influence of derangement of the organs of digestion on all the diseases to which "flesh is heir." This view of the subject was not altogether novel, but the profession had not paid sufficient attention to it. Abernethy always opposed, with great zeal, the artificial line of demarcation drawn between surgery and medicine; he considering the two sciences as "one and indivisible."

Abernethy commenced his medical studies under auspicious circumstances. He had the advantage of being placed under the instruction of the most brilliant surgical luminaries of the day.

That Abernethy was not a man of high classical

attainments, appears evident from the fact stated by Mr. Pettigrew. "Upwards of twenty years (says Mr. P.) have now elapsed, since Abernethy applied to me, as the registrar of the London Medical Society, relative to the supposed knowledge of the small pox by Galen; and he had a reference to a passage in the writings of that great physician, which he was desirous of consulting on the subject. I placed before him one of the volumes of the works of this author, containing the passage; and when he saw it was entirely in Greek, he blew a long whistle, and called out—'Pooh! pooh! I can't read Galen in Greek; I never read Galen in Greek; you must translate it for me.'"

Notwithstanding Abernethy's ignorance of the Greek language, he was considered a good Latin scholar. The circumstance of his not being able to read Hippocrates, Galen, or Aretæus in the original, must not lead the reader to suppose him to have been ignorant of the works of the celebrated medical sages of antiquity.

Many who pride themselves on their high classical attainments are apt to imagine themselves superior to those who obtain their knowledge of the ancient writers through the medium of translations. To a certain extent we are willing to admit that they have a superiority over those whose education has not been strictly classical. A knowledge of words, however, is often confounded with a knowledge of things. Many who read with considerable fluency the writings of the ancients have but really little knowledge of

the spirit of the celebrated Greek and Roman authors. On the same principle, a person may read his own language, and have a thorough insight into its construction, and yet be really very ignorant of the literature of his country.

Abernethy was apprenticed to Mr. afterwards Sir Charles Blicke, surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He attended with considerable industry the lectures of Blizard, John Hunter, Hewson, Pott, and Falconar. When the celebrated Pott retired from the hospital, Abernethy was appointed assistant surgeon, which he held for twenty-eight years. It was not until after the death of Sir Charles Blicke, that he was appointed full surgeon to the hospital. He now commenced lecturing on anatomy and surgery. His class was at first small, but on the death of Dr. A. Marshall it greatly increased. When Abernethy commenced business in St. Mildred's Court, in the Poultry, he observed to Mr. now Sir. A. Cooper, "I intend to live seven years in the city, seven years in the middle of the town, and seven years at the west end, or fashionable part of London, and then I shall conclude my professional labours."

Sir Astley recollects noticing in his house at this period a camera lucida, by which he made some anatomical drawings; also a hornet's nest, which made the worthy baronet facetiously remark to Mr. A., that "he had already a hornet's nest about him."

Notwithstanding Abernethy's resolution to go to the west end of the town, he never advanced farther west than Bedford Row. There he remained until a

short period before his death. The following are a few of the many humourous anecdotes recorded of this eccentric and eminent surgeon.

A female, who, consulting Mr. A., for an ulcer she had on her arm, was particularly asked, "what is the matter with you?" The patient immediately held up her arm, but did not utter a word. "Oh! oh! poultice it, and take five grains of blue pill every night, that's all; come again in a week." The fee was presented, but refused; at the end of the week, the patient presented herself again, when the same pantomime took place, and the fee again refused. After a few more visits, Mr. A., on looking at the arm, pronounced it well, when the patient again offered a fee. "No," said Abernethy, "from *you* nothing will I receive, for you are the most sensible woman I ever saw. *You don't talk!!*"

Mr. T. a young gentleman with a broken limb, which refused to heal after the fracture, went to consult Mr. A.; and, as usual, was entering into all the details of his complaint, when he was thus stopped almost *in limine*—"Pray, Sir, do you come here to talk, or to hear me? If you want my advice, it is so and so—I wish you good morning."

A scene of greater length, and still greater interest and entertainment, took place between our eminent surgeon, and the famous John Philpot Curran. Mr. Curran, it seems, being personally unknown to him, had visited Mr. Abernethy several times, without having had an opportunity of fully explaining, as he thought, the nature of his malady, at last determined to have a

hearing; when, interrupted in his story, he fixed his dark bright eyes upon the doctor, and said, "Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and I have paid you eight different guineas; but you have never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaint. I am resolved, Sir, not to leave this room until you satisfy me by doing so." Struck by his manners, Mr. Abernethy threw himself back into his chair, and assuming the posture of a most indefatigable listener, exclaimed, in a tone of half surprise, half humour,—"Oh, very well, Sir, I am ready to hear you out. Go on, give me the whole—your birth, parentage, and education. I wait your pleasure; go on." Upon which, Curran, not a whit disconcerted, gravely began—"My name is John Philpot Curran.* My parents were poor, but

* "Poor Curran's sufferings," says Mr. Pettigrew, "sprang, unfortunately, from his irregularities; and I cannot forbear recording that which passed at the last interview I had with him, which was in the waiting-room of the Duke of Sussex's apartments, in Kensington Palace, but a few weeks before his death. I had formerly seen much of him, and it was in gay, jovial, and learned society, associated with men of genius and eccentricity, whose irregularities, like those of Curran, served but to render them more delightful. Not having seen him for some time, we mutually inquired after our old acquaintances; and I was induced to express my regret that the love of opinion in one remarkable instance, the love of drink in others, had operated so unfavourably upon the health and fortunes of those we esteemed and loved. I could not help expressing my astonishment in relation to one individual in particular, that no warning would operate, and that nothing would direct him from his dreadful course of intemperance; upon which Curran stopped me short, with this

I believe honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, being a native of Newmarket, county of Cork;" and so he continued for several minutes, giving his astonished hearer a true but irresistibly laughable account of his birth, parentage, and education, as desired, until he came to his illness and sufferings, the detail of which was not again interrupted. It is hardly necessary to add, that Abernethy's attention to his gifted patient was, from that hour to the close of his life, assiduous, unremitting, and devoted.

Mrs. J—— consulted him respecting a nervous disorder, the minutiæ of which appeared to be so fantastical, that Mr. A. interrupted their frivolous detail, by holding out his hand for the fee. A one-pound note and a shilling were placed into it; upon which he returned the latter to his fair patient, with the angry exclamation, "There, Ma'am! go and buy a skipping-rope; that is all you want."

On one occasion, a lady, unsatisfied with the amount of information which she had obtained, persisted in asking Mr. Abernethy what she might eat; and, after suffering from her volubility with considerable patience

remark: 'Oh, Mr. Pettigrew, there is a great pleasure in *getting* drunk; if it were not for three things, I would be drunk every night of my life.'—'Oh! Mr. Curran, what may these three things be?' I enquired. 'Why, sir,' says he, 'in the first place, the *sin*;' that I know would not operate very powerfully with my friend,—'in the second place, the *shame*;' that was not likely very much to deter him,—'and in the third,' he added, in his own peculiar manner, 'the *sickness*.'"

for some time, he exclaimed to the repeated questions, "May I eat oysters, Doctor? May I eat suppers?" "I'll tell you what, Ma'am, you may eat anything but the poker and bellows, for the one is too hard of digestion, and the other is too full of wind."

The reported fashion of his courtship and marriage, is extremely characteristic. It is said, that while attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in her daughter, which he truly esteemed to be calculated to make the married state happy. Accordingly on Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport:—"You are now so well, that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you my farewell visit. But, in the mean time, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time, by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire, by the mere ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to £——, and I can settle £—— on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of your family; such a person must be all that a husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of

courtship." In this way, however, the lady was wooed and won, and the union proved a happy one in every respect.

Of Mr. Abernethy's independence, and strict regard to what is right, we have many examples. Among others, the following is characteristic:—A certain noble personage, who at that time enjoyed a situation of great responsibility in the sister kingdom, had been waiting for some time in the surgeon's ante room, when seeing those who had arrived before him, successively called in, he became somewhat impatient, and sent his card in. No notice was taken of the hint; he sent another card—another—another—and another; still no answer. At length he gained admission in his turn! and full of nobility and choler, he asked, rather aristocratically, why he had been kept waiting so long?—"Wh—ew!" replied the professor; "because you did not come sooner, to be sure."

Mr. A. could never bear any interruption to his discourse. "People come here," he often was heard to say, "to consult me, and they will torture me with their long, foolish, fiddle-de-dee stories; so we quarrel, and then they blackguard me all about this busy town; but I can't help it."

The following picture is from real life.

Let the reader imagine a snug, elderly, sleek, and venerable looking man, approaching seventy years of age, rather below than above the middle height, somewhat inclined to corpulency, and still upright in his carriage, with his hair most primly powdered, and nicely curled round his brow and temples. Let them imagine such a person habited in sober black, with his

feet thrust carelessly in a pair of unlaced half boots, and his hands deposited in the pockets of his "peculiars," and they have the "glorious John," of the profession, before their eyes.

The following colloquy between Abernethy and a patient is very characteristic of the professor.

Having entered the room, the patient opened the proceedings. "I wish you to ascertain what is the matter with my eye, Sir. It is very painful, and I am afraid there is some great mischief going on." "Which? I can't see," said Abernethy, placing the patient before the window, and looking closely at the eye. "But," interfered the patient—"which? I can't see," again said Abernethy. "Perhaps not, Sir, but—." "Now don't bother!" ejaculated the other; "but sit down, and I'll tell you all about it." The patient took a seat, and the surgeon, standing with his back against the table, thus began:—"I take it for granted that, in consulting me, you wish to know what I should do for myself, were I in a predicament similar to yours. Now, I have no reason to suppose that you are in any particular predicament; and the terrible mischief which you apprehend, depends, I take it, altogether upon the stomach. Mind—at present, I have no reason to believe that there is anything else the matter with you." The patient, at this period, was about to disclose sundry dreadful maladies with which he believed himself afflicted; but he was interrupted with "Diddle-dum, diddle-de-dum, diddle-dum-dee!" uttered in the same smooth tone as the previous part of the address, and he was silent.

"Now," continued Abernethy, "your stomach being out of order, it is my duty to explain to you how to put it to rights again; and in my whimsical way, I shall give you an illustration of my position, for I like to tell people something that they will remember. The kitchen, that is, your stomach, being out of order, the garret (pointing to the head) cannot be right, and egad! every room in the house becomes affected. Repair the injury in the kitchen—remedy the evil there, and all will be right. This you must do by diet. If you put improper food into your stomach, by gad you play the very devil with it, and with the whole machine besides. Vegetable matter ferments, and becomes gaseous, while animal substances are changed into an abominable and acid stimulus. You are going to ask, 'What has all this to do with your eye?' I will tell you.

"Anatomy teaches us, that the skin is a continuation of the membrane which lines the stomach; and your own observations will inform you, that the delicate linings of the mouth, throat, nose, and eyes, are nothing more; for some people acquire preposterous noses, others blotches on the face and different parts of the body, others inflammation of the eye—all arising from irritation of the stomach. People laugh at me for talking so much about the stomach. I sometimes tell this story to forty different people in the morning, and some won't listen to me; so we quarrel, and I get abused. I can't help it; they come to me for my advice, and I give it them, if they will take it; I can't do any

more. Well, Sir, as to the question of diet, I must refer you to my book. There are only about a dozen pages in which you will find (beginning at page 73) all that is necessary for you to know. I am christened 'Doctor My-book,' and satirized under that name all over England; but who would sit and listen to a long lecture of twelve pages, or remember one half of it when it is done? So I have reduced my directions into writing, and there they are for anybody to follow, if they please.

"Having settled the question of diet, we now come to medicine. It is, or ought to be, the province of a medical man to soothe or assist nature, not to force her. Now the only medicine I should advise you to take, is a dose of a slight aperient every morning the first thing. I won't stipulate for the dose, as that must be regulated by circumstances, but you must take some; for without it, by gad! your stomach will never be right.

"People go to Harrowgate, and Brighton, and Bath, and the devil knows where, to drink the waters, and they return full of admiration at their surpassing efficacy. Now these waters contain next to nothing of purgative medicine; but they are to be taken regularly, readily, and in such quantities as to produce the desired effect. You must persevere in this plan, Sir, until you experience relief, which you certainly will do. I am often asked—'Well, but Mr. Abernethy, why don't you practice what you preach?' "I answer, by reminding the inquirer of the parson and the sign-

post; both point the way, but neither follow its course." And thus ended a colloquy, wherein is mingled much good sense, useful advice, and whimsicality.

A man of rank consulted Abernethy, and was received by him with remarkable rudeness. Upon some severe remark being made, the patient lost his temper, and told the eccentric surgeon, that he would make him *eat his words.* "It will be of no use," said Mr. A. coolly, "for they will be sure to come up again."

"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is the cure for the gout?" was the question of an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a day, and earn it," was the reply.

The late Duke of York is reported once to have consulted Abernethy. During the time his Highness was in the room, Abernethy stood before him with his hands in his breeches pockets whistling with great coolness. The Duke, naturally astonished at his conduct, said, "I suppose you know who I am?" "Suppose I do, what of that?" "If your Highness of York wishes to be well, let me tell you," said the surgeon, "you must do as the illustrious Duke of Wellington often did in his campaigns, *cut off the supplies*, and the enemy will quickly leave the citadel."

On Abernethy's receiving the appointment of Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons, a professional friend observed to him, that they should now have something new. "What do you mean?" asked Abernethy. "Why," said the other, "of course you will brush up the lectures which you have been so long delivering at St. Bartholomew's

Hospital, and let us have them in an improved form?" "Do you take me for a fool or a knave?" rejoined Abernethy; "I have always given the students at the Hospital that to which they were entitled—the best produce of my mind. If I could have made my lectures to them better, I would certainly have made them so. I will give the College of Surgeons precisely the same lectures down to the smallest details: nay, I will tell the old fellows how to make a poultice." Soon after, when he was lecturing to the students at St. Bartholomew's, and adverting to the College of Surgeons, he chuckingly exclaimed, "I told the big wigs how to make a poultice!" It is said, by those who have witnessed it, that Mr. Abernethy's explanation of the art of making a poultice was irresistibly entertaining.

In the year 1818, Lieutenant D—— fell from his horse on a paved street in London, and fractured his skull and arm, whilst his horse trod on his thigh and grievously injured his limb. Mr. A. was the nearest surgeon, and he was sent for; he came, and attended daily. After the lapse of months, convalescence took place, leaving great debility, when Abernethy enjoined the adoption of shell-fish diet, at Margate. His grateful patient requested information as to the amount of his pecuniary debt, for professional aid and care. Abernethy smiled, and said, "Who is that young woman?" "She is my wife."—"What is your rank in the army?"—"I am a half-pay lieutenant."—"Oh, wait till you are a general; then come and see me, and we'll talk about it."

Mr. Abernethy, as a lecturer, was highly popular. He generally had a large and attentive class of medical students. His discourses were distinguished for their practical character; and every subject which he touched upon, was illustrated by humourous and sometimes highly laughable cases, which had come under his own immediate observation. How often have we witnessed hundreds, who generally thronged into his lecture room, convulsed with laughter at his strange stories. However ludicrous the narration might be, it generally carried with it and left on the mind some valuable practical fact, which was of great service to the student in after life. On this account, his style of lecturing was peculiar to himself. It was not so much the cases themselves, but the dramatic manner in which they were related, which rendered them so highly attractive to his class. To give our readers a specimen of the stories with which he used to adorn his lectures, we will relate a few of the most *piquant* and humourous, which will convey to their minds, a just conception of the originality of Abernethy's character.

In speaking of the mode of reducing dislocations of the jaw, Abernethy observed, "Be it known to you, people who have once dislocated the jaw, are very often likely to do it again. There was a major in the army, who had the misfortune of frequently dislocating his jaw, and it was an infirmity he cared very little about, for he was generally moving about with his regiment, and when he put it out, the regimental surgeon put it in again. But it happened,

that, on one occasion, he was fourteen or fifteen miles from where the regiment was quartered, dining with a gentleman, and being rather merry after dinner, laughing heartily, his jaw slipped out; his mouth, of course, remained wide open, and it was impossible to close it, while the condyles remained out of their sockets. Not being able to close his mouth, articulation was impossible. Well, but he made an inarticulate noise, and the host being surprised, considered that there was something wrong with him, and sent for a medical man, residing in the neighbourhood, whom, if you please, we will call, for the present, the village apothecary. The apothecary made his appearance, looking as grave as any methodist parson, and after examining the poor major, pronounced, in an oracular tone, that there was something the matter with him, and that there was something the matter with the jaw; and that, in fact, it was dislocated; and, accordingly, he began to *pull* the jaw, for the purpose of putting it in its proper place. The officer, knowing the simplicity of the operation, and how it ought to be done, was so enraged that a man should be so presuptuous as to put a pestle and mortar over his door, and yet not know how to reduce a simple dislocation of the jaw, that he vented his rage in a most furious, but in a very inarticulate manner. And egad, the apothecary took into his head, that the infuriated major was mad; and, in faith, it was very nearly being verified, for Mr. Pestle's suggestion put the major into a terrible rage, which actually confirmed the apothecary in his opinion. He therefore threw him down,

put a straight waistcoat on him, and left him lying on his back, and then sent him some cooling draughts, and some lotion for the jaw, which was to be applied in due season. The major then found, that there was nothing for him but submission. After some time had elapsed, he made signs for pen, ink, and paper; and as these were instruments which it was supposed he could not much injure himself with, they were furnished to him; and when he got them, he wrote on the papers just these words: "For God's sake, send, with all possible speed, to Mr. So-and-so, surgeon to the regiment." Well, that was considered a very reasonable request, and therefore they sent off a man on horse-back, immediately for the surgeon. The surgeon came, took off the blister which the sapient apothecary had applied, threw the lotion out of the window, undid the straight waistcoat in which the major was incarcerated, armed his hands, introduced his two thumbs to the back of each side of the lower jaw, pressed down the condyles, and at the same time elevating the angle of the inferior maxillary bone, the jaw slipped into its socket:—so much for the major, the apothecary, and the regimental surgeon."

In speaking of the subject of delirium, Abernethy observes, "Delirium seems to be a very curious affection; in this state, a man is quite unconscious of his disease; he will give rational answers to any question you put to him, when you rouse him; but, as I said before, he relapses into a state of wandering, and his actions correspond with his dreaming. I remember a man, with a compound fracture, in this hospital,

whose leg was in a horrible state of sloughing, and who had delirium in this state. I have worried him, and said, "Thomas, what is the matter with you?" how do you do?" He would reply, 'Pretty hearty, thank you; nothing is the matter with me: how do you do?' He then would go on dreaming of one thing and another; I have listened at his bed-side, and I am sure his dreams were often of a pleasant kind. He met old acquaintances in his dreams; people whom he remembered *lang syne;* his former companions, his kindred and relations; and he expressed his delight at seeing them. He would exclaim every now and then, "That's a good one,"—"Well, I never heard a better joke: ah! ah! ah! give us your fist, my old fellow."

In lecturing on the subject of chronic inflammation, he observes, "A lady had a small tumour in her breast, she consulted a surgeon, and he ordered leeches to be applied; the leeches produced an erysipelatous inflammation, which the lady did not like. She became alarmed, and I was sent for, and I met the gentleman at the lady's house: he happened, in the hearing of the patient, to say, 'Don't you consider it a very unusual circumstance to follow the application of leeches?' 'No, sir,' said I, 'certainly not; it is the thing which frequently happens in irritable constitutions; let me say, in persons who have much disorder in the digestive functions.' 'L—d, sir,' said the patient, 'that is my case, that is exactly my case—what must I do?' I ordered a poultice to be applied to the part, and the digestive organs to be put

in order. The lady then said, 'Will you be good enough to feel this lump: did you ever know such a lump as mine is?' 'Yes, and if you attend to what I say, the lump will disappear.' So it did; it very soon got well, and she went into the country. Four years after, she returned, with a similar lump; I told her, she must attend to her diet. The lump, egad! to my astonishment, would not go. One day, however, I saw her fingering and pressing about this tumour, and I said, 'Madam, pray, do you finger it in this way frequently?' 'Oh, yes, continually.' 'I insist on it, then, that you promise me, immediately, that you will not touch it again for a week, or until I next see you.' She did so, and the swelling soon subsided."

"Going round the hospital one day," says Abernethy, "I saw a patient with an ulcerated leg, as if of ten years standing. 'What do you call this?' said I. 'Oh,' said the dresser, 'it is a case of erysipelas; and he only came in last week.' 'Good God,' said I, 'Is it possible?' 'True, I assure you, Sir, the leg has sloughed, and that has made it in the state in which you see it.' I was induced to ask the patient what his previous health had been, and when his complaint first appeared. I found that it all arose from the stomach—I regulated that, and the man soon recovered. Oh! L—, what an excellent that is, not to offend the stomach."

"I once lodged in the country during the summer, where I used to see a man go by the window every day, making all the wry faces in the world—one day having

the mouth and chin drawn up, another, grinning like a "Cheshire cat." I wondered what all this meant. At last, he called on me one day, because, I suppose, I was a London surgeon, to consult me. He was a respectable farmer, and a well-educated man. He asked me whether it was possible for him to be cured? Most undoubtedly, I told him. Regulate your diet and bowels; take a less quantity of wine than you have been accustomed to; in short, keep your system as quiescent as possible. By attention to these circumstances he became quite well, as you will see by the following anecdote, which he afterwards told.

"I returned," he said, "to the country, and met a surgeon in the market who had always attended me. I said to him, Doctor, I will buy sixpenny-worth of pears, and lay you a bet that I eat my half of them before you will yours."

"Whether he gained the bet or not I don't know, but the surgeon was astonished, and said to him, "I thought that you could not venture to eat a pear." To which he replied, "I could sooner have done as MARTIUS SCÆVOLA did, thrust my right hand into the fire, than have taken a cold pear into my mouth."

In speaking of curvatures of the spine, Abernethy observed, "that I have been in the habit of telling a case, when lecturing on this subject, that occurred in my family: a child, young and active—and I do not see these curvatures happening except where there is some constitutional disorder. I say, a girl of this kind became awry; I saw the girl when I had an opportunity, and I observed she had got one shoulder-

strap very often down, which she was continually pulling up, and I said to her mother, 'if you allow that to go on, that shoulder will become warped, as sure as you are alive. Let the gown be made in another way, and do not let her always be twisting herself to keep up that shoulder-strap.' The mother said, 'O, don't take any notice of it; and let it pass on for a time.' Then I began to swear about the fashions, that had been the cause of those shoulder-straps being made in such a way. But, in the course of a month, the reason appeared why the shoulder-strap did not stop on that shoulder; it appeared that that shoulder had sunk down about an inch lower than the other. I then told her to walk before me, and then to stop, and I observed her particularly, and I found that she was in the habit of standing and resting always upon one leg. I then began to ask her if there were any sores about her feet, any pains in her leg, or anything wrong with it, and she said, no. I said, 'I should like to see you hop; hop round the room, and then stand;' she did it, and did it very well. 'Now,' said I, 'pass round the room on the other leg;' she attempted it as a task, and she took a few hops, and then she was obliged to walk, because that leg was not capable of supporting her."

In speaking of the effects of bleeding, in removing temporary fits of mental derangement, he related the following case; loud fits of laughter following its narration.

"A gentleman of fortune residing in Portland-place, fell in love with the late Princess Charlotte of

Wales; and so earnest was he to obtain her in marriage, that he became insane. His family and friends became alarmed for his personal safety; and fearful lest he should commit suicide, placed him under the care of a physician, who directed, without loss of time, that he should be freely blooded. To this, after repeated attempts, he refused to accede. However, a pupil of one of the physicians hearing of the circumstance, hit upon an expedient, and engaged to bleed the patient. The plan was contrived, and the patient was introduced to the young gentleman, who stated that he was the bearer of a message from the Princess, and requested to see Mr. ——— in private. No sooner was this information received, than the pupil was shown into the drawing room. The door was cautiously shut, and the patient with great earnestness requested the stranger to divulge, without loss of time, what message he had to communicate from the Princess. 'Why, you must know, sir,' said he, 'that we must be particularly cautious. I am deputed by the Princess Charlotte to inform you that she would give you her hand in marriage, but she is prohibited from so doing in consequence of the king, her father, having been informed that you possess white blood in your veins instead of red.' 'Good God!' exclaimed the patient, 'if that be the case, pray let me be bled instantly, that her Royal Highness may be convinced to the contrary.' And, egad! the pupil did bleed him, until he nearly laid him prostrate on the floor; and in a few days the patient had recovered, and his delusion of course left him."

Mr. Abernethy had occasionally a most fearful practice of thinking aloud. On the day of one of his introductory lectures, when the theatre of St. Bartholomew was as full as it could possibly be, and the cheering on his entrance had subsided, he was observed to cast his eyes around, seemingly insensible to the applause with which he had been greeted, and he exclaimed with great feeling and pathos, "God help you all! what is to become of you?" evidently much moved by the appearance of so great a number of medical students, seeking for information to be fitted for practice.

Nelson, the water-bailiff, finding his stomach one day very much out of order, waited upon Abernethy. "Well," said the eccentric surgeon, supposing that Nelson was a farmer, "What's the matter with you? you look big enough to be well." "Oh!" said the water-bailiff, "I am very bad indeed, doctor." "I am no doctor, said Abernethy, I am a surgeon. If you want a doctor you must go elsewhere." "I am told as you know how to cure bad stomachs, sir, and I am *wery* bad indeed; you see how swelled I am," said Nelson, holding out his body. "I can't cure your great ———," said Abernethy, with his hands in his pockets, "you must do that yourself; don't be stuffing yourself with beer and brandy, but exercise yourself well at your farm: omit a fourth part of what you now eat, and take salts: walk about in the fields." "In the fields!" exclaimed Nelson, "God bless your soul, what have I to do with fields? why, I am Nelson, the water-bailiff." "Water-bailiff,"

said Abernethy, "brandy-bailiff you mean—a devilish little water goes into that carcase of yours—you're a good friend to the public house." "No, sir," replied Nelson, never since my son Jerry, him what kept the Sawyers, died: I never goes no where to smoke my pipe." "I tell you," said Abernethy, "that if you don't stop blowing yourself out, you'll soon go to smoke your pipe with your son Jerry." Nelson then told his adviser that he would follow his prescription exactly. "Indeed! I don't expect that you will," observed the surgeon, "but if you wish to live, don't swill nor devour so much as you have done. Go and buy my book; and you will know how to get rid of your enormous corporation, Mr. *Water*-bailiff." "What, won't you let me have my pipe and pint of beer, or my glass?" said Nelson, disconsolately. "You may do as you please: I can't stay with you any longer," said Abernethy: "if you do as I desire, you will enjoy your health."

A gentleman farmer, from a distant part of the country, either fancying there was some derangement in his system, or wishing, after having seen the other sights of the metropolis, to visit one of its principal lions, Mr. Abernethy, accordingly went to him. "Do you make a good breakfast?" inquired Mr. Abernethy. "Pretty good," answered the patient. "You Lunch?" "Yes, I take luncheon." "Do you eat a hearty dinner?" "Pretty hearty." "You take tea, I suppose?" "Yes, I do." "And, to wind up all, you sup, I suppose?" "Yes, I always sup." "Why then, you beast," said Abernethy,

"go home and eat less, and there will be nothing the matter with you."

A lady who went to consult the same surgeon began describing her complaint with very great minuteness. Among other things she said, "Whenever I lift up my arm it pains me exceedingly." "Why, then, madam," replied the surgeon, "what a fool you must be for doing so."

Abernethy was one of the earliest friends of vaccination. In regard to the welcome with which "honest John," as Dr. Walker used to call him, received this boon, we have the following particulars. "The French apothegm '*Le scepticism est le vrai flambeau de la science;*' 'doubt is the true torch of science,' was, in the infinitely important question of vaccination, well sustained by Mr. Abernethy, when Dr. Jenner offered protection from the most contagious disease that ever desolated the earth. He listened with enthusiasm to the news immediately corroborated and proclaimed by others. Of this most wonderful and incomprehensible law in animal physiology he was sceptical. He waited for facts: it was only on witnessing them that he ceased to hesitate. He then zealously came forward in the formation and support of the vaccine institutions, and administered the guardian operation, the great prophylactic, to all his children."*

In February, 1828, Abernethy took the chair at the annual meeting of the Royal Jennerian Society. In connexion with his becoming chairman, on this

* Dr. Walker.

occasion, the following interesting annecdote is worthy of detail. It is recorded in a letter to the editor of the Times. "Waiting lately on John Abernethy, on the part of the managers of the Royal Jennerian Society, to request him to take the chair at the annual meeting, he said, 'Friend Walker, I am no dinner man, after the manner of the public feasts!' 'There is not to be any dinner; but as their presidential roll contains the most eminent professional talent, as well as the highest heraldic rank, they are desirous of the honour of thy name, who art so noted a public character.' 'The notoriety that is forced upon me is such, that I believe I shall be obliged to run away from you, and leave the town altogether.' 'It will be very pleasing to them if thou consent.' 'Can I possibly do more for vaccination than I have always done, since I, in spite of all my scepticism, became convinced of its efficacy? I have always contributed to the support of the institutions, and I have vaccinated all my own children; besides, I belong to the National Establishment.' 'Aye, there's the rub,' endeavouring to pique him; 'get connected with government, and you lose your individual independence.' 'But, remember, the prime minister, with all his public support of your united colleges, was so well convinced of the merit of the popular institutions, as annually to send his individual contributions of five guineas in its support.' 'Well,' said Walker, 'I can only bear to the managers the unpleasant report. In parting, however, I cannot help adding, that thy declining to come forward is also painful

to myself. In the remembrance of ancient friendship, I had hoped the messenger would have received a prompt acquiescence.' 'Oh, stop there! that's a different view of the case; that's going quite upon another tack. I consent!' 'That's a good fellow,' seizing him by the hand; 'this is proper Irish—a second William Norris (late president of the Royal College of Surgeons), the even unwavering friend. Farewell!'"

The following is Dr. Walker's own account of another interview which he had with "honest John," as he facetiously termed the surgical lion of Bedford Row:—

"John Abernethy I know has his queernesses, but they will perfectly well bear analyzation. Hastening rather early to his house in Bedford Row, one morning, I found him in his back parlour. 'I am glad I have found thee alone. A physician, come to town with his family from the west of England, has called upon me with some inquiries respecting the classes at your hospital; and I have promised him—'Will you tell me what you are after?' 'Briefly then, he is foolish enough to think he would like to attend thy physiological lecture!' 'Have you had your breakfast?' 'Not yet.' 'Come along,' and throwing open the intervening door, I found the female part of his family at their tea, whose reception of their friends was never that limited kind of civility the 'great' are sometimes obliged to receive from the lord of the mansion. My host laid hold of a loaf, reached it over to me, with the observation, 'You may eat that freely, it is home

made.' 'I'll do it justice, never fear.' Eating heartier than any other at table, in conclusion he observed, that 'on the first day of the week I regularly got so engaged among my books and papers, that, *sans faire la barbe*, my family dine without me, having taken a double allowance at breakfast, to preclude both the appetite and the necessity for dinner!' 'I am glad then, that you called on me on your first day in preference to any other.' From my history of the loaf of John Abernethy, some of my readers may observe on a label, 'Abernethy biscuits,' in a baker's window, in the Strand, which has lately met my eye. *Le Boulanger n'est pas bete.* The baker knows that Mr. Abernethy is, above all things, so attentive to the digestive organs of his patients, that, by association of his name with the biscuits, the valetudinarians must flock to him for his biscuits, like doves to the windows."

An unmarried gentleman, living in the neighbourhood of London, who had long lived in the pleasant enjoyment of an easy fortune, had for some time begun to feel several unwelcome notices of the approach of his grand climacteric. Under the repeated pressure of these warnings, he was induced to address a formal note to Abernethy, begging his attendance for a little serious conversation, and professional advice, on the subject of himself; and well knowing his friend's turn for conviviality, in order more to engage his attention, he added, "that he would not interrupt his morning engagements, and should have a broiled fowl ready for supper at nine; but, for the

immediate purpose of having his more confidential opinion, he wished to see him earlier in the evening."

Abernethy obeyed the summons of his friend, and was at the patient's residence punctually at the hour appointed. After the usual salutations, and a mutual occupation of arm-chairs on each side of the fire, the patient begun to describe with minuteness his various ailments: "His rest was broken; bad head-ache; appetite often entirely gone; languor and listlessness; lumbago; sciatica; spasm."

Abernethy listened with great apparent attention, and nodded in token of intelligence, at the pause of every period; until the patient had exhausted in every form the history of his symptoms, which he at length brought to a conclusion with—"and now, my good friend!" stepping across the room for pen, ink, and paper, "you'll consider the case, and write for me."

Abernethy did not, however, exhibit any great inclination to handle the weapons thus presented to him; but eying him somewhat closely from top to toe, as he resumed his seat, instead of the pen he laid hold of the poker, and began to amuse himself with stirring the fire, observing at the same time, that "the season was rather severe, and he had a mind to be comfortable, and put himself in order for what was coming." He then commenced whistling; and afterwards related a case of a man who had just been admitted into St. Bartholomew's hospital who had nearly killed himself by over-eating; he then discoursed most eloquently on the stupidity of people in swallowing more than their stomach can digest. As this had no

relation to his case, the patient recommenced describing his numerous ailments, and concluded by observing, "and now, sir, you will have the kindness to write for me." He had, however, occupied so much time in endeavouring to enforce his symptoms on the surgeon's attention, that the supper made its appearance, and the pen and ink were of course dismissed *pro hâc vice.* "We'll discuss this first, if you please," said Abernethy, "and then—" The fowl was excellent; the mushrooms in high flavour; and the lemon pickle of peculiar poignancy. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the bottle of wine which succeeded, was of the first quality, and that its flavour was duly criticised, as they proceeded to empty it, in that kind of sober enjoyment which only men of cultivated tastes, as well as of cultivated understandings, have any relish for; whilst the conversation continued to be sustained on both sides with easy cheerfulness; and our host, whose animal spirits as well as his external appearance by no means synchronized with his years, was all gaiety. His train of symptoms vanished and were forgotten; until the very concluding glass reminding him of the object of the party, he was induced thus to renew his appeal to the gay and eccentric Abernethy.

"Whilst I go for another bottle," said the patient, "you will employ yourself upon that sheet of paper." He soon returned with a bottle in one hand, and an envelope of paper in the other, ready to be exchanged for medical advice received. To his surprise he found that no prescription had been written. At

this moment he felt a shoot of the lumbago, and casting a rueful look first at the paper, and then upon the countenance of his friend, he exclaimed, "My dear Mr. Abernethy! I am most happy to see you; but—only consider my situation; prescribe you must, and shall, by ——." Here he was immediately cut short by the other, whose eye had been rivetted on the bottle. They again sat and commenced discussing the other bottle of wine. The hours glided away unheeded, and it was past eleven before he perceived, by the approaching depletion of the Το χλεψόινον, as he held it in his hand, that it was high time to pull the bell, with an inquiry for his servant, &c. Our host was started from a vision of gaiety by the unexpected summons, and grasping with eagerness the hands of his guest, did his utmost to drag him down to his seat, with, "For heaven's sake, dear Abernethy!—now—why, you forget—you are not going without prescribing for me! let me have your advice! what shall I do?" With a waggish expression of countenance, Abernethy commenced the following address to the patient: "Do, my good hospitable friend," pointing significantly to the neighbourhood of the gastric region, "do, let me entreat you, take care what you put into that big stomach of yours—there is the seat of your many ailments—consult my book—read it with care and attention, and I can assure you, you will not for the future stand in need of my advice."

Some years before his death, as Mr. Abernethy was walking up Holborn, he overtook one of his pupils:

as was his custom when he had once noticed intrinsic talent, he entered into familiar conversation with him, observing that he had missed him for some time in the dissecting room. The young man, with tears in his eyes, told him he was involved in debt, and that his parents, overtaken like himself by the shafts of adversity, could not grant him the necessary supplies. "To what amount are you in debt?" "About £80 sir," answered the poor bankrupt. "Well," said Mr. A., "call at Bedford-row to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and I will see what can be done for you." The young man was obedient to the wishes of his kind instructor, when a letter sealed up was put into his hand, on opening which he discovered a cheque for ninety pounds! This young man was seen at the grave of his late benefactor completely grief-stricken.

Poor John Abernethy was facetious to the very last. He exhibited the ruling passion strong in death.* A short period before his death his legs became ædema-

* Instances of the ruling passion strong in death are numerous. Stories of Rabelais' sportiveness and wit to the last are familiar to every one; such as his dressing himself in a domino, a short time before he died, and sitting in it by his bedside, in order, when asked why he committed so ill-timed an extravagance, he might reply, "*Beati qui in Domino moriuntur.*" An anecdote of Malherbe, who was "nothing if not critical," is not perhaps so well known as those relating to Rabelais. An hour before his death (says Bayle), after he had been two hours in an agony, he awakened on a sudden to reprove his landlady, who waited upon him, for using a word that was not good French; and when his confessor reprimanded him for it, he told him he could not help it, and that he would defend the purity of the French language

tous; and upon some one inquiring how he was, he replied, "Why, I am better on my legs than ever: you see how much stouter they are!" His hobby retained full possession of his mind to the end of his life. He attributed his disease to the stomach. He said, "It is all stomach; we use our stomach ill when we are young, and it uses us ill when we are old."

It is singular that he left express commands that his body should not be opened after his death.

until death. When his confessor painted the joys of Paradise with extraordinary eloquence, and asked him if he did not feel a vehement desire to enjoy such bliss, Malherber, who had been more attentive to the holy man's manner than to his matter, captiously replied, "Speak no more of it; your bad style disgusts me." He was critical to the last gasp. Poor Sheridan, like Rabelais, in the midst of all his miseries preserved his pleasantry and his perception of the ridiculous, almost as long as life lasted. When lying on his death-bed, the solicitor, a gentleman who had been much favoured in wills, waited on him: after the general legatee had left the room another friend came in, to whom the author of the School for Scandal said, "My friends have been very kind in calling upon me, and offering their services in their respective ways; Dick W. has been here with his *will-making face.*"

CHAPTER III.

EARLY STRUGGLES OF EMINENT MEDICAL MEN.

Dr. Baillie—Dr. Monro—Dr. Parry—Medical Quackery—Sir Hans Sloane—An Episode in Real Life—Dr. Cullen—Dr. T. Denman—Mr. John Hunter—Dr. Armstrong—Ruling Passion strong in Death—Dr. Brown.

SMOLLETT says, in a letter to his friend David Garrick, "I am old enough to have seen and observed that we are all the mere play-things of fortune, and that it depends upon something as insignificant as the tossing up of a halfpenny, whether a man rises to affluence and honour, or continues, to his dying day, struggling with the difficulties and disgraces of life."

The author of "Roderick Random," spoke feelingly; he was a medical man, and knew, by painful experience, the peculiar difficulties with which every medical aspirant has to contend.

The Roman satirist has expressed, in the well-known ode, commencing,

> "Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium," &c.

his high gratification at the sight of a "brave man struggling with the storms of fate."

It is difficult, however, to induce the combatant to take the same philosophic view of the matter, or to say, with a sage of antiquity, "that he delighted to create difficulties in order to experience the high enjoyment of overthrowing them."

"Can anything," says an eminent writer, "be conceived more dreary and disheartening than the prospect before a young London physician, who, without friends and fortune, yet with high aspirations after professional eminence, is striving to weave around him, what is technically called, a connexion?"*

It is true, that the members of the medical profession have to go through the same ordeal which other professional men have to encounter; and therefore, it may be urged, they have no just ground of complaint. But many of the obstacles with which the medical man has to contend are of a peculiar nature. No other men have to combat with more heart-rending trials and disappointments. How many spirits are broken in endeavouring to stem the torrent to which the great majority of practitioners in early life, are exposed! He who enters the ranks of medicine must prepare his mind to encounter impediments and mortifications of no ordinary character; he must subdue his own prejudices—the prejudices of his patients, their relations, and contend also against the ill-office of opposing interests; for it unfortunately happens, "that the only judges of his merit, are those who have an interest in concealing it."†

Success in no profession is so uncertain as in that

* Diary of a Physician. † Dr. Gregory.

of physic. Prejudice and caprice are capable of conferring a name on those who can produce no solid claims to distinction and pre-eminence, and the popular physician of the day is often indebted for his celebrity to a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, in which merit can boast no share. The difficulties of advancement in other professions are certainly diminished by the influence of favour and patronage; yet even these advantages are of no permanent utility, unless merit and talent conspire to maintain us in that elevation, which we at first owe to casual means and fortuitous circumstances. But in the medical profession, we have daily opportunities of seeing men brought into notice by the zeal of their friends, family connexion, the recommendation of the great, and the caprices of fashion, whilst those without these advantages, are generally uncountenanced and neglected.

Sir Hans Sloane was accustomed to relate of himself, that the first circumstance which introduced him to practice, was his being engaged at a whist table with a lady of quality, who had, fortunately for him, a return of an ague fit. He prescribed for her, and his remedy was effectual; and this case, he acknowledged to be the first foundation of his celebrity.

It is told by Steele, that the celebrated Radcliffe used to advise parents, to avoid, of all professions, choosing that of medicine for their children; and if they should be resolved, notwithstanding, to devote a favourite boy to physic, he would persuade them, as the first step to his future eminence, to send the young student to a fencing-master, and a dancing-

school: a strong instance of his knowledge of the world, and an honest confession that merit was not the only security for success in his profession.

The talents and skill of a physician and surgeon cannot be known immediately on their announcing themselves as candidates for confidence and employment. The medical man must wait the slow operation of time, and the intervention of circumstances favourable to the development of his professional abilities.

It has been remarked, that of those medical men who have had the greatest share of practice and public confidence, the most of them have previously been considerably advanced in years. This was the case, in a remarkable degree, with the celebrated Dr. Baillie; for, when the great eminence of the latter years of his life is considered, it might have been expected that he would have earlier enjoyed no small portion of his fame. It was not, however, until he had reached his fortieth year, that he found himself fairly established; but he only required to be known, for, from that period, he became completely engaged in practice, and in a very few years, rose to great eminence in his profession.

It is curious to trace the variety of circumstances which have led medical men to celebrity in the metropolis. "Dr. Baillie," says his biographer, Dr. Wardrop, "was one of those whose success was greatly to be attributed to professional knowledge adorned with every private virtue. Minute anatomical knowledge had been too much disregarded by physicians of his day, and conceived necessary for those only who practised

surgery. Dr. Baillie's comprehensive knowledge of anatomy, therefore, gave him immense superiority over those who were competing with him. Whenever more than the ordinary scientific precision was wanted, his opinion was resorted to; and the advantages which his anatomical skill afforded him, soon established his reputation among the better informed in his profession, as well as secured to him the confidence of the public. However unaccountable it may appear, yet it is not less true, that many of the physicians then in London, were of opinion that his pre-eminence in anatomical knowledge, instead of establishing his fame as a practitioner, would be the means not only of impeding, but absolutely of frustrating his prosperity; and he was in consequence repeatedly advised to relinquish his anatomical pursuits.

It must, however, be admitted that Dr. Baillie enjoyed some unusual advantages, in addition to his own excellent qualities, at the time he commenced practice. Besides other family connexions, his name was early brought before the public as the relative and pupil of the most eminent men of the day: in addition to this, Dr. Pitcairn, with whom he had been acquainted in very early life, at the time when he had arrived at great eminence, was obliged, from declining health, to relinquish his extensive practice, and Dr. Baillie was introduced by him to his patients, which introduction speedily brought him into notice. After the death of Pitcairn, Baillie's practice increased so rapidly, that he was obliged to abandon his anatomical lectures.

The celebrated Monro's success in life has been attributed to his habit of noting down cases; and we owe the works of the celebrated Dr. Parry, which exhibit a pure science seldom found in modern medical writings, to a similar practice. He says—"The great book of nature, which is alike open to all, and is incapable of deceiving, I have hourly read, and I trust not wholly in vain. During the first twelve or fourteen years of my professional life, I recorded almost every case which occurred to me, either in private practice or in the chief conduct of an extensive charity. When afterwards the multiplication of common examples seemed to me an unnecessary waste of inestimable time, which might be much more profitably employed, I contented myself with the more useful task of recording chiefly such cases, or, on occasions, such particular circumstances only of cases, as led to the establishment of principles. This I have done generally on the spot, or rarely deferred beyond the day of observation, always rejecting what, on repeated varied inquiry, I have not been able to verify."

Dr. Parry himself had to overcome many impediments before he established himself in decent practice. Notwithstanding he was an accomplished physician, and a man of high medical attainments, it is recorded, that in the next street to the one in which he resided, lived a quack, who commenced business some years after Parry had announced himself as a candidate for public support, and who succeeded in being able to keep his horse and livery servant some time before the physician had six patients on his daily list. Thus it

will ever be so long as the wise form but an insignificant fraction of the human race.*

> " For the dull world, most honour pay to those,
> " Who, on their understanding, most impose."

An observer has said, that the illiterate form two-thirds of the whole nation, and yield that conviction to prejudice and credulity, which they refuse to solemn evidence and irrefragable exposure.

By fallacies in physic, the wise as well as the foolish are caught. But upon what vague and speculative evidence is fame in medicine built? The despotic influence of public opinion, of fashion, have so much to do with the success of a medical man. Of those of whom we think nothing, the "whistling of a name" will cause thousands to think highly; two-thirds of mankind neither can, nor will estimate medical capacity, by any other test than that of notoriety.†

To have a name is everything to a medical man; to appear to be overwhelmed with business is sure to induce the public to smile with approbation on his endeavours. In an old pamphlet, entitled, "When a man's name is up, he may lie a-bed; or, the Grand Quack;" the writer says, "We frequently see some enterprising spirits start up, who live merely by imposing on the public. I have heard of a couple of extravagant fellows who, having spent their patrimony, consulted how to subsist for the future. One

* Collections from the unpublished Medical Writings of Dr. Parry, Vol. I. p. 48.

† Medical Ethics, by Dr. Perceval.

proposed the high-way; but that was objected to as dangerous. They, therefore, concluded to pitch upon some profession, where ignorance could not be easily discovered; for it would be easier to set up for statesmen than as tradesmen. But as being made a minister depended on the favour of others, they sought to find out something that might depend upon themselves; and as law and physic were professions which required but little stock, they fixed upon these. This being agreed upon, they drew lots, and one was dubbed a counsellor and the other a doctor. In the course of their practice, one ruined his clients, and the other killed his patients; yet both grew eminent, rolled in their coaches, and left great estates."

A medical man's success depends greatly upon accident. A wealthy influential person, is taken suddenly ill in his neighbourhood. The family physician and apothecary reside some considerable distance off, and the case being of an urgent nature, the nearest docto is sent for. If the case terminates favourably, th practitioner is treated as a demi-god, and if he be a gentleman and agreeable in his manners, he may succeed in obtaining an introduction into some good families.

A very eminent general practitioner, of the present day, relates the following circumstances as connected with his early career. After graduating at the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Hall, he took a small house in a neighbourhood where he thought it was likely he should succeed in obtaining a practice. His property amounted to a little furniture, which his mother had left him, a few bottles for his surgery, and

a hundred pounds in cash. Having fixed upon a locality, he took possession of his habitation, sat down and waited anxiously for patients. Six months passed away, and not one patient had he seen! He was always at his post—dressed well—and was by no means deficient in his attainments as a scholar and as a medical man. He was advised to change his residence; but he refused to do so, being determined to establish himself where he had first commenced, or abandon the profession altogether. His money, although he lived very economically, was nearly expended, and he had no other resources whatever. Having some talent for composition, he wrote an article for a newspaper; and was mortified to find next day, among the notices to correspondents, the following:—"Medicus;—the communication is unsuited to our pages." A friend suggested that he should write a small pamphlet on a disease which was then prevailing epidemically. The pamphlet was written; but alas! after having walked his shoes nearly off his feet, he could not succeed in inducing any bookseller to print it. Many offered to publish the pamphlet at the author's risk, but he declined this arrangement, and the unfortunate MS. was thrown upon the shelf. The surgeon was recommended to look out for a wife with a little money, as the only way to relieve him from his present situation; but he found this to be impracticable, owing to his not being able to dress like a gentleman, and his tailor hesitated to trust him with more clothes. Distress followed distress in rapid succession, until the poor man was a miserable, heart-wearied, and nearly heart-broken

wretch. How truly has Spenser delineated his situation:

> " Full little know'st thou that hast not tried
> What hell it is, in suing long to bide;
> To lose good days that might be better spent;
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent.
> To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
> To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow:
> To fret the soul with crosses and with cares,
> To eat the bread thro' comfortless despairs."

Having thus been brought nearly to the verge of ruin, he was seated one evening before his surgery fire, cogitating what step to take to relieve him from his pecuniary difficulties, when he heard the surgery bell ring most violently. To the door he immediately hastened, when he saw a crowd in the street, and two men carrying a gentleman, who appeared to be much injured. Admission was directly given to the parties, when, upon inquiring what had occurred, he ascertained that the patient had been thrown out of a cab, and it was supposed that he was nearly killed. Upon examining the gentleman, it was found that he had received a severe concussion of the brain, in addition to the shoulder-joint being dislocated. Having reduced the luxation, the gentleman was placed in bed, and when reaction had taken place he was bled. By this time the surgeon ascertained from a policeman who had emptied the gentleman's pockets, that he was a man of title, and at that time of eminence as a politician. A dispatch was forwarded to his house at the

west end, to acquaint his family of the accident that had occurred. His brother immediately came to see him, bringing with him a physician of great celebrity. A consultation took place, and as the physician highly approved of all that had been done, and it was not thought advisable to move the patient in his present condition, he was accordingly left under the care of the surgeon into whose house he was first brought. The general practitioner was unremitting in his attention to his distinguished patient, watching him by day and night. In the course of a week, the physician suggested the propriety of removing him to his own house, which was accordingly accomplished. The apothecary was desired to continue his visits, which he did until his patient was completely restored to health. As a reward for his services, a cheque for £100 was forwarded to the apothecary, and he was enrolled as surgeon to the family. So grateful were the friends of the patient, that they succeeded in introducing the general practitioner into many highly respectable families. Once being known, his practice rapidly increased, and he is at the present day one of our first general practitioners.

The pamphlet, to which allusion has been made, has been published, and it demonstrates that the writer is a man of great powers of observation, and possesses an intimate knowledge of the subject which he has illustrated.

The early struggles of the medical man, which we have thus endeavoured briefly to sketch, is but a specimen of the lives of thousands of medical practitioners.

—— "What rugged places lie between
Adventurous Virtue's early toils,
And her triumphal throne!"

"It is morally impossible," says Dr. Gregory, "for any great number of physicians, or for any large proportion of those who may choose to try their fortunes in a great town, ever to rise to eminence, or to acquire extensive or lucrative practice. In proportion, at least, to the great eminence and wealth that a few in our profession have acquired in any city, or more probably, in a much greater proportion, will the number of adventurers in the medical lottery in that place be increased; each trusting much to his own merit and his good fortune. But the people among whom, and by whom, they must live, are not in the least disposed to trust any of them, without the recommendation, at least, of pretty long acquaintance, or what they may think satisfactory experience of their talents and professional knowledge. Each for his own sake, or for that of any of his family, when sick, will be eager to obtain the assistance of some physician whose character is already established. This is the true origin and rational foundation of the common remark, that "a physician cannot earn his bread until he has no teeth to eat it." This point was well explained some hundred years ago, when men wore long beards, and the Pope was infallible. His holiness had the misfortune to lose his physician, in whom he had great confidence. Many physicians, of course, were eager to offer their services to the Pope, who could not, for some time, find out any one that suited him, or who

had the sense to answer a simple question, which the Pope put to them successively: "How many have you killed?" One after the other declared, that they had never killed any man. At last, a shrewd looking old fellow, with a large bushy beard, made his appearance, and offered his services. The Pope put the usual question to him. "*Tot quot,*" said the old fellow, grasping his beard with both hands. The Pope chose him for his physician.

We remember having read, in some French author, of a lover, who, being on the point of losing his mistress by a dangerous illness, went in search of a physician, on whose skill he might depend. In his way, he met with a person who possessed a talismanic mirror, by which, objects, undiscernible to the naked eye, could be distinguished. Having purchased this wonderful instrument, he made all possible haste to the house of a celebrated physician in the neighbourhood.

In this mansion he beheld a multitude of spectres, which were the souls of men, women, and children, whom, in attempting to cure of various diseases, the physician had killed. Struck with terror at the sight, the young man effected a hasty retreat, and visited another practitioner, in whose house he beheld similar spectres, but not so many in number. Still terrified and disgusted, he again fled with precipitation, and successively entered the habitations of several other medical gentlemen, determined to find out some one who was guiltless of the blood of his fellow-creatures; but, alas! the poor fellow met with similar scenes,

more or less aggravated by numbers, wherever he went.

At length, almost in despair of finding any medical man fit for his purpose, or whom he could dare to employ, he was bending his steps homeward sorrowful and sad, when he was asked by a friend who met him, whether in the course of his peregrinations, he had called upon a practitioner, who lived in an obscure corner of the city?

He replied, that he had not—he must have escaped his notice; but that he would now bend his way to the suburbs, for that purpose.

Accordingly, the young man soon arrived at this doctor's house, and having consulted his talisman, he perceived, only, the tiny souls of *two little children*. "Now!" exclaimed the lover, in a transport of joy; "at length, I have discovered a skilful and an honest physician, who will speedily restore my beloved to health, and to my arms."

Having related his business, the physician put some medicines into his pocket-case, and prepared to accompany him to the abode of his charmer. On their way, his curiosity was excited to ask the young man, how he had found him out, as he lived at such a distance?

"How!" replied the latter; "why, by your reputation—your skill!"

"My reputation!" returned the compounder of drugs; "L—d, Sir, you are certainly quizzing, I have not been more than *eight days* in business, nor have yet seen but *two patients*."

A country doctor, who had been an apothecary, and afterwards a physician at Bath, was obliged to fly for debt; and finding himself at Berlin, was introduced to the old King of Prussia. The king said to him:—"*Vous devez avoir tué beaucoup de monde?*" —"*Pas autant que votre Majesté,*" was the candid reply. It is said of a Swiss physician, that he never passed the church-yard of the place where he resided, without pulling out his pocket handkerchief, and hiding his face with it, saying, that the number of persons who had found their way there, under his direction, made him apprehensive lest some of them, recognizing his features, should oblige him to take up his lodging along with them.

The success of the great Dr. Cullen was owing to accident. This eminent physician was long an obscure medical practitioner, in a country village in Scotland, where he could neither obtain fame nor riches; but it happened whilst he resided there, that Archibald, Duke of Argyle, visited a gentleman in the neighbourhood; the Duke was fond of the study of chemistry, and often experimented in the science; but while on this visit, he was much at a loss for want of a small chemical apparatus. His host recollecting Mr. Cullen, invited him to dinner, introduced him to the Duke, as a person likely to supply his wants. An introduction to one of his grace's great political influence could not but be favourable. The Duke was highly pleased with Cullen, in whom he found a man not only with a mind more than ordinarily cultivated in professional

knowledge; but possessing, as well, more than the average information of the fine arts, of which the Duke was passionately fond. Cullen was naturally a gentleman—his manners were bland and conciliating without approaching to obsequiousness, and he soon won the affections of his noble friend, who introduced him to the Duke of Hamilton, on whom he performed a successful cure; which circumstance completely established his reputation: prior to this fortunate event, it is said that Cullen had serious thoughts of abandoning the profession of medicine for the church, so disheartened was he with the slow advancement he made as a practitioner. Fortunately for science and mankind this great man was not permitted to carry his idea into execution.

How many practitioners there are in this great metropolis, who are doomed to a life of misery and wretchedness, in consequence of their not being able to make the public believe that they are entitled to a share of their support.

To succeed in the medical profession requires, on the part of the practitioner, in far the great majority of cases, a degree of chicanery and trickery, from which men of honourable and gentlemanly feelings naturally recoil.

The "tricks of the trade," are as numerous in medicine as in law; and he who has recourse to them the most, is the most successful man.

The public believe that medical knowledge is to be obtained by intuition; they cannot conceive, or if they do, they never regard, the labour and study

which every practitioner has to exercise, before he is qualified or even allowed to practise his profession.

"We hear," says Dr. Moore, "people every day, in talking of their physician, use language of this kind: 'I own he is a very weak, silly man; but he has had a great deal of experience;' or, 'I grant you, he is an ostentatious, parading coxcomb, next to a fool, in other respects; but he is an excellent physician.' They seem to think, that common sense diverts a man from the study of his profession; like the French lady, who, being told that her physician had not common sense, replied, '*Tant mieux; un homme qui passe son temps à etudier le sens commun, comment peut-il apprendre la medicine? Monsieur l'Abbé qui parle Gréc comme Homere ne sait pas danser.*'"*

"I made my son study medicine," said a gentleman, "because I found that he was unfit for anything else." What a satire upon one of the most learned and respectable of the professions! As long as practitioners have recource to unprofessional and illegitimate modes of obtaining notoriety, so long will the sensible portion of the public entertain but a low estimate of the medical character.

We will admit that a medical man, in entering upon his professional career, has many disheartening things to combat with; we know that he has to travel on "a long, a rough, and a weary road;" but this does not

* "So much the better, a man who passes his time in studying common sense, how can he learn medicine? Monsieur l'Abbé, who speaks Greek like Homer, cannot dance."

justify him in doing anything likely to depreciate his profession in public estimation.

Quackery, we have no doubt, succeeds in many instances, but this does not warrant us in having recourse to it. It is recorded, by a once celebrated physician, that he happened to call upon a lady, who, on account of pain, and a slight swelling in her ancle, had consulted a well-known doctor, who was distinguished for charlatanical parade in his practice, and as a natural result, commanded the admiration of his patients to an astonishing degree. He had just left his patient, when the other physician entered; she told him, he had ordered a poultice of bread and milk to be applied to the part and then, giving the watch to her maid, she desired her to take particular care that the poultice should be boiled exactly *four minutes and a half*, for such was the *express orders of Monsieur le Docteur*. On the physician expressing his surprise at the minuteness of these orders, the patient exclaimed, "*Mon dieu! quelle precision! il calcule comme un ange!*"* "My G—! what accuracy! he calculates like an angel."

* Madame de Sevigné somewhere tells us of a whimsical way in which a doctor manœuvred with his patient. He was ordered to take *seize gouttes d'un elixir dans trois cuilleries d'eau* (sixteen drops of an elixir in three spoonfuls of water). The doctor assured the patient, if he had taken four instead of three, all would have been over. This lady is very merry with the doctor on some occasions, and cites a case of a patient ordered to take exercise in his chamber after a pill, stopping short, in great dismay, "*parce qu'il a oublie si c'est en long ou en large.*" The patient had for-

A gentleman, in very extensive practice, in the north of England, once communicated to a friend the secret of his success. This practitioner attended the families of some of the most distinguished of the nobility in his neighbourhood. Upon being asked to what circumstance he attributed his popularity, he said that when he commenced practice, it was his custom to send out draughts wrapped up in differently coloured papers, and tied over with great neatness. He said, this pleased the children, and made him a subject of frequent conversation; and in this way he obtained notoriety and practice. He certainly, by the mode of putting up his medicines, charmed away the nauseousness of physic; but it spoke little for his intellect to confess that he owed his reputation to such chicanery.

A youthful appearance is often a great impediment to a young physician's success; for the public, or at least the portion to which a medical man looks for support, naturally associates with advanced years great experience. Again, the public, with its present amount of medical knowledge, is incapable of detecting the attainments or deficiencies of the professors of medicine; it cannot draw a line of demarcation between the illiterate and shallow pretender, and the man of high scientific attainments. How often do we witness a man, accomplished in every branch of the science of medicine, doomed to struggle, until nearly heart-broken, against the adversities of the world,

gotten whether he was to exercise himself the *length or breadth of the room!*

whilst the man of no scientific acquirements, but who is well versed in the quackery of the trade, is allowed to roll in his carriage, and fare sumptuously every day!

It is difficult to say, how this is to be remedied. Some have suggested, that we should give the public some general knowledge of medicine, and then it will be competent to distinguish the educated from the uneducated man; but, although this might, to a certain extent, remedy the evil, it would not altogether prove a panacea for the malady of which we complain. In medicine, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," although Pope's maxim will not admit of universal application. We cannot say to the reading medical public, to the amateur practitioners of medicine, so far shalt thou go, and no farther; once give them a taste for quacking themselves, once admit them into the outskirts of the medical harem, and immediately they will exclaim, "I am Sir Oracle."

Nothing is more annoying to the practitioner, than to be compelled to explain to every old woman, (and this he must do, if he wishes to ingratiate himself with her,) the precise locality and nature of the real or imaginary ailment under which she is labouring, and for the removal of which he is summoned to her side. But, according to the present notion of things, he must do so, or abdicate his functions.* The phy-

* "It is always a satisfactory thing to a patient," says the facetious Wadd, "to trace his complaint to a visible cause. I once knew a lady, suffering from what is technically called a catarrh

sician has good reason for exclaiming, blessed be he who first discovered the *nerves;* for, in the hour of danger and difficulty this is a secure haven into which the poor weather-beaten practitioner often takes shelter. The patient is satisfied if you give a "local habitation and a name" to the complaint, it being a matter of indifference to him whether he comprehends it or not.

We recollect to have heard a medical gentleman seriously maintain, in the presence of a large assembly of non-professionals, that the real cause and nature of all fevers was the *excessive generation of heat.* This notion he defended rather ingeniously, and every person present considered him a *sensible* and well informed man. We attempted to controvert his position; but we found that our opponent had obtained the assent of the majority of his hearers, and of course we did not, in parliamentary language, call for a division.

"If I did but know a few physical hard words!" says the patient. "A few physical hard words," replies the mock doctor; "why, in a few physical hard words consists the science."

"My dear medical man," says a lady to a friend, "talks so beautifully;" he explains every thing to me; and his language is so learned; I'm sure he must have expended a fortune in his education!" Of such a "dear medical man," how truly may it be said,

(vulgo, cold), who had her mind set at ease by her Abigail discovering that her complaint arose from her having read a damp play-bill!"

"In trifling show, his tinsel talent lies,
And form, the want of intellect supplies;
Hourly his learned impertinence affords,
A *barren superfluity* of words.
The patient's ears remorseless he assails,
Murders with jargons, where his medicine fails.*"

It is not the circumstance of a medical man having to struggle against adversity and misfortune which is so mortifying to him; for he knows the members of every profession have to stem the same torrent; but the peculiar difficulties with which the

* Let our readers bear in mind the following observations of a sensible writer: "Since it is decided that we cannot live or die without physicians, we may at least make choice among them. Let not that choice fall upon him who can display the most eloquence and learning, but upon him who is most attached to you. Forgetting their profession, they depart from their thickets, and invade the forests of poets and fields of orators. More busied in showing off than in healing, they bawl about the bed of the patient an hotch-potch of the ideas of Cicero, and the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The malady grows worse; but that goes for nothing, provided they succeed in making it said, "here's a man who talks well." A physician who has the talent of speech, renders himself the arbiter of your lives and deaths. But regard as an assassin, as a giver of poison, every physician who has more babble than wisdom and experience. Say to him, as said the old man in Plautus, 'Depart: you were sent for to cure, not to declaim!' To avoid the reproaches of your physicians, I say nothing but what is drawn from Pliny, who speaks more of them than any one else."—*Memoirs pour la vie de Petrarque, par l'Abbe de Sade.* Vol. III. p. 99.

practitioner of medicine has to contend, arises from the circumstances of his being convinced by cruel experience, that to succeed in his profession he must, to a certain extent, have recourse to means repugnant to all men of proper feeling.

This is not so much the case in the legal as in the medical profession. The barrister has, in the majority of cases, to do with a man acquainted with law technicalities and forms; he seldom comes into direct contact with his client; and the attorney takes care to select a man in whom he can safely place his client's interest; but how differently is the medical man situated! There are legal as well as medical quacks; but we are bound to confess that the latter preponderate.

The remedy exists in the profession itself. We want a moral revolution in medicine. Let medical men respect themselves, and they will command the respect of the public. Dr. Lettsom, who was in his day an eminent and successful physician, in a letter to his friend, Sir M. Martin, says, speaking of his (Dr. L's.) son, a youth of great promise, and intended for the profession, "The character given by his master is, in my opinion, highly flattering; he is, in some measure, deficient in memory, but his *apprehension is quick, and his application great;* the two last will amply compensate for the defect of the first."

In alluding to the qualities of mind necessary in a physician to ensure success, he observes: "Many, I might say most, of the distinguished characters in medicine, have risen rather by application than by the

advantages of memory: for those who are blest with the latter faculty are very often indolent, and thereby lose more, in proportion, from the want of industry. Brilliancy is not distinguished for solidity. Success in physic depends more upon judgment than quickness of memory. The first strikes to the bottom, the latter skims the surface. I know, where both are combined, the character will become more elevated; but they rarely associate; and the want of memory may be assisted by art. This defect is my lot. I believe I possess industry. I made artificial tables of my own; and, by arrangement and art, I appear to those, who know no better, to possess memory. I suppose I have 40,000 notes which I can refer to. Some years since, I was desired to deliver an oration at a short notice. This I effected by my notes, and my auditory thought I possessed memory in a high degree; but, alas! it was fictitious."

"Success in the medical profession *always* attends the diligent." So says Dr. W. Hunter; we wish we could say that we agree with him in opinion; but evidence, painful evidence, is against his position. His words are these: "An opinion, the child of spleen and indolence, has been propagated, which has done infinite prejudice to science as well as virtue. They would have us believe that merit is neglected, and that ignorance and knavery triumph in the world. Now, in *our profession*, it seems incontestible that the man of abilities and diligence always succeeds. Ability, indeed, is not the only requisite; and a man may fail who has nothing besides to recommend him,

or who has some great disqualification of head or heart. But sick people are so desirous of life and health, that surely the man who is not really able in his profession, will have the least chance of being thought so. In my opinion, a young man cannot cultivate a more important truth than this, that merit is sure of its reward in this world."*

The question is not, is a man of talent and learning always rewarded, but is his success in life at all commensurate with his industry and merit? Judging from the result of our own observation, and from what we have read, we should certainly answer the latter question in the negative.

It is hoped, however, that what we have been compelled to state will not have an evil tendency on the minds of our youthful readers. If the man of industry, if the man who by unwearied application has acquired a thorough knowledge of the different branches of medicine, does not invariably elevate himself to an exalted position, he stands a fair chance of acquiring a certain amount of fame and fortune. We cannot all become generals and colonels, and we must be satisfied if we are permitted to enjoy the "luxury of doing good," as inferior officers in the medical army. If we do not attract the notice of the world; if our name is not associated with the great and good in the records of science and philanthropy; we have, at least, the consciousness of the rectitude of our intentions, which ought to console us for any

* Vide Introduc. Lect. p. 102.

deficiency of worldly honour which it may be our lot to endure.

In our researches into medical biography, we have discovered many instances of men who have had to struggle in life with fearful difficulties. We have selected a few prominent cases which we hope will have the effect of rousing the energies of those who may at this moment be combating with the cares and disappointments of the world.

The first illustration is that of the celebrated father of the present Lord Chief Justice of England.

Prefixed to Dr. Denman's "Introduction to the Practice of Midwifery," is a deeply interesting auto-biographical memoir of the writer, in which he has detailed an account of the difficulties with which he had to contend, in endeavouring to establish himself in London practice.

For some period Dr. Denman remained with his brother at Bakewell, who succeeded his father in practice. He acquired at this time some knowledge of his profession, and in 1754 he came to London for further improvement and information. "The money," he says, "with which I was supplied for this purpose, amounted to £75; £50 bequeathed by my grandfather, and £25 as my share of what my father was supposed to be worth at the time of his death."

"As I am now," he continues, "entering upon the details of my own life, I may be permitted to speak of myself. I had been educated at the Free-school at Bakewell, in such sort of knowledge as my old master, Mr. Hudson, was capable of teaching. I understood

a little Greek; I was tolerably well informed in the Latin language, and I wrote a good hand.

"I had not been instructed in any of those accomplishments which serve to show inferior capacities to advantage, nor had I seen much company, having never been from home a week, at any time of my life.

"It might be truly said that I was 'home-bred;' but I had an excellent constitution, having been accustomed to live on the most homely diet, and I had hardly ever been out of bed at ten o'clock at night. In short, I was a meagre, hungry, sharp-set lad; though my education was very incomplete, I had a very competent knowledge of pharmacy, and knew as much of disease as the frequent reading of *Dr. Sydenham's* works and a few other books could give me. I had a common understanding, and some ambition to succeed in the world, though I was ignorant of the means of procuring success; but I had been trained in habits of industry, frugality, and civility or respect to those with whom I had been connected.

"When I arrived in town, I was recommended to Mr. Hunt, a hair dresser in Dean-street, with whom my brother had lodged and boarded. I paid him ten shillings and sixpence a week, and a bad bargain he had. The money I brought with me to London was intended for the purpose of enabling me to attend St. George's Hospital, and two courses of anatomical lectures; but in six months it was wholly expended. I knew little of economy, for having never been accustomed to the management or disposal of money, I acted as a child in this respect, contriv-

ing how to spend it as soon as it was received. This was rather a misfortune than a fault; but it is amazing to me, when I recollect how many years I lived in the world without changing this disposition, and how many inconveniences it caused me in the course of my life. My money being gone, there was a necessity of seeking some employment for immediate support. Many were thought of, but none seemed so agreeable to myself or friends as going to sea in the king's service. I applied to the navy board for an order to be examined at Surgeon's Hall; and, very much to my own astonishment, I passed as surgeon to a ship of sixth rate, April 3rd, 1755. The ship to which I was appointed lay at Blackstairs; but I had no money to prepare for the voyage, or to bear my expenses to the ship. I pawned my watch, and set off with about forty shillings in my pocket, to enter among strangers upon a way of life of which I had no more idea than of the Mogul's court."

After Dr. Denman's return from sea, he was recommended by his friends to settle at Winchester. At this time he had saved up £500. After residing at Winchester for some time, he says in his journal, "I soon became impatient of waiting, and began to blame myself and others for having undertaken a matter of so much importance without more deliberation. I fretted, made myself less likely to succeed by uneasiness and solicitude, and, after teazing myself and my friends for about four months, I determined to quit Winchester, having thrown away, since my arrival in England, nearly two hundred pounds."

Dr. Denman left Winchester for the great metropolis; and after attending a course of anatomical lectures and dissections, on the recommendation of Drs. Kelly and Kirkpatrick, he obtained his degree of M.D. from the University of Aberdeen.

Dr. Denman received forty pounds in fees the first year; but this sum, he says, "though not adequate to pay my expenses, gave me some encouragement." He then published an essay on puerperal fever, which gained him some credit and encreased his practice. He also published a letter to Dr. Hirch, on the construction and use of vapour baths; but this, the author says, "scarcely produced so much as to pay the expense of printing it."

The doctor, finding it difficult to support himself from the proceeds of his practice, applied to be appointed surgeon to one of the king's yachts. He received the appointment, which was worth £70. a-year to him; but, in 1777, he was obliged to resign the situation, as the yacht was ordered upon service, and the attendance would have been incompatible with his London business. But to continue the doctor's autobiography: "The whole savings," he says, "of the nine years I had been at sea, were now entirely expended, and I had, with great difficulty, kept myself out of debt; the thoughts of which hurting my pride, and giving me very mortifying reflections, I began to be very circumspect about my expences. However, on the strength of the yacht, I had taken a small house in Oxendon Street; but I furnished only one parlour, thinking to complete it gradually, as I was

able; and I hired a maid servant, who cheated me very much. When I went into this house, excepting my furniture, I had but twenty-four shillings in the world, but I was out of debt. My business encreased every year; and, in the third year after I had taken my house, I had two hundred and fifty pounds; which, together with the profits for the yatcht, prevented all present inconvenience, and gave me better hopes for the future.

"About this time died Dr. Cooper, a teacher of midwifery, of no great reputation. Mr. Osborn, who had attended St. George's Hospital when I did, and who was pretty much in the same predicament, with respect to fortune, as myself, agreed to give lectures with me. We purchased Dr. Cooper's apparatus for £120., and great difficulty we had to raise the money between us. We began to read lectures in the year 1770, awkwardly enough, and with little encouragement, as I suppose most people do at first; but, it is probable that we improved, for, in a short time, the lectures flourished, and, with them, my business, and, I believe, my credit also.

"Dr. Cooper had likewise been man-midwife to the Middlesex Hospital; I offered myself as a candidate to succeed him; and, after a very hard contest, some expense, and endless trouble, I was elected jointly with Dr. Krohn.

"I was now surgeon to the William and Mary yacht, I was teacher of midwifery, I was man-midwife to the Middlesex Hospital, I had published two pamphlets, which had at least acquired me a character

for industry and common abilities, and I got upwards of £300. a-year by my business. I was in in the 37th year of my age, and I determined to marry; and, becoming acquainted with the family of Mr. Brodie, a respectable army linen-draper, I chose Elizabeth, his youngest daughter, then in the 24th year of her age. I received no money as a dowry, but two leasehold houses in Vine Street, Piccadilly, which produced £80. a-year, clear of all deductions.

"It is impossible to have chosen a wife more suitable to my disposition and circumstances; her manners were amiable, her disposition gentle, her understanding naturally good, and improved by reading and the conversation of reasonable people, and she had that regard for truth and propriety, that I was firmly persuaded no human consideration could induce her to depart from them. She was frugal without meanness, temperate, and cheerful; and it was impossible for any two people to have lived together, with more perfect harmony, than we did for nine years.

"My assiduity encreased with my family, so that in the very year we were married, we saved £200., and have continued to do so every year since. About two years after our marriage, I thought it necessary to take a larger house, partly for appearance, and partly for convenience, that in which we lived being too small. In the year 1772, I therefore removed into Queen Street, Golden Square; which, I thought would be a good situation for lectures, and for business; and I soon after purchased the lease of this house for £1,200. Three hundred pounds of this

money I had saved, and, for the rest, I paid interest about four years, when the whole purchase was completed. I had now a large house; my business brought me in about £400. a-year, the lectures £100., the houses in Vine Street £80., the yacht £70., and I lived rent free. My business was chiefly among the lower class of people, but I never lost sight of the possibility of getting business among a higher rank; and, I had struggled through so many difficulties, that my mind became seasoned against common accidents, and I was better qualified to conduct myself in the more intricate parts of the business of life. My friends have for some years given me credit of being remarkably steady; but, I may assure the reader of this, whether it be my wife, or my daughters, or my son, that if I have steadiness, it is all acquired, my natural disposition being impetuous. I always thought steadiness worth every other quality, either in man or woman; and it has been the business of my life to acquire it.

"About this time I took courage, and kept a chariot in the winter; but the advantages which might result from it, were rather expected than realized. My business, however, both encreased and improved, though slowly; but, in the year 1778, it amounted to £600.; and the profits of the lectures to £150.; and then I built a new chariot. In the year 1777, I purchased two pieces of land near Lynn, in Norfolk, for which I paid down £350., and was to pay £500. more. This land was to bring me in four per cent. for my money, or £34. a-year; but I was unfortunate in my

bargain, the value of money encreasing immediately after I had made it; first by the failure of Mr. Fordyce, the banker, which put almost an instant stop to all credit; and, secondly, by the French and American war, which occasioned a real scarcity of money.

"With my new chariot I had a coachman in a handsome livery, and a servant behind, which were beyond my wish and inclination, but I thought them due to my present reputation, as well as to my future prospects; and I hoped that I had secured my family from distress, if I were to die before I had an opportunity of making any further addition to my fortune. We observed the most strict frugality in all other respects. On February 23, 1779, I was made happy by the birth of my son, which was an unexpected blessing, as I had given up all hopes of having any more children, my daughters being, at that time, more than seven years of age. I shall not fail to do all in my power to provide for them, consistently with those rules of probity and integrity which I have always established as guides of my conduct; and, from which, when they are capable of judging, they will be glad that I have never swerved. If the property I may leave behind me, should not be so much as they expect, or as I wish, they will see the reason in this narrative. Whatever it may be it ought to wear well, because it has been honestly gained. They will see an example of the good which attends industry and fair intentions, even when counteracted by errors and indiscretion.

The continuation of this memoir must be left to some future period, and it concludes for the present on the 5th of August, 1779."

Thus concludes the deeply interesting autobiography of Dr. Denman. It appears that, after having written the above account of his early life, he found that his business did not encrease as rapidly as he anticipated, and he was compelled to take pupils; three of whom attained considerable eminence in the profession, viz., Dr. Parry, of Bath; Mr. Chesshen, of Hinckley; and Philip Martineau, Esq., of Norwich.

In 1781 his house was burned down, which involved him in considerable pecuniary difficulties. On the death of Dr. Hunter, Denman rose rapidly in practice, and was placed at the head of his profession. Upon removing his residence to Old Burlington-Street, he was called to attend the late Duchess of Devonshire—a circumstance particularly gratifying to him, as, from the impression of his early life, he always felt strongly attached to that noble family.

Dr. Denman now finding the duties of his profession too laborious for him, he gradually introduced his son-in-law, Mr. Croft, who had chosen the same branch of the profession, and who attended to the more arduous duties of the practice, until the Doctor finally retired from the field. Doctor Denman died in the year 1815. The following lines were written for his epitaph :—

"Here lies Doctor Denman,
An excellent penman,
And related to Baillie and Croft :
He attended the Queen,
As all must have seen,
And his works are read frequent and oft.

But, his works put aside,
His fame should spread wide,
With the liberal deeds of his life :
For, though under ground,
His good deeds will be found
Carried on in the deeds of his wife."*

Of the early life of JOHN HUNTER we are indebted for the following particulars to Mr. Palmer, who has prefixed a valuable memoir of this celebrated surgeon to his edition of his writings.

When Hunter was about seventeen, he went for a time on a visit at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Buchanan, under the hope of being able to assist in freeing him from his pecuniary difficulties, into which convivial habits and inattention had led him. It is probable that whilst here, Hunter, who prided himself on his manual dexterity, assisted his brother-in-law in his workshop, and that hence originated the statement made by Foot, that he had served as a millwright or a carpenter. His effort however, proved unavailing to accomplish the object of his visit, and Mr. Buchanan soon after resigned his business, and earned a scanty livelihood as a teacher of music, and clerk to an episcopalian chapel, at Glasgow.

* Alluding to the circumstance of his amiable widow, since his death, being distinguished for her acts of charity and benevolence.

During this time Mr. W. Hunter, John's brother, was rapidly pursuing his way to fame and fortune. After receiving a classical education at Glasgow, and studying medicine for three years as a pupil of Cullen, who was at that time practising at Hamilton, he resorted to Edinburgh, where he spent a winter attending the schools of anatomy, and finally settled in London, in 1741.

Previously to this time, William Hunter's means had been very limited; for though the family property had fallen to him at his brother James's death, yet as his mother continued, with his permission, to reside on the estate, the surplus accruing to him could have been but small. In proof of which, Mr. Watson, formerly surgeon to the Westminster hospital, and one of Wm. Hunter's earliest pupils, used to relate, that as they were walking home together after the introductory lecture, the latter, who carried a bag containing seventy guineas, which he had raised for entrance fees, remarked, that this was a larger sum than he had ever been possessed of. Simmons gives a similar account of his own slender beginnings; and it is related by Sir James Earl, that at Pott's death a small box was found among his papers, containing a few pieces of money, not amounting to five pounds, being the whole which he had received from the wreck of his father's fortune. Such anecdotes may serve to encourage those who, at the outset of their journey through life, chance to have their purses but slenderly furnished: numbers

more might be found by a reference to the lives of eminent men in all professions, many of whom, though they have afterwards reaped a bountiful share of the favours of fortune, were doubtless obliged, on their first starting in life, to have recourse to shifts quite as curious as those of Johnson's Irish friend, who, in describing how a man may live respectably in London, on thirty pounds a year, allots ten for the expences of clothes, and provides that all visits are to be paid on *clean shirt days*.

William Hunter had many difficulties to overcome in establishing his anatomical school; he was the first surgeon unconnected with an hospital, who had lectured on anatomy, and no one attempted it on a scale at all equal to what he proposed: his predecessors had been accustomed to employ but one subject for demonstrating all parts of the body, except the bones and arteries, which were described on preparations, and the means for exhibiting which a fœtus was usually employed. Practical dissection was unknown to the great bulk of the physicians: added to all this, a far greater horror of anatomical pursuits existed in the public mind at that time than the present.

W. Hunter's address and perseverance at length triumphed over all these difficulties, and he succeeded in forming an establishment, which, in consequence of the superior advantages it afforded, and the unrivalled talent of its founder, as a lecturer, for a long time maintained its rank as by far the first anatomical school in London.

John Hunter was now in his twentieth year, when the fame of his brother's success, made him desirous of entering into the same profession. He accordingly wrote to his brother, requesting to be allowed to join him in London, and offering his services as an assistant in the dissecting room. His reply was favourable, and contained a kind invitation to visit London. He lost no time in complying with this, and set out for the metropolis. No long time elapsed before John's skill was put to the trial, in preparing for the lecture a dissection of the muscles of the arm. It is probable that W. Hunter had not as yet formed a very high estimate of the talents of his hitherto idle brother, and little foresaw that he was ere long to eclipse his preceptor: he was, however, so well pleased with his pupil's first essay, that he soon afterwards entrusted him with the preparation of a similar part, of which the blood-vessels were injected. In this, the young student succeeeded so well as to obtain much praise for his dexterity from his brother, who foretold that he would soon become a good anatomist, and promised that he should never want employment. From this time, therefore, we may consider Hunter as engaged in the dissecting room, under the instruction of his brother's assistant, Mr. Symonns, where he pursued his studies with such zeal and diligence, that by the next season he was able to take the charge of directing his pupils in their dissections; —thus by his rapid progress, showing what may be effected by great diligence, and adding another to the examples furnished by Cheselden, Haller, Albi-

nus, Baillie, Abernethy, and a host of others, that the surest foundation for future professional eminence is an early and extensive knowledge of anatomy.

The summer after he arrived in town, W. Hunter obtained permission for his brother to attend at the Chelsea Hospital, under Cheselden, of whom, as Hunter's first master in surgery, and as the most celebrated surgeon of his day, no apology will be necessary for introducing a short account. This admirable surgeon was then more than sixty years of age, and had retired in great part from the toils of a profession in which he had been engaged during nearly forty years, and in which he had attained the highest rank. As a surgeon Cheselden may be truly said to have enjoyed the same repute, both in England and on the Continent, which his contemporary and friend Dr. Mead had acquired as a physician. He was educated at St. Thomas's Hospital, under Thomas Ferne, a very able man, and studied anatomy under the celebrated Cowper. Under this great man Hunter received his first lessons in surgery,—a worthy master for so eminent a pupil; and he continued to attend regularly at the Chelsea Hospital, during the summer months of 1749 and 1750. Here he would have probably continued for some time, but in the following year Cheselden was obliged to resign his situation, in consequence of an attack of paralysis, which entirely unfitted him for business. He repaired to Bath, in the hope of amendment, but in 1752, he was seized with apoplexy, which put an end to his life, in the 64th year of his age.

Hunter now entered to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, under the tuition of the celebrated surgeon Pott. In 1753, he became a gentleman commoner at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. It will appear from the following anecdote that his biographer did not entertain an exalted idea of Hunter's classical attainments. In speaking to his friend Sir Anthony Carlisle, then a student at the hospital, Hunter said, "They wanted to make an old woman of me, or that I should stuff Latin andGreek at the University;" but added he, significantly pressing his thumb-nail on the table, "their schemes I cracked like so many fleas as they came before me."

From Bartholomew's Hospital Hunter went to St. George's, where he attended during the summer months, whilst the winter was devoted to his duties and studies in the dissecting room. With reference to the peculiar difficulties with which Hunter had to compete in early life, his biographer observes: "Various circumstances combined to render his success in practice far less rapid than might have been anticipated. Of these, one of the most obvious was that of the field being already occupied by several men of great merit in their profession, and who, by their writings, had contributed largely to the improvement of surgery. First of these, *facilè princeps*, stood Pott, in the prime of life, and in the zenith of his fame, who, though he had never received, because he had never solicited, those titles and posts of honour, which are usually bestowed on the leaders of our profession, yet had raised himself

by his eminent abilities and industry, and by his gentlemanly manners, to the highest place in the esteem of his professional brethren and the public.

The second stations were ably filled by Bromfield, and Sir Cæsar Hawkins, surgeons to St. George's Hospital; and Samuel Sharp, and Warner, of Guy's. These divided amongst them the greater part of the civil practice, whilst Adair and Tomkins, from their long connexions with the army, enjoyed the chief share of what accrued from that quarter.

The narrowness of his income, was no doubt also an obstacle to Hunter's success; for though his personal habits were very economical, his scientific inquiries required more money than he could well afford. He was therefore obliged to be content with establishing himself in the plainest manner, and living a retired life; and though this, no doubt, enabled him with more freedom, to pursue those important objects in which he was about to engage, yet it would not be likely to conduce to his speedily increasing his professional connexions.

It is in this respect, *cæteris paribus*, a man commencing with a moderate share of fortune, has a decided advantage over the fortuneless; for though it has been truly said, that "monies are not the sinews of fortune, but the sinews and state of men's minds—wit, courage, audacity, resolution, temper, industry, and the like," yet, even he, who declared this, has allotted the secured place to "wealth and means."

But besides these external difficulties, with which

most men have to struggle, in a greater or less degree, at the outset of life, there were, in Hunter's case, some great impediments arising out of his own character. He was deficient in those refined gentlemanly feelings, and those conciliating manners, which in all situations go far to win the good-will of those with whom we are in the habit of mingling in the daily intercourse of life, and are especially requisite in the medical profession. Conscious of great mental superiority, he was too apt to show this in a rude and overbearing manner towards men, who, in station, were his equals, and exhibited somewhat too large a share of that "pride of port" which the poet assigns to those

> "Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
> By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand."

Consequently, though the intrinsic excellencies of his character insured him the friendship of a few, who knew and estimated his worth, this fault raised up against him many bitter enemies, and prevented him from ever becoming a general favourite with the profession. It might, probably, with justice be said, that of all who have attained to the highest rank as surgeons, no one ever rose so entirely by the pure force of superior talents as John Hunter, or was less indebted than he was for his success to the good-will and assistance of his contemporaries.

Hunter had also a great contempt for those minor tactics, which constitute so large a part of what has

been aptly termed—the art of rising in the world; and they who have carefully watched the progress of men to fortune, know full well how much of their success has often been due to the judicious management of these auxiliary means. It would be egregious folly to suppose that a man could ever attain to high repute as a surgeon in London, without possessing a large share of the essential requisites for the practice of his profession; but, on the other hand, it requires no great penetration to perceive, that the vast difference in the amount of the favours, vouchsafed by Fortune to her different votaries, must be accounted for in some other way, than by the amount of professional talent possessed by each.

"He that is only *real* had need have exceeding great parts of virtue," says Lord Bacon, "as the stone had need be rich that is set without foil;" and we need not a better illustration of the truth of this observation, than is afforded by Hunter's tardy progress in the path of fortune, compared with the rapid strides of others to professional eminence, who, in point of attainments, would be the first to acknowledge themselves but the humble disciples of this great master.

But after all, perhaps, the principal reason why Hunter was so long in obtaining a large share of practice was, that he looked not, as most men do, to the acquisition of wealth as the end for which he was labouring; but, on the contrary, considered money only as a means by which he might advance the far more important objects he had in view. His powerful mind was unceasingly stimulated by an ardent desire

to forward the acquisition of those branches of knowledge which appeared to him best fitted to promote the improvement of his profession. To this object was devoted every hour that he could spare from his daily avocations, or snatch from the time allotted by others to sleep; and to promote this end, he was always ready to sacrifice the claims of worldly prudence and self-interest.

To witness an interesting and extraordinary case, he would take any trouble, or go almost any distance, without the chance of pecuniary recompense; but to the daily routine of practice he always turned unwillingly: and even when he had acquired a lucrative and extensive business, he valued it only as affording him the means of pursuing his favorite studies. This feeling he would often express to his friend Mr. Lynn, when he called to see a patient, by saying, as he unwillingly laid by his dissecting instruments, "Well Lynn, I must go and earn this d—— guinea, or I shall be sure to want it to-morrow."

As a means of increasing his income, Hunter determined on delivering lectures on anatomy and operative surgery, to a private class. These he continued for several years; but so far were his talents and his enlightened views from exciting the attention they merited, that his hearers never amounted to twenty. Amongst them, however, were numbered, Cline, Lynn, Brande, Adams, Vaux, and Justamond. "Dr. Garthshore," says our modern Democritus, the late worthy and facetious William Wadd, "occa-

sionally looked in, wound up his watch, and fell asleep."

Hunter's leisure hours were never allowed to remain unemployed. He returned to the study of comparative anatomy with increased delight; and to furnish subjects for his researches, he obtained the refusal of all animals which chanced to die in the Tower, or in those smaller Zoological collections which used at that time to perambulate the country; and to insure the good-will of the owners, he used to allow them a life-interest in any rare animals he was able to purchase, on condition that their carcases were restored to him after their decease.

All the money he could spare was devoted to procuring curiosities of this sort; and Sir Everard Home used to state, that as soon as he had accumulated fees to the amount of ten guineas, he always purchased some addition to his collection. Indeed, he was not unfrequently obliged to borrow of his friends, when his own funds were at a low ebb, and the temptation was strong. "Pray, George," said he one day to Mr. G. Nicol, the bookseller to the King, with whom he was very intimate, "have you got any money in your pocket?" Mr. N. replied in the affirmative. "Have you got five guineas? because, if you have, and will lend it me, you shall go halves." "Halves in what?" inquired his friend. "Why, halves in a magnificent tiger, which is now dying in Castle Street." Mr. Nicol lent the money, and Hunter purchased the tiger.

Hunter's behaviour was well adapted to secure him the homage of his junior brethren; for he was by no means backward in encouraging the advances of young men of talent, who desired to cultivate his acquaintance; and readily afforded any slight attentions in his power to those coming to London to finish their studies, recommending such as had completed their education to situations in the army, if he found them industrious and intelligent.

On Mr. Thomas's arrival in London, he, in company with Mr. Nicol, by whom he was to be introduced, called on Hunter: they found him dressing. "Well, young gentleman," said Hunter, when the first ceremonies of introduction were over, "so you are come to town to be a surgeon; and, how long do you intend to stay?" "One year," was the reply. "Then," said he, "I'll tell you what, that won't do; I've been here a great many years, and have worked hard, and yet I don't know the principles of the art." After some further conversation, Mr. T. was directed to call again in an hour, which he did, and accompanied Hunter to the hospital, where he said to him after the business was over, "Come to me to-morrow morning young gentleman, and I will put you further in the way of things; come early in the morning, as soon after four as you can. It was summer: Mr. Thomas kept the appointment; at that early hour Hunter was busily engaged in dissecting beetles. Mr. Thomas afterwards became his dresser at the hospital, and was finally recommended by him as surgeon to Lord Macartney's embassy to China; on

returning from which place, he found that Hunter had died during his absence from England.

Sir A. Carlisle, whilst a pupil at the Westminster Hospital, was anxious to become personally acquainted with Hunter. He introduced himself by calling and requesting his acceptance of a very delicate and well-executed preparation of the internal ear. Hunter was highly delighted with it, and detained him to breakfast; and, in the course of conversation, encouraged him by saying, "Any man who will set about a business, and do it as you have done that ear, may do anything he pleases in London." On finding that Mr. Carlisle had not yet attended his lectures, as a reason for which, he assigned his not being sufficiently advanced in professional knowledge to profit by them—"That, Sir," said Hunter, "is very complimentary; but I will give you a perpetual ticket, and shall be glad to see you whenever you will call." This invitation was not neglected; and Mr. Carlisle's anatomical skill soon made him a favourite with Hunter, to whose collection he contributed several valuable preparations.

Nor did Hunter confine himself to such minor attentions as these, but occasionally assisted young men whom he saw struggling with pecuniary difficulties at the outset of their career, by sending them valuable patients; or even extended his kind consideration still further, as the following anecdote will show:—

Mr. Lynn, who was for many years on intimate terms with Hunter, suffered a long illness, in consequence of having wounded his hand in opening the

body of a man who had died from a syphilitic affection. Hunter frequently called to see him; and, one day, after expressing regret at his misfortune, and the obstruction it caused to his business, offered to lend him £200.; adding, that though he was the last man in the world to be able to do such a thing, yet he would stretch a point, in consequence of the esteem he had for Mr. Lynn. His friend had been more prudent, however, than Hunter supposed, and did not then require his assistance, but said, that, should he have occasion for it, he would not fail to apply to him. "Nay," said Hunter, "what I offer, I will do now; but, what I may be able to do a week hence, it is impossible for me to say." On his recovery, Mr. Lynn went to thank him for his kindness. Hunter had forgotten the circumstance; "But," said he, "if I did say so, you may depend upon it I meant what I said."

Doctor Denman used to say that William Hunter was a man of order, and John Hunter a man of genius; and, in truth, with all his cleverness, which was more than ordinary, the Doctor always felt John's superiority. "In this I am only my brother's interpreter,"—"I am simply the demonstrator of this discovery; it was my brother's,"—were his constant expressions.

Hunter was a philosopher in more senses than one; he had philosophy enough to bear prosperity as well as adversity; and with a rough exterior, was a very kind man. The poor could command his services more than the rich. He would see an industrious

tradesman before a duke, when his house was full of grandees. "You have no time to spare," he would say, "you live by it; most of these can wait, they have nothing to do when they go home." No man cared less for the profits of the profession, or more for the honour of it. He cared not for money himself, and wished his brother to estimate it by the same scale, when he sent a poor man with this laconic note :—

DEAR BROTHER,

"The bearer wants your advice. I do not know the nature of the case. He has no money, and you have plenty, so you are well met.

"Yours,

J. HUNTER.

He was once applied to, to perform a serious operation on a tradesman's wife; the fee agreed upon was twenty guineas. He heard no more of the case for two months; at the end of which time, he was called upon to perform it. In the course of his attendance, he found out the cause of the delay had been the difficulty under which the patient's husband had laboured to raise the money; and, that they were worthy people, who had been unfortunate, and were by no means able to support the expense of such an affliction. "I sent back to the husband nineteen guineas, and kept the twentieth," said he, "that they might not be hurt with the idea of too great obligation. It somewhat more than paid me for the expense I had been at in the business."

Hunter held the operative part of surgery, in the lowest estimation. "To perform an operation," said he, "is to mutilate a patient whom we are unable to cure; it should, therefore, be considered as an acknowledgment of the imperfection of our art."

With what proud feelings he must have contemplated the improved treatment of the popliteal aneurism, when success justified the high conceptions he had formed of it.

Mr. Hunter, who did more than any human being to lessen the frequency of operations, once had a patient whose leg he considered it necessary to remove. He was a most anxious man about an operation; which, in those days, was attended almost with the formality of an execution. He had got on *his dress*, and a profound silence reigned in the theatre. The surgery-man was ordered to bring in the patient who was to have his leg taken off. The surgery-man disappeared; in two minutes he returned, with a face as long as the *leg*, solus—"Why do you not bring in the patient?" was demanded of the expectant operator. "Because, Sir," said the astonished surgery-man, "Because, Sir, he has ran away."

The following are the particulars of the melancholy circumstances connected with the death of this great surgeon and physiologist:—

In 1792 a contest took place at St. George's Hospital, owing to the resignation of Hawkins, between Mr. Keate and the late Sir Everard Home. The latter, of course, was supported by Hunter; whilst all the remaining medical officers, with the exception of

Dr. Baillie, lent their interests to his opponent. Keate was eventually elected. Owing to this result, Hunter announced to them his intention to discontinue the practice of dividing equally among the surgeons the admission fees of all the pupils attending the hospital.

This measure his colleagues resolved to resist; and a special meeting of the governors was summoned, to take the matter into consideration. After hearing Hunter's statement, and that of his opponents, the decision of the meeting was given against him. A committee was subsequently appointed to draw up a code of rules for regulating the admission and instruction of pupils; and a set of proposals was submitted to Mr. Hunter's colleagues, and agreed to without his having been consulted on the occasion.

Among the regulations was one which determined, for the future, that no person should be admitted as a student to the hospital without bringing certificates that he had been educated to the profession; a regulation which was probably designed to exclude Mr. Hunter's countrymen, who sometimes came up to town recommended to him, and entered as his pupils at the hospital without having had any previous education. Nor was this long in taking effect; for in the autumn two young men, who had come up to town ignorant of this new regulation, applied to Hunter to be admitted under him at the hospital. He informed them of the law which had been passed, but undertook to press for their admission at the next board-day, and

directed them to furnish him with a statement of their case in writing. On the 16th of October the board was to meet, and Hunter prepared to fulfil his promise, though he was so well aware of the risk he incurred, in undertaking a task which he felt would agitate him, that in mentioning the circumstance to a friend who called on him in the morning, he expressed his apprehension lest some unpleasant dispute might occur, and his consideration that if it did it would certainly prove fatal to him. At his accustomed hour he left his house to commence his morning rounds, and by accident forgot to take with him his list of appointments; he had left the house but a few moments when it was discovered, and Mr. Clift, who was then residing with Hunter, hastened with it to York-street, St. James's, the first place on the list, where he found the carriage waiting. Hunter soon made his appearance, took the list, and in an animated tone called to the coachman to drive to St. George's. Arrived at the hospital, he found the board already assembled, and entering the room, he presented the memorial of the young men, and proceeded to urge the propriety of their being admitted. In the course of his remarks, he made some observation which one of his colleagues thought it necessary instantly and flatly to contradict. Hunter immediately ceased speaking, retired from the table, and struggling to suppress the tumult of his passion, hurried into an adjoining room, which he had scarcely reached, when, with a deep groan, he fell lifeless into the arms of Dr. Robertson, one of the physicians of the hospital,

who chanced to be present. Dr. Baillie had immediately followed him from the board-room, and Mr. Home, who was in the house, was also summoned to his assistance. Various attempts were made for upwards of an hour to restore animation, under the hope that the attack might prove only a fainting fit, such as he had before experienced, but in vain: life had fled; and all their efforts proving useless, his body was placed in a sedan chair and conveyed to Leicester-square, followed by his now vacant carriage. Thus perished the illustrious John Hunter, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, celebrated as the first anatomist, physiologist, and surgeon of his day; a man whose labours, in human and comparative anatomy, throw completely into the shade all who preceded or have followed him!

The following epitaph was composed in 1804 by his wife, with the design of having it executed on the marble tablet to be placed over the remains of her late husband in St. Martin's church.

Here rests in awful silence, cold and still,
One whom no common sparks of genius fired;
Whose reach of thought nature alone could fill,
Whose deep research the love of truth inspired.

Hunter! if years of toil and watchful care,
If the vast labours of a powerful mind
To soothe the ills humanity must share,
Deserve the grateful plaudits of mankind,

Then be each human weakness buried here,
Envy would raise to dim a name so bright:
Those specks which in the orb of day appear,
Take nothing from his warm and welcome light.

ANNE HUNTER.

DOCTOR ARMSTRONG was born on the 8th of May, 1784, at Ayres Quay, in the parish of Bishopwearmouth, in the county of Durham. His parents were of humble origin. His father, Mr. George Armstrong, was an husbandman. Dr. Armstrong at the age of eight years was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Mason, a minister of the united secession church of Scotland, who kept a small school in Queen-street. At the age of sixteen he was placed with Mr. Watson, a surgeon-apothecary at Monkwearmouth, on trial; but not liking his situation, he left it, and returned home. Armstrong having shown that he was in possession of superior abilities and taste for literature, it was determined that he should be sent to Edinburgh to study medicine; and accordingly, at the age of nineteen he entered as a medical student in the University of Edinburgh, where he resided three years.

On the fifth of May, 1807, he passed his examination at the Edinburgh Royal College of Surgeons; and in June, in the same year, he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine, having written a thesis, "*De Causis Morborum Hydropicorum, Rationeque iis Medendi.*" Armstrong subsequently commenced practice in Sunderland, where he remained some years.

During the time of Dr. Armstrong's residence in Edinburgh, he formed an intimacy with a young gentleman of Sunderland, who had resorted to Edinburgh for general education. The father of this gentleman had laboured for a period of nearly two years under an occasional, and what had been considered an anomalous attack of diarrhœa, which had resisted all the skill of his medical advisers. On Dr. Armstrong's settling at Bishopwearmouth, this person, who was affluent and much esteemed in the town, was earnestly solicited to consult the young physician, in whose talents the son had expressed an implicit confidence. After some persuasion Dr. Armstrong was called in; and conceiving from the history of the case that it was one of overloaded bowels, and that the occasional diarrhœa was the effect of an irritation thus established, and an effort of nature to throw off the offending cause, he advised a mild course of laxatives to be steadily persevered in, until the motions were of a natural character. His advice was followed. In a day or two Dr. Hamilton, the author of the celebrated work on Purgative Medicines, and with whom Dr. A. had formed an intimacy at Edinburgh, stopped at Sunderland on his way to England, and Dr. Armstrong hearing of his arrival waited on him to explain his case, earnestly soliciting him to see the patient. Dr. Hamilton firmly resisted the proposal, and gave as his reason, that the practice recommended was undoubtedly correct, and that the issue of it would be fortunate. "It will gain you credit," said he; "but if I am consulted, the recovery will be at-

tributed to my counsel and longer experience, when all the merit in reality will be due to your own sagacity. You have ascertained the cause, and you see its effects, and have only to wait the sure operation of the only means of relief that can be recommended under the existing circumstances. Take the advice of an old man, and avoid consultations in all cases where you feel satisfied that you understand the nature of a malady, and this at once suggests a simple and effectual remedy."

Dr. Boot observes, that in a short time the patient was restored to health. He was in the habit of riding about the town on his pony, and was so sensible of the relief which he had obtained, that the praises of Dr. Armstrong were ever on his tongue; and the recommendations of this gentleman alone established Armstrong in a practice, at once, of about £200 a year.

In January, 1811, he was elected physician to the Sunderland Dispensary. Soon after this appeared in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, then edited by Dr. Duncan, Armstrong's first publication, on "Brain Fever caused by Intoxication." He also contributed to the same Journal a paper on "Diseased Vertebræ," and published his treatise on puerperal fever. On the subject of this disease his notions were peculiar. He considered it in the *first stage* essentially inflammatory, and to be marked by highly typhoid symptoms in the second stage. The favourable reception which this work on puerperal fever met with, encouraged him to extend his views farther,

and in 1816 his celebrated work on typhus appeared. This admirable work at once raised him to a very high eminence in his profession. It passed through three large editions in three years, and was received almost with acclamation by the medical public, not only in this country, but in America, where it obtained for him, from some of the most eminent professional men, the name of the "modern Sydenham."

From a lowly origin, and what would generally be considered a very humble education, Dr. Armstrong had attained to an enviable pre-eminence in the profession he had chosen; and by a sagacious observation of the phenomena of disease, had educated himself to a degree of knowledge which no existing institution, with all its promise of literature or science, could have bestowed upon him. He had appealed from human testimony on the subject of fever to the operations of nature; and from a patient observation of her laws had acquired some perception of the principles which regulated them, by which he had created within himself the power of instructing others in the truths he had discovered, and of reflecting abroad the light which had dawned upon his own mind. From an unpromising station in society, in which he had first doubtingly aspired to the confidence and support of the public, unsupported by affluent family connexions, and unaided by those powerful friendships which many men of humble origin form with their superiors in rank and fortune, at the large English schools and universities, he had raised himself, by the buoyant energies of his own mind, to a

high intellectual rank of life, which not only conferred dignity upon himself, but reflected honour on those who had gone down with unconcious distinction to the grave.*

In 1818 Dr. Armstrong, depending upon the reputation which his works had afforded him, determined to come to London. This hazardous step, however, was not hastily taken. He took lodgings at No. 38, Great James-street, Bedford-row, where he resided several months alone. "This," says his biographer, "was the most trying period of his life. All those domestic sympathies upon which he so much depended for happiness were far removed from him, and he felt as it were alone in the world; anxious about his present, and uncertain of his future fortunes. He never to the close of his life, courted general society, and had few inducements to mix in public amusements; for his taste centred in his professional pursuits, and his enjoyments in the bosom of his family, and in the familiar society of a few personal friends. His sensibilities were acute, and his mind simple and discerning in its instincts and desires. He had left a society to which he was attached by the ties of gratitude, and in the oppressive solitude of his present situation, he keenly felt the loss of his early friends, and became fully sensible of the hazard to which he had exposed the interests of his family. He has often told me that the loneliness of his situation at times overpowered him; and that so oppres-

* See Dr. Boot's "Life and Opinions of Dr. Armstrong."

sive was the busy scene around him, in which he stood a stranger, uncared for and unknown, that he sometimes found relief in tears, and tried to drown the consciousness of sorrow, by seeking sleep in his darkened chamber at noon."

A short time after his arrival in London, he published a work on "Scarlet Fever, Measles, Consumption," &c., which attracted considerable attention.

In the spring of 1818, Dr. Armstrong presented himself for examination at the London College of Physicians. He had, says Dr. Boot, perhaps undervalued the estimate which the Board of Examiners place on classical education, and the alphabets of the profession; for this distinguished physician, who had received a diploma from the most efficient, and most celebrated school of medicine in Great Britain,—who had been in successful practice eleven years,—and was the author of three of the most popular works which the medical press of this country had ever put forth, the fame of which was still sounding in the periodical journals of the day,—was rejected as incompetent to continue in the practice of his profession in London, and undeserving the honour of having his name enrolled among the members of the college.

This rejection, it is said, preyed much upon Dr. Armstrong's mind. Soon after this event he was elected, in conjunction with the late Dr. Cleverly, Physician to the London Fever Hospital, on the occasion of the retirement of Dr. Bateman from the practice of that Institution. On his election being

made known to him, he, on his introduction to the trustees, expressed his grateful sense of their kindness, but, at the same time, regretted he could not avail himself of it, as their laws required that their Physician should be a Fellow, or Licentiate, of the College of Physicians. The trustees, having been made acquainted with the fact, that Dr. Armstrong had presented himself for examination and been rejected at the College, immediately—so high a sense did they entertain of his medical skill—suspended the bye-law, and Dr. Armstrong at once entered upon the duties of the important office thus honourably conferred upon him.

In 1821 Dr. Armstrong commenced lecturing on the Practice of Medicine, in conjunction with Mr. Granger, who lectured on Anatomy, in Webb-Street, Maze Pond. The effect his lecture produced was electric. The energy of his manner—the fine intonations of his voice—the facility and correctness of his diction—the strain of impassioned eloquence which often burst from him, rivetted the attention, and made even those who could not entirely adopt or appreciate his opinions, sensible that he was uttering the deep convictions of his mind; and there was so much of chaste, and often pathetic feeling, so much of the refined sensibilities of his nature blended with his discourse, that those who were compelled to admire his talents, felt confidence in his virtue; and, while they revered the Professor, they loved the man.*

* Dr. Boot.

An anecdote, connected with the period of his greatest difficulties in the year 1820, when his funds were nearly exhausted, is too honourable to himself, and to the late Mrs. Oliphant, of Gash, in Scotland, to be omitted. Dr. Armstrong had naturally been led to take an unfavourable view of his prospects, from the prejudices excited against him by the conduct of the College of Physicians, and from an experience of the unavoidable expense attending a physician's opening career in London, which appeared the more formidable to him from the injury that he imagined had been done to his reputation. His mind was at one time so much a prey to anxiety, that he entertained serious thoughts of removing from town. This idea was communicated to Mrs. Oliphant, in whose family he had practised for several years, and to whom his worth was fully known. She immediately remonstrated against it. With a delicacy, which added to the extent of her kindness, she advised him to set up his carriage, and insisted that he should draw upon her banker for any sum he might require, till his income should prove equal to his wants. This noble act of devotion to a pure and exalted friendship, was honoured as it deserved to be, for Dr. Armstrong availed himself of the liberal offer, and the fruits of this beautiful instance of mutual confidence, were to remove at once the apprehensions he laboured under, and to fortify his mind with a confiding hope of ultimate success. He never spoke of this disinterested act of friendship without emotion, and he always attributed his subsequent prosperity to

it, as it reconciled him to difficulties he had to encounter, and enabled him to employ his mind, unfettered by anxiety, to the discharge of the responsible duties of his situation, as Physician to the Fever Hospital.

It was only a year before Dr. Armstrong's death that he exhibited unequivocal symptoms of the disease which he so much dreaded, viz., consumption. In October, 1828, he left off lecturing, and removed for a short time to Seven Oaks, in Kent, thinking that relaxation from professional duties, and change of air and scene, might renovate his health. He subsequently returned to town to attend the anniversary dinner of the Webb-Street Students, held in Freemason's Tavern. A recurrence of his indisposition compelled him, however, to leave town again in May.

He returned on the 17th of October, but very little improved in health. It was now evident that his strength was gradually declining. A few months' residence in the country had evidently brought about a change for the better. On the 8th of October he visited Durham for the purpose of seeing his friends and relations in that quarter. It was during his stay at this place that he received the melancholy account of his youngest child's death: and, on the 1st of November, he returned, says Dr. Boot, to London, "broken in spirit, and fast fading away." He did not leave his bed after the 1st of December. On the 3rd he told Dr. Boot that he might live ten days. On

the 7th he was visited by Dr. Thomas Davis and Mr. Langstaff, and underwent an examination with the stethoscope. Dr. Davis was of opinion that a large cavity had formed in the upper lobe of the left lung, with their anterior parietes adhering to the ribs. The extreme accuracy of this diagnosis, unhappily, was soon verified. He rapidly became worse, and was observed to be extremely restless and uneasy about eight o'clock on Saturday evening, the 12th of October. Soon afterwards, however, he became more comfortable, and had fallen into an apparent slumber. When he awoke he seemed to take no notice of any thing around him, lying perfectly still, with his eyes generally closed. At brief intervals he spoke—exclusively of his wife and profession. He used the tenderest epithets in speaking of the former, and, once, after a brief pause, said, as if advising a patient, "It is not amaurosis; the pupil of that eye is as regular as the other!" Again, he said, "Live by strict rule; do not eat too much; these conditions form rapidly, and must be prevented. Purge them freely." About twenty minutes after eleven o'clock, he looked up, and, seeing Dr. Boot by his side, he faintly said, "Turn me, Boot." "I got upon his bed," says his biographer, "and did so." He said, "More forward!" "I raised him again, and placed his head more forward. I asked him if he was easy." —"Yes!" he feebly answered, "Bless you." He did not move after this, but lay still and silent until a quarter to twelve, "when, without a struggle, or

apparent suffering, he ceased to breathe." * Thus

* In a previous part of this work, we have recorded several instances in which the "ruling passion strong in death" has been remarkably displayed. A few more illustrations occur to our mind. Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing, in the morning, that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night." The French Princess de Charolais, although in the agonies of death, for some time refused the entreaties of her confessor to take off her *rouge;* at last she consented, "But, in this case," said she to the attendant woman, "give me some other ribands; you know that, without *rouge*, yellow ribands look frightful upon me." The last words of Mrs. Oldfield were, "One would not look a fright after one's death;" or, according to Pope,

> "One would not sure look ugly when one's dead,
> Pray—Betty!—Give these cheeks a little red!"

Alonzo Carro, a celebrated Spanish artist, refused to look at the crucifix, when the priest presented it to him in his dying moments, because the sculpture was so badly executed. He asked for a plain cross, which being brought to him, he devoutly embraced, and expired.

The Duke de Crillon was at Avignon at the period when the Duke of Ormond died there; and, having entered his chamber at the very moment when the latter was dying, he had nearly been a witness to a very remarkable scene which had just taken place between the expiring nobleman who was a true pattern of politeness, and a German baron, also one of the most polite men in the country. The Duke, feeling himself dying, desired to be conveyed in his arm-chair, when, turning towards the baron, "Excuse me, Sir," said he, "if I should make some grimaces in your presence, for my physician tells me that I am at the

terminated the brief but brilliant career of Dr. Armstrong! Had it pleased Providence to have preserved his life, we have no doubt he would have placed himself in a most exalted position, both as a successful practitioner, and as a medical philosopher.

Considering the difficulties with which he had to contend, and the opposition and mortifications to which he was exposed, it is a matter of surprise to us that he was able to achieve as much as he did.

We have, in the life of Dr. Thomas Brown, the founder of the celebrated "Brunonian System," another illustration of the difficulties with which a

point of death."—"Ah, my Lord Duke!" replied the baron, "I beg you will not put yourself under any restraint on my account." The study of grammar was the great passion of the Abbé Dangeau. On being seized with a fit of illness, and being told that he must be prepared for death, he said, "Whatever happens, I am extremely rejoiced that I have, in my portfolio, at least thirty-six conjugations perfectly completed." *Garci Sanchez de Badajoz*, when he was at the point of death, desired that he might be dressed in the habit of St. Francis; this was accordingly done: and, over the Franciscan frock, they put on his habit of Santiago, for he was a knight of that order. It was a point of devotion with him to wear the one dress, and a point of honour to wear the other; but, looking at himself in this double attire, he said to those who surrounded his deathbed, "The Lord will say to me, presently, 'my friend Garci Sanchez, you come very well wrapt up!' *(muy arrapado)*—and I shall reply, 'Lord, it is no wonder, for it was winter when I set off.'"

man, who obtained great eminence, had to compete in early life. Dr. Brown's parents were extremely humble. His father was supposed to have been a day labourer. They were people of great honesty and worth, and being seceders, their sole ambition was to bestow upon their son a decent and religious education. In this respect, it can hardly be supposed, that, in their contracted circumstances, they were actuated by the expectation of his afterwards attaining a rank superior to that of a common mechanic. It was a frequent expression of his father's, as his son used often afterwards to relate, "That he would gird his belt the tighter, to give his son John a good education."

On account of the uncommon quickness of apprehension which he displayed at a time when other children are scarcely out of their leading-strings, he was sent to school, to learn English much sooner than the usual period. Here, under the tuition of an old country school-mistress, in a very short time he made such rapid progress, that before the fifth year of his age, he had read almost all through the whole of the Old Testament.

The astonishing progress, in the reading of English, which at this time he had made, together with the extreme avidity with which he perused every new book, induced his parents to put him to the grammar-school of Dundee, to receive instructions in the rudiments of the Latin language. Soon after this he lost his father. During the confusion and distress which this event occasioned at home, he had been

removed for a few days to a friend's house. On returning home, after he had for some time looked around for his father, he asked his mother "Where he was gone?" to which, with tears in her eyes, she replied, "That he was gone to heaven." The child, not being satisfied with his mother's answer, after putting a variety of questions to her concerning the situation and other particulars of that place, at length, unperceived by her, left the house; and having wandered very disconsolately a considerable way from home, his progress was at length interrupted by the river Tweed. Here, sitting down on the bank, he began to weep, and was found in this situation by a neighbour and friend of his parents, who surprised to find him so far from home, asked him the reason of it. The child innocently replied, "That he was going to heaven to seek his father." Upon this the countryman, kindly taking him by the hand, and leading him back to his mother, soothed him by assuring him, "That he would become a father to him."

His mother married again. Much to young Brown's credit, the means of his education were raised by his own industry, and he became a reaper of corn to procure for himself the means of improvement. With the price of such labour he put himself to school, where he greatly distinguished himself by making advances in intellectual eminence, perhaps not paralleled in the biography of any other individual. From this school he was removed, and bound to a weaver. How long he remained in this humble situation is not known; it must, however, have been but a

very short time, as the constant aversion he expressed to his occupation could not have failed to prevail with his parents, who had a most tender regard for him, to relinquish the idea of rearing him to a business to which he evinced so rooted a dislike. His old master offered to educate him gratuitously; and he accordingly returned to school with a view of entering the ministry.

When Dr. Brown had completed his thirteenth year, Mr. Cruikshank having waited on his parents, informed them, "That he could teach John nothing more, since he already knew as much as himself."

After leaving school he obtained the situation of private tutor in a Scotch family, where he was treated with great disrespect. The immediate cause of his separation from this family was as follows:—A number of neighbouring *lairds,* being equivalent in most respects to what are called in England country squires, had been invited to dine with the family on a particular occasion. John Brown, as usual, was present at the table, but was allowed to retire to his own apartment immediately after dinner, without an invitation to remain. After the wine had been consumed, a discussion arose on the "Decrees of Providence." After a great deal of noisy and unprofitable altercation on both sides, it was at length resolved upon, that the disputed point should be referred to John Brown. A verbal message was accordingly sent to him from the head of the family, stating the matter, and desiring his opinion. His temper being extremely irritable, in consequence of the

contumelious treatment he had experienced that evening, instead of replying directly to the point, he returned for answer, "That the decrees of Providence were very unjust which so often made blockheads *lairds*."

After leaving this situation, Brown was recommended to a friend, then studying medicine, as a person well qualified to translate into Latin, an inaugural dissertation, which was about to be presented by the candidate to one of the professors. Brown undertook the task, and executed it in a manner far superior to the usual style of such compositions, and in a much shorter time than had been required. On being informed by them how far he had exceeded their expectations, he observed, "*That he had now discovered his strength, and was ambitious to ride in his carriage as a physician.*" He consequently left Divinity Hall, and commenced the study of medicine. Having no means of paying the fees to the medical professors, he addressed an elegantly composed Latin letter, first to the celebrated Dr. Alexander Monro, professor of Anatomy; and, in consequence of his success in this application, to the other professors, all of whom presented him with tickets of admission to their several classes.

During his studies he supported himself by teaching languages; and after he had been engaged three years in his medical pursuits, he commenced the occupation of private teaching, or *grinding* as it is familiarly called, viz., preparing young men for their medical and Latin examinations.

During his sojourn at Edinburgh, Brown became very intimate with Dr. Cullen, who subsequently made him his private secretary. Brown was of material assistance to Cullen in enabling him to carry on his very extensive correspondence in Latin with the various literary and philosophical societies of Europe with which Cullen was connected. In the course of a few years a breach of friendship took place between Cullen and Brown, in consequence of the latter having refused to advocate Cullen's peculiar views, in his *Elementa Medicinæ*, and the opposition that he raised when he applied for admission into the society which published the Edinburgh essays.

Brown procured his diploma at the University of St. Andrew's on the 21st of September, 1779. The friends who accompanied him from Edinburgh, and several of the professors, after his first examination, dined together at the inn. It remained for him to compose two short Latin papers, the one an aphorism of Hippocrates, the other the description and treatment of a disease.

While the company were after dinner engaged at their bottle, he begged permission to retire to a side table to execute his remaining task, which cost him so little trouble, that, while he was engaged in writing, one of the party, who was regaling the rest with a song, having mistaken the tune, he stopped to put him right, and shortly after joined the company, with his task finished, which, to use the words of one of the professors, "*omnibus mirabiliter satisfecit.*"

After his return to Edinburgh, a rancorous warfare

took place between Brown and the medical professors and practitioners of Edinburgh. In order to prejudice the public mind against him, his opponents industriously spread a report that the "Brunonian doctrine" consisted in curing all diseases with *brandy and laudanum*, and his practice was consequently much injured.

Instead of entering the lists with Dr. Brown upon equal terms, and face to face, and leaving the issue to the impartial decision of the public, the opposers of the new system had recourse to secret arts, by which they thought the more effectually to withdraw from the founder his disciples, and bring discredit upon the doctrine. A medical tribunal of so severe a kind was established, that it only seemed to want the power of imprisonment to entitle it to rank on a footing with the inquisition itself. The followers of Dr. Brown were marked out, and, at their private examinations, were, to their sad experience, taught their dependence on the professors, and the respect due to their opinions. In their inaugural dissertations, any allusion to the work, or quotation from it, was absolutely prohibited. Had a candidate been so bold as to affirm that opium acted as a stimulant, and denied that its primary action was sedative, he would have been rejected. Notwithstanding the opposition with which Brown had to combat, he was elected twice to the office of President of the Royal Medical Society, and retained sufficient influence to institute the masonic lodge of the Roman Eagle, over which he presided as master. All these honours did not, however, succeed in removing the prejudice which the

public had been induced to imbibe against Brown's peculiar notions; and his practice decreased so rapidly that he was involved in pecuniary difficulties, and being committed to prison for debt, he was obliged for a time to continue his course of lectures, in which he was then engaged, in the place of his confinement. In this forlorn situation, a note, to the value of £100, was secretly conveyed to him from an unknown person. This truly benevolent and beautiful action was afterwards, with difficulty, traced to the late generous and patriotic Lord Gardenstone.

After having been subjected to much persecution in Edinburgh, Dr. Brown determined to leave the modern Athens, and try his fortune in London. His son, in speaking of this movement, says, "The precariousness of such an undertaking, and the distress which would inevitably result from its failure, must have had a sensible effect upon most people, however sanguine; but the editor, young as he was, remembers nothing better, than the air of serenity and satisfaction which sat upon his father's countenance during the journey." Dr. Brown met with much kindness and attention, on his way to London, from his old pupils and friends. He had entered upon his fifty-first year when he arrived in the great metropolis. His reception there was at first flattering and promising. His house, in Golden-square, was the perpetual resort of the literary and ingenious of the day. He had been led by his friends to expect, immediately upon his arrival in London, an instant introduction

to practice; but he found that his friends had been too sanguine. Patients came very slowly, and he was compelled, in order to support himself, to deliver lectures at the Devil's Tavern; but he did not succeed in obtaining sufficient to liquidate his debts, and he was consequently thrown into the King's Bench Prison. A short time before this event, a report had been circulated that the king of Prussia had invited him to Berlin to succeed Dr. Bayley, his own physician, who had recently died. Count Lusi, the Prussian ambassador sent his secretary to Brown to know "whether he was the physician whom his master wanted." Brown had an interview with Count Lusi, who stated that the king had written to him to "find out Dr. Brown, an eminent physician," and ascertain if he was desirous of settling in his dominions, and if so, to send him to him. Dr. Brown felt much flattered by the request; and at the suggestion of the ambassador and his friends, he forwarded to the king a copy of all his works, and a letter written in the Latin language. As soon as this news was spread abroad, an apothecary of the name of Brown, living in Wales, set off for Berlin. This man, it appears, had been on intimate terms with a lady of rank and intrigue, nearly related to a former British ambassador at Berlin, and having great interest at the Prussian court, it is supposed she recommended the apothecary to pass for the Dr. Brown, with whom the ambassador had been in communication.

He was recommended by his friends to write to

the king to undeceive his majesty; but he was fearful of the consequences, imagining that a double intrigue had been going on against him, and so he dropped the matter altogether. Owing to the interference of his old enemy, Cullen, he lost, soon afterwards, the professorship of medicine in the University of Padua.

A lady, the wife of an old pupil, had advanced Brown £100 to purchase furniture for his house: some time afterwards she took a disgust to all her husband's friends, and demanded of Dr. Brown the repayment of the money she had advanced; and as he was unable to comply with the request, he was arrested, and thrown into the King's Bench. It was during the time he was under arrest, that his bookseller, Murray, applied to him, and offered him a sum of money if he would allow him to sell a *nostrum* in his name. Brown rejected the proposal with disdain. Another party, with the approbation of Murray, made a similar application to him; in fact, his friend, Dr. G. Stewart, said, "that Brown must make a pill," and told him that he might get £10,000 for the receipt. At last he was compelled to listen to the proposal; but on coming to terms, he found that the plan, was by every worthless artifice, to get him so far involved in his circumstances, that he should either be obliged to starve in prison, or compromise his honour. Their knavish tricks were, however, fortunately for the reputation of Dr. Brown, frustrated. A short period after this event, Brown got his release, by binding himself to pay, within a certain time, at stated

periods, a small sum, until his whole debts, amounting to £250, should be liquidated.

Dr. Brown now brought out a translation of his *Elementa*, and after disposing of 1000 copies, he made only £70. Owing to some pecuniary assistance which he derived from his kind friend, Mr. Maddison, a happier prospect seemed now opening to his view. His practice began to encrease, and various literary speculations occupied his powerful mind. He had actually agreed with a publisher for a copyright of a treatise on the gout, for which he was to receive £500. In the midst of these flattering expectations, on the 7th of October, 1788, a fatal stroke of apoplexy put a period to his life.

Upon the day preceding that of his death, he delivered the introductory lecture of a fourth course, at his house in Golden-square. During the lecture nothing unusual was remarked in his appearance. He spoke with vehemence and animation. The same day, at dinner, however, a very valuable old friend of the family, Captain William Hunter, observed so great an alteration in the appearance of his face, that on returning in the evening to Greenwich, he could not banish a strong presentiment that his friend's end was approaching; so that next day when Dr. Brown's son went to Greenwich to communicate the sad tidings to Captain Hunter, he exclaimed, as young Brown entered the room, "your father is dead!"

As soon as his death was known at the University of Padua, where Brown's doctrines had created a schism among the professors, many of the students

went in mourning for him, so highly was his name respected.*

We would observe, in closing our sketch of the lives of medical men who have had to fight with difficulties, and to struggle against misfortunes, that we have only selected a few of the more prominent cases recorded in medical history. It is our most sincere wish that the perusal of the lives of Dr. Denman, John Hunter, Drs. Armstrong, and Brown, may have the effect of stimulating the student in his career of industry. He will learn, by studying their history, that well-directed application does sometimes succeed, notwithstanding the fearful opposition with which the profession has to contend. We trust this circumstance will inspire him with hope, and brighten his path through life.

* It may gratify the friends of Dr. Brown to know that he has divided the medical faculty in Sicily into two parties, in each of which symptoms are to be traced evincing the existence of a moral malady, but too common, if we might not say almost universal, amongst the faculty of the British Islands, the *odium medicorum*. A preliminary to a Sicilian consultation has more than once produced the question—How does opium operate? And the true Brunonian answer, *Non sedat opium*, has often been seen written in large characters, on the outside of a wine-house, in the plains of Catania, followed by the appropriate exclamation, *Viva il celeberrimo Brown!*

CHAPTER IV.

CELEBRATED MEDICAL POETS

Why Poets do not succeed as Physicians—Life and anecdotes of Sir Samuel Garth—Origin of the Kit-kat-club—Dr. Mason Good—Dr. Oliver Goldsmith—Dr. Erasmus Darwin—Young Keats—Dr. Mark Akenside—Dr. Walcot—Dr. J. Armstrong—Sir Richard Blackmore—Haller.

The sweet and delightful paths of poetry form a striking contrast to the dry and often unsatisfactory study of medicine. This talent is natural to persons of an imaginative turn of mind; and to those possessing such a mental organization, how little pleasure, comparatively speaking, is taken in the often wearisome and difficult investigations of pathology and therapeutics.

The cultivation of the poetic taste, and the study of the various branches of medical science, are not compatible mental exercises. The education of the medical man necessarily involves in a great measure the consideration of facts, which have come under his own or others' observation, and after a careful investiga-

tion of them, to trace their analogies, and to deduce from them principles to guide him in the practical application of the agents of the materia medica. Medicine cannot properly be considered a demonstrative science; the very circumstance of our having to deal with living beings renders it uncertain; yet, notwithstanding this defect, it should never be forgotten that the Baconian principle of induction is as applicable to it as to the sciences which are considered as exact and defined.

Taking this view of the matter, the man who can bring to the study of medicine a mind, patient and unwearied in the search after phenomena, and a disposition not to generalize too hastily, is likely to prove himself a successful practitioner; but he, whose poetic and active imagination compels him to arrive at premature conclusions, after an insufficient consideration of *data*, is likely to be the very reverse of successful, when summoned to the bed-side of a patient.

The poet is engaged in tracing resemblances between objects; and he who is engaged in the exercise of his judgment, in the search after truth, is mainly employed in discovering differences, in separating error from truth, and what is false from what is meretricious.

Considered, then, as a question of organization, the man with a highly poetic temperament is not the best calculated to shine as a medical philosopher. On the same principle Locke maintains that a person with highly developed powers of wit, must necessa-

rily be defective in judgment.* The physiological explanation of the fact is this,—one mental faculty is exercised to excess, and that energy which ought to be more generally distributed through the brain, the material instrument of mind, is concentrated to one portion of the sentient organ.

Again, any one power of the mind cannot be exercised to excess, without, in a corresponding ratio, abstracting from the vigour of the other mental organs. How often do we see a person who has spent the greater portion of his early life, when the mind is so readily expanded and moulded into beauty, in acquiring a profound acquaintance with classical literature, whilst all other departments of human knowledge remain uncultivated—how often have we witnessed such men, possessing high classical attainments, but mere children in questions requiring the exercise of the judgment and reasoning powers.

Organically considered, the poet is not best qualified to pursue, with logical precision, the intricate questions which must necessarily come under the consideration of every man engaged in medical practice.

We do not maintain that the imagination is a faculty of the mind which ought not to be cultivated by the man engaged in the study of medicine: to a certain extent, it is necessary to exercise all the in-

* Burke, in his celebrated essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful," in alluding to this observation of Locke, says, that "a perfect union of wit and judgment is one of the rarest things in the world."

tellectual organs, in order to obtain that degree of mental vigour indispensable to those desirous of cultivating any science successfully.

The object of education, says Milton, is not to make a man a good classical scholar, an excellent rhetorician, or mathematician, but so to cultivate and discipline all the powers of the mind, as to qualify it to be directed into any channel of enquiry, with the probability of a successful result.

The celebrated Judge Blackstone was in early life a poet; but when he entered upon the serious and dry study of the law, he wrote his celebrated farewell to the muse, being convinced that the cultivation of his poetic taste was incompatible with the study upon which he was about to enter.*

The public have an idea, and to a certain extent it is based on a correct view of the matter, that the literary physician, and particularly he who cultivates this elegant department of literature, is not the most

* In this poem he thus salutes his profession:—

"Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares and thorns of life,
The visage wan, the purblind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp by night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair justice, welcome all."

Acting like Cortes, who, when he landed in Mexico, burned his ships to render retreat impossible.

competent to distinguish the minute shades of disease; and therefore it is an uncommon circumstance for a medical man, who has made himself eminent in literature, to succeed as a practitioner.

Take the case of Dr. Goldsmith: here we have a physician of high literary attainments, one of England's sweetest poets, and by no means deficient in a knowledge of his profession; yet it will be perceived by those who read his life, that he would have starved had he had nothing else to depend upon but the proceeds of his professional exertions. He essayed several times to establish himself in practice, but most lamentably failed. He had gained that notoriety which is to a certain degree essential to a medical man's success; his name was generally known, his poems were referred to in the drawing-room, in the ball-room, and in the senate-house; he was spoken highly of as a man of genius, and yet he was seldom called in to give his medical opinion.

The case of Dr. Darwin was somewhat different: he established himself in a provincial town; and a physician may do many things in the provinces, which would not add to his practice if established in the metropolis. In the country, the prejudice is not so inveterate against literary physicians, as it is in London. Dr. Darwin was very fortunate in his first introduction. After commencing practice at Lichfield, he was called in to a case of difficulty, which had been under the care of a practitioner of great eminence in the town, and which had been abandoned as incurable. Darwin was consulted; and, fortu-

nately for his reputation, succeeded in effecting a permanent cure.

The news spread far and wide, as these things do in small country towns; and Dr. Darwin soon became known, and acquired a respectable share of public patronage. It must, however, in this case, be borne in mind, that Darwin's principal poems had a relation to the science of medicine, although his speculations were wildly theoretical.

In the case of the author of the "Pleasures of the Imagination," we see an instance of a physician justly eminent as a poet, and yet filling some high medical appointments. Akenside was engaged in practice, but never obtained very great reputation as a practitioner.

But Akenside was not merely a poet; he was known to the public and the profession as a medical writer of no mean order. The circumstance of his being selected to read the "Gulstonian Lectures" before the College of Physicians, was enough to satisfy the public mind of his medical competency, and to do away with any prejudice which might have been created by his being distinguished as a poet.

Sir Samuel Garth never succeeded to any great extent as a physician in the metropolis; he had a little practice, but not at all commensurate with his great abilities. He was eminent as a wit and a poet, and his society was much courted by all the brilliant constellations of his day. When a physician is thrown into such society, it is, to a certain extent, a bar against his advancement as a professional man. It

operated in this way with the author of the "Dispensary."

Dr. Mason Good felt the evil of having devoted so much of his valuable time to poetry. He was a man universally beloved by all who were honoured with his friendship. He was as distinguished for his eminent piety as for his high classical and medical attainments. He was indeed one who

"To be loved need but be seen."

All these circumstances acting in combination conspired to invest him with a respectable share of public support. "Had the late Dr. Good," says an eminent living physician,* "paid as much attention to the recent progress of pathology, as he did to poetry and metaphysics, he would not have been rejected by the College of Physicians."† "I was examined," continues our authority, "on the same day that Dr. Mason Good was; and in a conversation I had with the author of the "Study of Medicine," while pacing the long and sombre hall of old Warwick, I was astonished to find that the translator of "Lucretius" knew scarcely anything of what had been done in the investigation of the seats and effects of disease since the days of Morgagni! Here was one instance where the "pursuits of Literature" and science had drawn the mind from at least one important branch of medical study."

* Dr. James Johnson, "Medico-chirurgical Review."

† It is a singular circumstance that Dr. O. Gregory, in his life of Good, makes no mention of this fact.

Sir Samuel Garth descended from a good family in Yorkshire. He received his academical education at Peter-house, in Cambridge, where he resided until he obtained his degree of M.D. in 1691. He was admitted a fellow of the College of Physicians in1 692; and it appears that so soon as he was able to make his way in the metropolis, that he took the first professional rank. He was a very zealous adherent to the whig party; and his talents for company, and attainments in elegant literature, acquired him patronage among the great, and probably caused him to be regarded as a valuable auxiliary. It has not often happened that poetical abilities have raised a man to medical eminence, except when accompanied with some proofs of professional knowledge. It was, however, fortunate for Dr. Garth, that the poem which first gave him celebrity, was upon a subject well calculated to make a physician popular.

Garth stood very high in the estimation of all the learned men of his day. Mr. Addison nobly defended his friend from a furious attack made upon Dr. Garth's poem to the Earl of Godolphin. The attack appeared in the "Examiner," in 1710, and was replied to in the Medley, or Whig Examiner, of the same year, by Addison. The following lines were written by Lord Landsdowne on Dr. Garth's illness:

"Machaon sick! in every face we find,
His danger is the danger of mankind;
Whose art protecting, nature could expire
But by a deluge, or a general fire.

More lives he saves than perish in our wars,
And, faster than a plague destroys, repairs;
The bold carouser and adventurous dame
Nor fear the fever, nor refuse the flame,
Safe in his skill, from all restraint set free,
But conscious shame, remorse, or piety.
Sire of all arts, defend thy darling son,
Restore the *man* whose life's so much *our own*,
On whom like Adam the whole world's reclined,
And, by preserving GARTH, preserve mankind."

On the death of Dryden, in May, 1701, his body was brought, by the instructions of Garth, to the College of Physicians, when the doctor proposed, and encouraged by his generous example, a subscription for defraying the expense of his funeral; and, after pronouncing over the body, before it set out from Warwick-lane, a suitable oration, he attended the solemnity to Westminster Abbey, where at last the remains of that great man were decently interred. For this most remarkable act of tenderness and respect much gratitude was expressed to the author of the "Dispensary."

On Dr. Garth's establishment of a dispensary for the relief of the sick poor who could not afford to pay for medical advice, he exposed himself to the envy and resentment of many members of the faculty, all of whom he ridiculed in his celebrated poem. "The poem," says Dr. Johnson, "as its subject was present and popular, co-operated with passions and prejudices then prevalent; and, with such auxiliaries to its intrinsic merit, was universally and liberally ap-

plauded. It was on the side of charity, against the intrigues of interest—and of regular learning, against licentious usurpation of medical authority—and was, therefore, naturally favoured by those who read and can judge of poetry."

Garth was one of the most esteemed members of the celebrated Kit-kat club. He became early acquainted with some of the wisest and wittiest, as well as some of the ablest and greatest men in the kingdom, to whom he steadily adhered in all their fortunes. In justice to his memory, it must be stated that though he was zealous for and constant to his party, yet he was very far from having that narrow and malignant spirit which induces men to hate those who differ from them in sentiments.

He was one of Pope's earliest friends: the acquaintance with him began at the age of fourteen or fifteen. Warton says, in a note to Pope's pastorals, that Garth was a man of sweet disposition, amiable manners, and universal benevolence. All parties, at the time when party violence was at a great height, joined in praising and loving him. "I hope," says Warton, "I may be pardoned for speaking of his character *con amore*, from my near connexion of one of his descendants; and yet I trust I shall not be accused of an improper partiality." One of the most exquisite pieces of wit ever written by Addison, is a defence of Garth against the "Examiner," in 1710.

The following anecdote, as recorded by Pope, will show on what intimate terms of friendship he was with Garth:—

"The famous Lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste than really possessed of it. When I had finished the first two or three books of my translation of the Iliad, that lord desired to have the pleasure of having them read at his own house. Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places Lord Halifax stopped me very civily, with a speech each time, much of the same kind, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope, but there is something in that passage which does not quite please me;—be so good as to mark the place; and consider it a little at your leisure. I am sure you can give it a little turn." I returned from Lord Halifax with Dr. Garth in his chariot; and, as we were going along, was saying to the doctor that my lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess what it was that had offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said, I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking through the places over and over when I got home. "All you need do," says he, "is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on these passages, and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event." I followed his advice, and waited on his lordship some time after; said I hoped he would find his

objections to these passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first; and then his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, "Aye, now they are perfectly right; nothing can be better."

Garth was very much embarrassed one evening whilst writing a letter at a coffee-house, by an Irish gentleman, who was rude enough to look over his shoulder all the time. The physician, however, seemed to take no notice of this impertinence until towards the close of his letter, when he humorously added by way of postcript, "I would write you more by this post, but there's a d—— tall impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time." "What do you mean, sir?" said the Irishman in a great fury, "do you think I looked over your letter?" "Sir," said Sir Samuel, very gravely, "I never once opened my lips to you." "Aye, but you have put it down for all that." "That's impossible, sir," said Garth, "as you have never once looked over my letter."

Garth, one Sunday, stumbled into a Presbyterian church, to beguile a few idle moments, and seeing the parson apparently overwhelmed by the importance of the subject, he observed to a person who stood near him, "what makes the man greet?" "By my faith, answered the other, "you would, perhaps, greet too, if you were in his place, and had as little to say" "Come along and dine with me, my good fellow," said Garth, "I perceive you are too good a fellow to be here."

Garth was a general scholar, without the least tinc-

ture or affectation of pedantry. He was humane in his profession, and not more ready to visit than to relieve the necessitous. His conversation was free, his wit flowing and agreeable, and always tempered by affability and good nature.

Many amusing anecdotes are recorded of this eminent poet and physician. On one occasion, when he met the members of the celebrated Kit-kat Club, he declared that he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but on some excellent wine being placed on the table, and the conversation becoming interesting and animated, the doctor soon forgot his professional engagements. His friend, Sir Richard Steel, however, thought it his duty to remind the doctor of his poor patients. Garth immediately pulled out his list, upon which were fifteen names. "It is no great matter whether I see them to-night or not," said he, "for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

Garth, about the last three years of his life, talked in a less libertine manner, than he had been used to do. "He was rather doubtful, and fearful," says his friend Pope, "than religious." It was usual for him to say, that if there was any such thing as religion, it was among the Roman Catholics. "He died a papist (as I was assured by Mr. Blount, who carried the father to him in his last hours;) probably, from the greater efficacy we give the sacraments. He did not take any care of himself in his last illness; and had

talked for three or four years, as one tired of living. In short, I believe he was willing to let it go."*

When Dr. Garth had been for some time in a bad state of health, he sent one day for a physician, with whom he was particularly intimate, and conjured him by their friendship, and by every thing that was most sacred, to tell him sincerely, whether he thought he should be able to get rid of his illness or not. His friend, thus conjured, told him, that he thought he might struggle on with it for some years, but that he much feared he could never get the better of it entirely. Dr. Garth thanked him for his dealing so fairly with him; turned his discourse to other things, and talked very cheerfully all the rest of the time he staid with him. As soon as he was gone, he called for his servant, and said he was a good deal out of order, and then sent for a surgeon to bleed him. Soon after his servant went for another surgeon, who bled him in the other arm. He then said he wanted rest, and when every body had quitted the room, he took off the bandages and lay down with a design of bleeding to death. His loss of blood made him faint away, and that stopped the bleeding. He afterwards sunk into a profound sleep; slept all night; waked in the morning without his usual pains; and said, that if it would continue so, he would be content to live on.† In his last illness he did not resort to medi-

* Pope.

† This anecdote Mr. Townly says, "I have heard from his own mouth more than once."

cines, but very foolishly let the disease take its own course.*

In a letter written by Pope, dated Dec. 12th, 1718, to a friend,† he gives the following account of Garth's death, his fears of it, and his own opinion of his character.

"The best natured of men, says he, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill-tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth."‡

* In a note to Spence's anecdotes, it is said "that Garth sent to Addison, (of whom he had a high opinion,) on his death bed, to ask him whether the Christian religion was true. Garth is stated to have died a Roman Catholic. He was certainly of a sceptical turn of mind; as South justly observes, "that there is less distance than is thought between scepticism and popery; and that a mind wearied with perpetual doubt, willingly seeks repose in the bosom of a church which pretends to infallibility."

† Pope's Works, Vol. 17, p. 99.

‡ "Garth has been censured for voluptuousness, and accused of infidelity. Being one day questioned by Addison, upon his religious creed, he is said to have replied, "that he was of the religion of wise men;" and being urged to explain himself farther, he added, "that wise men kept their own secrets." Pope says of him, in his farewell to London, 1715,

"——— Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

"Singer's edition of Spence." p. 114.

The following verses were written by Garth for the toasting glasses of the Kit-kat Club:

LADY CARLISLE.

Carlisle's name can every muse inspire,
To Carlisle fill the glass, and tune the lyre:
With his lov'd bays, the gods of day shall crown
A wit and lustre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the sun, and Carlisle, took their way,
To warm the frozen North, and kindle day:
The flowers to both their glad creation owed—
Their virtues he, their beauties she bestowed.

LADY ESSEX.

The bravest hero, and the brightest dame,
From Belgia's happy clime, Britannia drew:
One pregnant cloud, we find does often frame
The awful thunder, and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Essex fill the sprightly wine,
The healths engaging and divine:
Let purest odour scent the air,
And wreaths of roses bind her hair.
In her chaste lips there blushing lie,
And then her gentle sighs supply.

LADY HYDE.

The god of wine grows jealous of his art;
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The queen of love looks on, and smiles to see
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE, IN CHILD-BED.

Hyde, though in agonies her graces keeps,
A thousand charms the nymph's complaints adorn,
In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offspring is the cheerful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toasting passed the night,
With more than Nectar he the banquet bless'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feast.

We quote these verses simply as curious records of the estimation in which the ladies, to whom they refer, were held at the time. The manner of toasting ladies after dinner, peculiar to the Kit-kat Club, and the society out of which it was formed, viz., "The Knights of the Toast," is alluded to in the 24th No. of the Tatler, to which, we refer the curious. In this way, Garth, Addison, Maynwaring, and the Earls of Halifax, Dorset, Wharton, &c., have each contributed their *jeux d' esprit* on the most celebrated beauties of their time. This circumstance gave rise to Aburthnot's epigram :—

"Whence deathless Kit club took its name,
Few critics can unriddle,
Some say, from pastry-cook it came,
And some from cat-and-fiddle.

"From no trim beaus its name it boasts,
Gray statesman, or green wits;
But from its pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old CATS and young KITS!"

In the life of Dr. MASON GOOD, the translator of "Lucretius," we have another instance of a good and great man, successfully struggling with the storms of fate. It is not all mankind who can take Sterne's philosophic view of the difficulties with which we all have to contend in our progress through life,—if we could, how much happier would be our lot. "Many, many," says Sterne, "are the ups and downs in life, and fortune must be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them: though, perhaps, to those may be owing as much of our pleasures as our pains. There are scenes of delight in the vale, as well as on the mountain; and the inequalities of nature may be not less necessary to please the eye, than the varieties of life to please the heart."

The author of the "Study of Medicine," was the son of Mason Good, an independent clergyman. At the age of fifteen, the subject of this sketch was apprenticed to Mr. Johnson, a surgeon-apothecary at Gosport. "He quitted," says Dr. O. Gregory, the

paternal roof, under the influence of all the emotions that are usually excited on such occasions.

"Some natural tears he dropt; but wiped them soon."

The buoyancy and hilarity of youth, and the direction of his ardent and aspiring mind into fresh channels of research, soon rendered him happy in his new situation. There is no difficulty in conceiving with what jocund activity he would go through the varied employments and amusements of an apprentice to a country surgeon. He quickly acquired and discharged the pharmaceutic functions; he studied the chemical guide, and the dispensaries of that day, with old Quincy, and other books recommended to him by Mr. Johnson. At the age of fifteen, he composed a "Dictionary of Poetic Endings," and several little poems. He also drew "an abstracted view of the principal tropes and figures of rhetoric, in their origin and powers," illustrated by a variety of examples, original and collected. Shortly afterwards, he made himself master of the Italian language, thus becoming enabled to call the sweets of *Ariosto*, *Tasso*, *Dante*, and the devotional Filieaja, whose works he perused with the most enthusiastic avidity.

A few years after his apprenticeship, Mr. Johnson died, and Good was placed with a highly respectable surgeon, of great skill and practice, residing at Havant, in the neighbourhood of the place where his father then lived. After the expiration of his time, it was agreed that he should enter into partnership

with a Mr. Deeks, a surgeon then established at Sudbury; and in order to qualify him for practice, he came to London, and attended the lectures of Dr. George Fordyce, Dr. Lowder, and other eminent medical professors.

After finishing his studies in London, he returned to the country, and entered into partnership with Mr. Deeks, who in a short time relinquished the practice wholly to Mr. Good. At the age of twenty-one, he married Miss Godfrey, who died of consumption six months after their marriage; thus learning, from sad experience, how correct was the presentiment that dictated these lines of a brother poet:

> "Dearly bought, the hidden treasure
> Finer feelings can bestow;
> Chords, that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
> Thrill the deepest notes of woe."
>
> BURNS.

In the year 1792, Good was involved in pecuniary difficulties. He had advanced a large sum of money, by way of loan to a friend, and had become legally bound for others: an inability to repay him this money embarrassed him considerably. Owing to this circumstance, he applied his mind resolutely to literary occupations. He became connected with several periodicals and newspapers, wrote plays, made translations from the French and Italian, and prepared for the press a series of philosophical essays.

In 1793 he came up to London, and entered into

partnership with Mr. W., a gentleman in large practice, and connected officially with one of the metropolitan prisons. "I have at length," says he, in a letter to one of his country friends, "settled the matter between Mr. W. and myself, after having conceded to his own terms; which, though more severe than I expected, will, I hope, answer in the end."

In April, 1793, at the age of twenty-nine, Mr. Good removed to London. He was then in full health and spirits, ardently devoted to his profession, and anxious to distinguish himself in the new sphere in which he was placed. His character soon began to be duly appreciated amongst medical men: and on the seventh of November, the same year, he was admitted a member of the College of Surgeons. But a change of scene only carried with it a change of perplexities. His partner, in a short time, became jealous of his talents, and of his rising popularity; and had recourse to the basest means of injuring his reputation.

If Mr. Good prescribed one course of treatment of a private patient, Mr. W. would, in the next visit, prescribe one that was diametrically opposite. If Mr. Good made an entry in the prison books, Mr. W., in the succeeding entry, would contradict it. If Mr. Good rose obviously in the estimation of a private patient, or his relatives, Mr. W. would set himself, by paltry insinuations, to excite doubts of his skill and judgment. And so on from day to day. The result may at once be anticipated. The business failed; the partnership was dissolved; Mr. W. died

in the Fleet prison, and Mr. Good was again generously assisted by his affectionate relative, at Ballingdon Hall.* An increasing family, project after project defeated, the frequent occurrence of unforeseen vexations, served as new incentives to his professional activity, and to the most extended literary research. Thus circumstanced, for three or four years, he concealed his anxieties from those he most loved, maintained a cheerful demeanour among his friends, pursued his theoretical and practical enquiries into every accessible channel; and, at length, by God's blessing upon his exertions, surmounted every difficulty, and obtained professional reputation and employment, sufficient to satisfy his thirst for fame, and to place him in what are usually regarded as reputable and easy circumstances.

In the year 1797, Good commenced his translation of Lucretius, and contributed likewise to some of the reviews and other periodical publications.

The translation of Lucretius was undertaken, partly at the entreaty of his literary friends; but principally, as he himself said to Dr. O. Gregory, that he might bring himself under something like the urgency of a moral necessity, to become thoroughly acquainted with the utmost possible variety of subjects upon which men of literature, science, and investigation, had been able to throw any light.

For this purpose, he could not, probably have made a happier selection than that of Lucretius, "On

* Mr. Fenn.

The Nature of Things," in which the topics are as greatly diversified as the general title of the poem seems to indicate.

The translation was finished in October, 1799, having been carrried through in a way very unusual with works of such magnitude; *it was composed in the streets of London, during the translator's extensive walks, to visit his numerous patients.* His practice was, to take in his pocket two or three leaves of an octavo edition of the original (Marchetti's), the text being corrected by collation with Wakefield's, to read over a passage two or three times as he walked along, until he had engraven it upon his ready memory; then to translate the passage, meditate upon his translation, correct and elaborate it, until he had satisfied himself. Having accomplished this, the bare sight of the original brought to mind his own translation, with all its peculiarities.

In the same manner would he proceed with a second, third, and fourth passage; and after he had returned home, and disposed of all his professional business, he would go to his standing desk, and enter upon his manuscript so much of the translation as he had been able to prepare satisfactorily. In this manner, this great undertaking was effected.

In 1820, Mr. Good obtained a degree of M. D. from Marischal College, Aberdeen. In February, 1821, after speaking of various professional topics, he adds—"I have now tried my new fortune for nearly six months, and only wish I had felt it prudent to have commenced earlier, for it has succeeded

beyond my best expectations. All my old circle of patients are, in turn, patients still, without a single exception, so far as I know; and I have added very considerably to the number, as well as have to reply to a tolerably extensive range of advice for the country; so that my hands are pretty full. My first patient, on entering on my new department, was Sir Gilbert Blane, who paid me this compliment, as I feel it to be, from mere friendship."

In 1820, Dr. Good published his "Physiological System;" and, in 1822, appeared, in four large octavo volumes, his celebrated "Study of Medicine." The object of the author in this great work was to unite the different branches of medical science, which had usually been treated separately, into a general system.

This work has gone through several editions; the last with copious and valuable notes, being edited by Mr. Samuel Cooper.

In 1826, he published some lectures which he had delivered at the Surrey Institution, under the title of the "Book of Nature." This is a highly valuable and interesting work.

During the last three months of his life, his strength, owing to his incessant application to the two great works to which we have just alluded, declined rapidly, exciting much solicitude in the minds of Mrs. Good and his family, but no alarm of immediate danger.

Only three days previous to his death, a young lady who was alarmingly ill, but then capable of being

moved from one place to another, was desirous of having the benefit of his medical advice. Dr. Good's mind had evinced some aberration in consequence of the fever, and the intense pain which he suffered; but at the time this request was made known to him he experienced less pain, and was tolerably composed. He therefore agreed to see her, with Mr. Cooper, one of his own medical attendants. The young lady was accordingly conducted to his bed-side; and, after he had made the usual inquiries, with his wonted acumen, consideration, and kindness, he conferred with Mr. C. on her case. He proposed a complete and, as the event proved, for a season, a very beneficial change in the treatment: he wrote a prescription, which bears the usual character of his hand-writing, and is marked by the peculiar elegance which always distinguished his pharmaceutic formulæ.

Dr. Mason Good terminated his valuable life on the 2nd of January, 1827, in the 63rd year of his age. Mr. Roberts, the editor of the British Review, speaks in the most flattering terms of his departed friend. He says, "I had long the happiness and honour of being ranked among Dr. Good's intimate friends; but our intercourse was distinguished by no occurrences of importance enough to be recorded. During our intimacy he was always busily engaged in some intellectual or active employments for the benefit of humanity, without neglecting any of the hourly calls upon his friendship, his feeling, and his courtesy. I hardly believe there has existed the person, who, in the midst of studies so severe, has maintained so kind

a temper, and so constant a good-nature. I have visited him when laboriously occupied in mind, and when suffering in body; I have been with him at moments when his temper has been exercised by ill-treatment; but I have never witnessed in him any other frame of mind, than that of benevolent cheerfulness, and christian composure. I shall carry the remembrance of him to my grave, as one in whose society some of my happiest hours have been passed, and whose example and conversation have afforded me many lessons of wisdom and virtue."

"The leading faculty in Dr. Good's mind," says Dr. Gregory, his biographer, "which he possessed in a remarkable degree, was that of acquisition. United with this, were the faculties of retention, of orderly arrangement, and of fruitful and diversified combination. If genius be rightly termed, 'the power of making new combinations, pleasing or elevating to the mind, or useful to mankind,' he possessed it in a high degree. He was always fertile in the production of new trains of thought, new selections, and groupings of imagery; new expedients for the extension of human good. But, if genius be restricted to 'the power of discovery, or of creative invention,' whether in philosophy or the arts, they who have most closely examined Dr. Good's character and works, will be least inclined to claim for him that distinction. Be this, however, as it may, there can be no question that his intellectual powers were of the first order; that, in the main, they were nicely equipoised, and that he could exercise them with an unusual buoy-

ancy and elasticity. His memory was very extraordinary; doubtless much aided by the habits of arrangement so firmly established in early life. His early acquired fondness for classical and elegant literature, laid his youthful fancy open to the liveliest impressions, and made him draw

> "The inspiring breath of ancient arts,
> And tread the sacred walks
> Where, at each step, imagination burns."

And this, undoubtedly, again added to his memory, the picture being reproduced by constant warmth of feeling.

Notwithstanding Dr. Good's great classical attainments, he seldom introduced into his discourse a quotation from foreign languages; although, in addition to a perfect acquaintance with Latin, Greek, French, German and Italian, he had made some progress in the Russian, Sanscrit, and Chinese. Until near the close of his life, his incessant occupations never produced in him a weariness of body or mind; the transition from one pursuit to another being a sufficient relief to both. It was one of his remarks, "that he could digest five or six topics of interesting research, within the compass of twelve hours, and enter upon each with a vigour as though he had just arisen from a good night's sleep." He made it a rule always to be doing something; and thus, while travelling, he would often amuse himself with the design and completion of a whole poem. Another

peculiarity in his character was his love of method and arrangement, which was equally visible in his wardrobe, accounts, books, papers, and manuscripts.

Dr. Good's mind was deeply imbued with a devotional spirit, which he carried with him into all the transactions of life. When prescribing for his patients, he was in the habit of praying for divine direction; or administering a medicine himself, he was often known to utter a short ejaculatory prayer; and, in cases where a fatal issue was inevitable, he most scrupulously avoided the cruel delusion, too common on such occasions—announcing his apprehensions with the utmost delicacy of feeling.

We feel a high degree of gratification in laying claim, for the profession, to Dr. GOLDSMITH, the author of the sweetest poem in the English language, "*The Deserted Village.*" The poet was originally destined for the church; but he considered himself, by temperament, unfitted for the sacred office. So high an opinion had he formed of the purity of conduct necessary to such as attempted to admonish, or to instruct their fellow-men from the sacred volume, that, even, at a late period of his life, when requested to read prayers in a private family, he declined, with the remark, "that he did not deem himself good enough."

From the following passage, in a paper in the "Citizen of the World," we should suppose that one of his objections to going into the church, was on account of the dress of the profession.

Goldsmith observes: "After I had resided at College seven years, my father died, and left me—his blessing. Thus shoved from shore, without ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-two. But, in order to settle in life, my friends *advised* (for they always advise when they begin to despise us), they advised me, I say, "to go into orders."

"To be obliged to wear a long wig, when I liked a short one, or a black coat, when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty, that I absolutely rejected the proposal. A priest in England is not the same mortified creature, with a bronze in China. * * * I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease, from no other consideration than that boyish one of dress. So that my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone; and yet they thought it a pity, for one that had not the least harm in him, and was so very good natured."

After studying medicine, under the celebrated Monro, of Edinburgh, he visited the continent, and graduated as a Physician at the University of Padua.

After his return to London, Goldsmith had many difficulties to struggle against. He accepted the situation of usher in a country school; but he did not long remain in this situation. His description of the life he led is truly graphic. "The truth is, in spite of all their labours to please, an usher is generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon him; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or

his language are a fund of eternal ridicule. The master himself cannot help, now and then, joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usage, seems to live in a state of warfare with all the family. After the fatigues of the day, the poor usher is obliged to sleep in the same bed with a Frenchman, a teacher of that language to the boys; who disturbs him every night, and hour, perhaps, in papering and fillating his hair, and stinks worse than a carrion, with his rancid pomatums, when he lays his head beside him on the bolster.

"I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself," Goldsmith says, by the mouth of one of his characters, "and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I would rather be an under-turnkey at Newgate. I was up early and late: I was brow-beaten by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to receive civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business? No! Then you won't do for a school.—Can you dress the boy's hair? No! Then you won't do for a school.—Have you had the small-pox? No! Then you won't do for a school.—Can you lie three in a bed? No! Then you won't do for a school.—Have you got a good stomach? Yes! Then you won't do for a school."

After his return to London, Goldsmith obtained a situation of assistant to a chemist; but he soon relinquished this engagement. By the friendship of

Dr. Sleigh, and a few other acquaintances in London, he was enabled to establish himself as Physician, in an humble way, in Bankside, Southwark. Humility of appearance is not very favourable to success in physic: his poorer neighbours, indeed, found him useful; but the rich, who could alone contribute to his support, usually expect some external display of wealth, as one of the evidences of successful practice, in the candidate for their confidence, because they rarely know anything of his qualifications.

In conformity to the prevailing garb of the day for physicians, Goldsmith, unable to procure a new, had obtained a second-hand, velvet coat; but, either from being deceived in the bargain, or by subsequent accident, a considerable breach in the left breast was obliged to be repaired by the introduction of a new piece. This had not been so neatly done as not to be apparent to the close observation of his acquaintance, and such persons as he visited in the capacity of medical attendant. Willing, therefore, to conceal what is considered too obvious a symptom of poverty, he was accustomed to place his hat over the patch, and retain it there carefully during the visit; but this constant position became noticed, and the cause being soon known, occasioned no little merriment at his expense.

Dr. Goldsmith having been engaged for some years in a variety of publications, from which but little profit was derived, made up his mind to enter either the army or the navy as a surgeon; and for this purpose he presented himself before Surgeons' Hall, on the

21st of December, 1758, to be examined; and to the utter discomfiture of all his projects, and with feelings near akin to despair, was rejected as unqualified.

Owing to this unfortunate circumstance, Goldsmith was compelled to abandon the idea of entering the army or navy, and he consequently resumed his literary pursuits. Some years afterwards, his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, persuaded him, a second time, to attempt to establish himself in practice as a physician. Willing to make the experiment, he assumed a more conspicuous and expensive, though as appears from the fashion of that day, not at all an unusual medical garb. A professional wig, a cane, purple silk small-clothes, a scarlet roquelaure, buttoned to the chin, and charged, as we find in his tailor's account-book, at four guineas and a half, made him an exceedingly smart physician. Transformations of this kind in men who are more familiar with books than with common life, are often in extremes; a few of his friends amused themselves with this change; and as if to satisfy others, or please himself with the experiment whether variety of dress could acquire practice, three other suits are charged to him within the short space of six months. A man-servant, likewise, was soon afterwards added to the establishment.

He was occasionally called in by his friends; but the fees he received were not sufficiently numerous to be an object of serious pursuit, and the restrictions, as he considered them, so many upon his time, as to become irksome. The gravity of a practising physician required that he should abstain from scenes of

familiar resort, formerly sought and enjoyed; and with something of regret he avowed, that "he was now shut out from many places where he had formerly played the fool very agreeably." The caprice of patients, and the differences of opinion with some of his brethren, tended to encrease distaste towards his calling; an instance of which is remembered by a lady, who heard the anecdote from Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Dr. Goldsmith had been called in to Mrs. Sidebotham, an acquaintance, labouring under illness; and having examined and considered the case, wrote his prescription. The quality or quantity of the medicine ordered, exciting the notice of the apothecary in attendance, he demurred to administer it to the patient; an argument ensued which had no effect in convincing either party of error, and some heat being produced by the contention, an appeal was at length made to the patient to know by whose opinion and practice she chose to abide. She, deeming the apothecary the better judge of the two, from being longer in attendance, decided for him; and Goldsmith quitted the house highly indignant, declaring to Sir Joshua he would leave off prescribing for friends. "Do so, my dear doctor," replied Topham Beauclerk, when he heard the story, and afterwards jested with him on the subject; "whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies."

Goldsmith obtained but little practice as a physician; the circumstance of his being celebrated as a poet was sufficient to induce the public to believe him incapable of practising with success as a medical

man. He did not, however, take this failure much to heart, his spirits were of a buoyant and elastic nature, and he derived that eminence and emolument from his pen, which he had vainly attempted to acquire in the practice of his profession. Work after work appeared in rapid succession. His "Deserted Village," and "Traveller," established his fame as a first-rate poet, and his "Vicar of Wakefield" enabled him to take a prominent situation among the novel writers of the day.

A kindred spirit speaks thus of Goldsmith's poetry:—"It enjoys a calm and steady popularity, and presents a distinct and unbroken view of poetical delightfulness. His descriptions and sentiments have the pure zest of nature. He is refined without false delicacy, and correct without insipidity. Perhaps there is an intellectual composure in his manner, which may in some passages be said to approach to the reserved and prosaic; but he unbends from this graver strain of reflection to tenderness and even playfulness, with an ease and grace almost peculiarly his own; and connects extensive views of the happiness and interest of society with pictures of life, that touch the heart by their familiarity."*

Many highly amusing anecdotes are recorded of Goldsmith. We shall relate those only which develop the peculiar features of the poet's mind.

One of the happiest retorts imaginable, considering the character to whom it was addressed, was heard by Sir J. Reynolds.

* T. Campbell.

Goldsmith, after mentioning that he thought he could write a fable, and stating the simplicity which that kind of writing required, observed that in most fables the animals introduced seldom talk in character. "For instance," said he, "the fable of the little fishes who said, birds fly over their heads, and envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill consisted in making them talk like little fishes." While he indulged this idea, which it may be regretted he never executed, he observed Johnson shaking his sides and laughing, and immediately continued, "why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales."

On another occasion, when Beauclerk was present, Goldsmith talked of a project for having a third theatre in London, solely for the exhibition of new plays, in order to deliver authors from the supposed tyranny of managers. Johnson treated it slightingly, when Goldsmith rejoined, "Ay, ay, this may be nothing to you, who can now shelter yourself behind the corner of a pension."

Johnson told the following annecdote himself. "I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the poet's corner, I said to him,

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

"When we got to Temple Bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slily whispered me,

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *Istis*.'

"While at supper on one occasion, *tête-à-tête*, at Jack's Coffee-house, Dean-street, Soho-square, on rumps and kidneys, Johnson observed, "Sir, these rumps are pretty little things, but then a man must eat a great many of them before he is satisfied." "Aye, but," said Goldsmith, "how many of them would reach to the moon?" "To the moon! aye, sir, I fear that exceeds your calculation." "Not at all, sir," said Goldsmith, "I think I could tell." "Pray let us hear." "Why, one—if it were long enough." Johnson growled at this reply for some time, but at last recollecting himself, "Well, sir, I have deserved it; I should not have provoked so foolish an answer, by so foolish a question."

The following anecdote was told to Mr. Croker by colonel O'Moore. "As the colonel and Mr. Burke were proceeding to dine with Sir Joshua, they observed Goldsmith, also on his way thither, standing near a crowd who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of a house in Leicester-square. "Observe Goldsmith," said Burke to his companion, "and mark what passes between him and me, by-and-by, at Sir Joshua's." Proceeding forward, they reached the house before him; and when the poet came up to Burke, the latter appeared to receive him coolly, when an explanation of the cause of offence was with some urgency requested. Burke appeared reluctant to speak; but, after some pressing, said, "that he almost regretted keeping up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such gross indiscretions as he had just exhibited in the

square. The poet, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. "Why," said Burke, "did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the people were for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?" Goldsmith was astonished. "Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so." "Nay," replied Burke, "if you had not said so how should I have known it?" "That's true," answered the poet, with great humility; "I am very sorry—it was very foolish; I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it."

While Goldsmith was completing the closing pages of the "Vicar of Wakefield" in his garret, he was aroused from his occupation by the unexpected appearance of his landlady, to whom he was considerably in arrears, with a long bill for the last few weeks' lodgings. The poet was thunder-struck with surprise and consternation. At length the landlady relieved him from his embarrasment by offering to exonerate him from the payment of his debts, provided he would accept her as his true and lawful spouse! His friend, Dr. Johnson, chanced, by great good luck, to come in at the time, and, by advancing him a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his establishment, consisting of only himself and a dirty shirt, relieved him from his matrimonial shackles.

When Goldsmith obtained his celebrity for his play "She Stoops to Conquer," he was often annoyed by

being compelled to listen to the reading of the productions of young authors, who fancied they had a genius for writing plays. On one occasion his patience had been greatly tried by a gentleman who fancied he had written a tragedy equal to any of Shakspeare's, and who had called on Goldsmith to solicit his aid in bringing it out upon the stage. After the theatrical aspirant had left the room, Goldsmith observed to a friend, "I never did the man an injury; *but he would read his play to me.*"

"Whatever is new," says Goldsmith, "is in general false." He was a great admirer of the poems pretended to have been written by Rowley a monk at Bristol, in the 14th century; and, when he visited that city, he wished much to purchase Chatterton's manuscripts of them, then in the possession of Mr. George Catcote. The Doctor, however, had nothing but his note of hand to offer for them. "Alas! my dear Sir," replied Mr. Catcote, "I fear a poet's note of hand is not very current upon our exchange at Bristol."

Of Goldsmith's credulity the following anecdote is related:—He was sitting one day at the tavern where he was accustomed to take his supper, when he called for a mutton chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman near him, with whom he was intimately acquainted, showed great tokens of uneasiness, and wondered how the Doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a bad chop before him. "Bad," said Goldsmith, "in good troth I do not smell it."—"I never smelled anything so unpleasant

in my life:" answered the gentleman, "the fellow deserves a caning for bringing you meat unfit to eat." "In good troth," said the poet, relying on his judgment, "I think so too; but I will be less severe in my chastisement." He instantly called the waiter, and insisted that he should eat the chop, as a punishment. The waiter resisted: but the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane if he did not comply. When he had eaten half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful to him. When the waiter had finished his repast, Goldsmith's friend burst into a loud laugh.—"What ails you now," said the poet.—"Indeed, my good friend," said the other, "I could never think that a man whose knowledge of letters is so extensive as yours, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour: the chop was as fine a one as I ever saw in my life."—"Was it?" said Goldsmith, "Then I will never give credit to what you say again; and so, in good troth, I think I am even with you."

That Goldsmith possessed a kind and generous heart, the following anecdote fully testifies:—A common female beggar once asked alms of the poet as he walked up Fleet-street. He generously gave her a shilling. His companion, who knew nothing of the woman, censured the bard for his excess of humanity, adding, that, "The shilling was misapplied, for she would spend it in liquor." "If it make her happy in any way," replied the doctor, "my end is answered." The doctor's humanity was not always regulated by

discretion. Being once pressed by his tailor for a bill of £40 a day was fixed for payment; Goldsmith procured the money; but, Mr. Glover calling upon him, and relating a piteous tale of his goods being seized for rent, the thoughtless, but benevolent doctor gave him the whole of the money. The tailor called, and was told, that, if he had come a little sooner he would have received the money, but he had just parted with every shilling of it to a friend in distress, adding, "I should have been an unfeeling monster not to have relieved distress when in my power."

Goldsmith was always plain in his appearance; but, when a boy, he had suffered so much from the small-pox, that he was considered particularly ugly. When he was about seven years old, a fidler, who reckoned himself a wit, happened to be playing in Mr. Goldsmith's house. During a pause between two sets of country dances, little Oliver surprised the party by jumping up suddenly, and dancing round the room. Struck with the grotesque appearance of the ill-favoured child, the fiddler exclaimed, "Æsop!" and the company burst into laughter; when Oliver turned to them with a smile, and repeated the following couplet:—

> "Heralds proclaim aloud, all saying,
> See *Æsop*, dancing, and his *Monkey* playing!"

Mr. Prior relates another anecdote showing Goldsmith's generous disposition. While playing whist at the house of Sir William Chambers, in Berners

Street; the party at the table consisting, besides Sir William and Lady Chambers, of Baretti and Goldsmith, the latter hastily threw down the cards at a critical point of the game, flew out of the room, and, as appeared by the opening at the door, into the street, returning speedily and resuming his seat. Sir William, conceiving that something unusual had occurred, ventured, after the lapse of a few minutes, to inquire the cause of his sudden retreat, trusting it had not been occasioned by the heat of the room. "Not at all," was the reply, "but, in truth, I could not bear to hear that unfortunate woman in the street, half-singing, half-sobbing; for such tones could only arise from the extremity of distress; her voice grated painfully on my ear, and jarred my frame, so that I could not rest until I had sent her away. On further explanation it appeared that others had likewise noticed a female voice of peculiar character, aiming to sing, but without remarking that mingled tone of misery conveyed to the mind of the poet, and which he had quitted the room to relieve."

Dr. Johnson used to speak with coarse contempt of Goldsmith's want of veracity. "Noll," said he to a lady of great distinction in literature," "Noll, madam, would lie through a deal board."

Notwithstanding, however, this circumstance, Dr. Johnson entertained a high opinion of Goldsmith's pre-eminent talents, as will be found by the epitaph which he wrote after the poet's death :—

"Thou beholdest the tomb of Oliver: press not, O stranger, with the foot of folly, the venerable dust. Ye who care for

nature, for the charms of song, for the deeds of ancient days, weep for the historian, the naturalist, and the poet."

Notwithstanding the discredit into which the poetry of Doctor ERASMUS DARWIN has fallen, it had once so great a vogue that the learned poet deserves to figure among the illustrious innovators of the English Parnassus.—Darwin, whose poems Coleridge compares to "a palace of snow," sparkling, but frigid and ephemeral, was obviously the model of Delille, who literally copied some of his episodes.

The talent of Darwin was rather that of a painter or sculptor, than the talent of a poet. Accordingly, the greater part of his comparisons are taken from antique *bas réliefs*, cameos, &c. He revives, with grace and energy, the inanimate form of the mythological divinity, without stopping to employ whatever the pagan allegory might contain of dramatic or impassioned materials.

Darwin had made himself known among his friends by little private collections of poetry, before the publication of his great work: "With the wisdom of Ulysses," says Miss Seward, "he has bound himself to the mast of science, in order to avoid being seduced by those deceitful syrens, the muses."

The doctor, after having perfected himself at Edinburgh in medicine, went to practise it at Lichfield, where the good fortune of his first case, introduced him to public notice. His marriage with Miss Howard, daughter of a respectable tradesman, was

also of advantage to him. His house became the rendezvous of a very agreeable society, of which, the famous James Watt, and Thomas Day, author of "*Sandford and Merton,*" composed a part. Miss Seward relates, in her life of Darwin, several amusing anecdotes of the latter (Thomas Day,) who was a very original philosopher, and known for his absence of mind. Darwin was one day conversing with a brother Botanist, concerning the plant Kalmia, then just imported into our green-houses and gardens. A lady who was present, concluding he had seen it, which in fact he had not, asked the doctor what was the colour of the plant. He replied, "Madam, the Kalmia has precisely the colour of a seraph's wing." So fancifully did he express his want of consciousness respecting the appearance of a flower whose name and rareness were all he knew of the matter.

Dr. Darwin had on one occasion a large company at tea. His servants announced a strange lady and gentleman. The female was a conspicuous figure, ruddy, corpulent, and tall. She held by the arm a little meek-looking, pale, effeminate man, who, from his close adherence to the side of the lady, seemed to consider himself as under her protection.

"Dr. Darwin," said the lady, "I seek you not as a physician, but as a *belle esprit.* I make this husband of mine,"—and she looked down with a side glance at the animal,—"treat me every summer with a tour through one of the British counties, to explore whatever it contains worthy the attention of ingenious people. On arriving at the several inns in

our route, I always search out the man of the vicinity most distinguished for his genius and taste, and introduce myself, that he may direct, as the objects of our examination, whatever is curious in nature, art, or science. Lichfield will be our head-quarters during several days. Come doctor, whither must we go, what must we investigate to-morrow, and the next day, and the next?—here are my tablets and pencil."

"You arrive, madam," observed Dr. Darwin, gravely, "at a fortunate juncture, to-morrow you will have an opportunity of surveying an annual exhibition perfectly worthy your attention. To-morrow, madam, you will go Tutbury bull-running!"

The satiric laugh with which he stammered out the last word, more keenly pointed this sly, yet broad rebuke to the vanity and arrogance of her speech. Her large features swelled, and her eyes flashed with anger. "I was recommended to a man of genius, and I find him insolent and ill-bred." Then, gathering up her meek and alarmed husband, whom she had loosed when she first spoke, under the shadow of her broad arm and shoulder, she strutted out of the room.

An accidental circumstance brought Dr. Darwin into notice and practice, at Lichfield. A few weeks after his arrival at this place, in the latter end of the year, 1756, the late Mr. Inge, of Thorpe, in Staffordshire, a young gentleman of fortune, family, and consequence, lay sick of a dangerous fever. The justly celebrated Dr. Wilks, of Willenbal, who had

many years possessed, in wide extent, the business and confidence of the Lichfield neighbourhood, attended Mr. Inge, and had unsuccessfully combated his disease. At length he pronounced it hopeless; that speedy death must ensue; and took his leave. It was *then* that the fond mother, wild with terror for the life of an only son, as drowning wretches catch at twigs, sent to Litchfield for the young and yet inexperienced physician. By a reverse and entirely novel course of treatment, Dr. Darwin gave his dying patient back to existence, to health, and prosperity. The far-spreading report of this judiciously daring and fortunate exertion, brought Dr. Darwin into immediate and extensive employment, and soon eclipsed the hopes of an ingenious rival, who resigned the contest; nor, afterwards, did any other competitor bring his certainly ineffectual lamp into *that* sphere in which so bright a luminary shone.

Dr. Darwin married the widow of Colonel Pole. Early in her widowhood she was rallied in a large company upon Darwin's passion for her, and was asked what she would do with her captive philosopher? "He is very fond of churches, I believe, and if he would go there for my sake, I shall scarcely follow him. He is too old for me"—"Nay, madam, what are fifteen years on the right side?" She replied, with an arch smile, "I have had so *much* of that right side!"

After the doctor's marriage to this lady, he removed to Derby. When Dr. Darwin found his

health declining, he took almost daily excursions into the country; and, in allusion to that perpetual travelling, a gentleman once humourously directed a letter, "Dr. Darwin upon the road,"

When Dr. Darwin wrote to Franklin, complimenting him on having united philosophy to modern science, he directed his letter merely thus—"Dr. Franklin, America;" and said, he felt inclined to make a still more flattering superscription—"Dr. Franklin, the world." His letter reached the sage, who first disarmed the lightning of its fatal power, for the answer to it arrived, and was shown in the Darwinian circles; in which had been questioned the likelihood of Dr. Franklin ever receiving a letter of such general superscription, as the whole western empire. Its safe arrival was amongst the triumphs of genius, combined with exertion—"they make the world their country."

Dr. Darwin's great poem, was his "Botanic Garden." It was commenced in the year 1779. The first part contains the "Economy of Vegetation;" the second, the "Loves of the plants;" each enriched by a number of philosophical notes. The doctor was engaged ten years in writing this poem.

Dr. Darwin's poetic excellence consists in delighting the eye, the taste, and the fancy, by the strength, distinctness, elegance, and perfect originality of his pictures; and in delighting the ear by the rich cadence of his numbers; but the passions are generally asleep, and seldom are the nerves thrilled by his imagery,

impressive and beauteous as it is, or by the landscapes, with all their vividness.

The following extracts will convey to the reader some idea of Darwin's poetic excellence. The exordium to the Goddess of Botany commences thus:

"She comes!—the Goddess!—through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car;
Each circling wheel, a wreath of flowers entwines,
And gemm'd with flowers the silken harness shines;
The golden bits with flowery studs are deck'd,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
And now, on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell sinks upon its slender springs;
Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds,
And steps celestial press the pansied grounds."

The goddess thus addresses the nymphs of fire:—

"Nymphs of primeval fire, your vestal train
Hung with gold tresses o'er the vast inane,
Pierc'd with your silver shafts the throne of night,
And charm'd young nature's opening eyes with light,
When love divine, with brooding wings unfurl'd,
Call'd from the rude abyss the living world."

The effects of electricity in paralytic cases are thus exquisitely expressed.

"Palsy's cold hands the fierce concussion own,
And life clings trembling on her tottering throne."

Darwin compares Dr. Franklin, with his preserving

rods, to the celebrated Florentine gem, "Cupid snatching the lightning from Jupiter," which the poet considers as a noble allegory, representing divine justice, disarmed by divine love. The poetic scene from the *Gem*, is one of the sweetest little dramas of this poem.

"Thus, when on wanton wing, intrepid love
Snatch'd the rais'd lightning from the arm of Jove,
Quick o'er his knee the trifle bolt he bent,
The cluster'd darts, and forky arrows rent;
Snapp'd with illumin'd hands, each flaming shaft,
His tingling fingers shook, and stamp'd, and laugh'd.
Bright o'er the floor the scattered fragments blazed,
And gods retreating, trembling, as they gazed:
Th' immortal sire, indulgent to his child,
Bow'd his ambrosial locks, and heaven relenting smil'd."

The following lines are pretty and picturesque:—

"The rush-thatch'd cottage, on the purple moor,
Where ruddy children frolic round the door,
The moss-grown antlers of the aged oak,
The shaggy locks that fringe the colt unbroke,
The bearded goat with nimble eyes that glare
Through the long tissue of his hoary hair,
As with quick foot he climbs some ruin'd wall,
And crops the ivy which prevents its fall,
With rural charms the tranquil mind delight,
And form a picture to the admiring sight."

Temple of Nature.

The following description of the eagle, is a gem :—

"So when with bristling plumes the bird of Jove,
Vindictive leaves the argent fields above,
Borne on broad wings, the guilty world he awes,
And grasps the lightning in his shining claws."

Botanic Garden.

In the early period of Dr. Darwin's career, he formed an intimate friendship with Mr. Edgeworth, who was noted for his mechanical genius. He thus describes his visit to the doctor's house :—"When I arrived at Lichfield, I inquired whether the doctor was at home. I was shown into a room, where I found Mrs. Darwin. I told her my name. She said the doctor expected me, and that he intended to be at home before night. There were books and prints in the room, of which I took occasion to speak. Mrs. Darwin asked me to drink tea, and I perceived that I owed to my literature the pleasure of passing the evening with this most agreeable woman. We walked, and conversed upon various literary subjects. Mrs. Darwin seeming surprised that the doctor had not come home, I offered to take my leave, but she told me that I had been expected some days, and that a bed had been prepared for me. When supper was nearly finished, a loud rapping at the door announced the doctor. There was a bustle in the hall, which made Mrs. Darwin get up and go to the door. Upon her exclaiming that they were bringing a dead man into the house, I went to the hall. I saw some persons directed by one, whom I guessed to be Dr. Darwin,

conveying a man who appeared to be motionless. 'He is not dead,' said the doctor, 'he is only dead drunk. I found him nearly suffocated in a ditch. I had him lifted into my carriage, and brought hither, that we might take care of him for the night.' Candles came, and what was the surprise of the doctor and Mrs. Darwin, to find that the person whom he had saved was Mrs. Darwin's brother! who, for the first time in his life, as I was assured, had been intoxicated in this manner, and who would, undoubtedly, have perished, had it not been for Dr. Darwin's humanity." Dr. Darwin has been charged, we think unjustly, of empiricism. He had a notion that consumption might be cured by transfusing into a person, so affected, blood from the veins of a person in health. On one occasion, when attending a lady who was labouring under delirium, she expressed an earnest wish to take her infant into her arms, and her attendants were fearful lest she should do some violence to the object of her affection, but he desired them to commit it to her without apprehension. They did so, and the result was an immediate abatement of her disorder.

An instance of Darwin's eccentricity is thus related. During his early residence at Lichfield, Mr. Sneyd, then of Bishton, and a few more gentlemen of Staffordshire, prevailed upon the poet to join them in an excursion by water, from Bishton to Nottingham, and on to Newark. They had provided themselves with a good supply of cold provisions and wine. It was midsummer, the day ardent and sultry. The

noontide meal had been made, and the glass gone duly round. It was one of those few instances, in which the medical votary of the Naïads transgressed his general and strict sobriety. If not absolutely intoxicated, his spirits were in a high degree of vinous exhiliration. On the boat approaching Nottingham, within the distance of a few fields, he surprised his companions by slipping, without any previous notice, from the boat into the middle of the river, and swimming to the shore. They saw him get upon the bank, and walk over the meadows towards the town. They called to him in vain; he did not once turn his head. Anxious lest he should take a dangerous cold by remaining in his wet clothes, and uncertain whether or not he intended to desert his party, they rowed instantly to the town, and went in search of the river-god. In passing through the market-place, they saw him standing upon a tub, encircled by a crowd of people, and resisting the entreaties of an apothecary of the place, one of his old companions, who was importuning him to go to his house, and accept of other vestments, until his own could be dried. The party, on passing through the crowd, were surprised to hear him speaking without any degree of his usual stammering—

"Have I not told you," said the Dr., "that I had drank a considerable quantity of wine before I committed myself to the river. You know my general sobriety, and, as a professional man, you ought to know that the unusual existence of internal stimulus would, in its effects on the system, counteract the

external cold and moisture." Then perceiving his companions near him, he nodded, smiled, waved his hand, and thus, without hesitation, addressed the populace :—

"Ye men of Nottingham, listen to me. You are ingenious and industrious mechanics. By your industry, life's comforts are procured for yourselves and families. If you lose your health, the power of being industrious will forsake you. *That* you know; but you may not know that to breathe fresh air constantly, is not less necessary to preserve health than sobriety itself. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours, if the windows be shut. Open those of your sleeping-rooms, whenever you quit them to go to your workshops. Keep the windows of your workshops open whenever the weather is not insupportably cold. I have no interest in giving you this advice. Remember what I, your countryman and physician, tell you. If you would not bring infection and disease upon yourselves, and to your wives and children, change the air you breathe; change it many times a day, by opening your windows." So saying, Dr. Darwin stepped from the tub, and returning with his party to the boat, they pursued their voyage.

It is well known that Dr. Darwin had a considerable impediment in his speech. This, however, did not prevent many flashes of keen sarcastic wit. An apothecary, whose knowledge of his profession was, we trust, superior to his politeness, while receiving the Doctor's instructions relative to a patient, observed, what a pity it was that a man of his great abilities

should stammer so much. "Not so much to be regretted as you suppose, Sir," sputtered the Doctor, "for it gives a man time to think before he speaks."

Dr. Darwin has been called a poetical man of science, a title that will readily be granted to him when we enumerate a few of his plans, by which, like the philosopher Rasselas, he was to control the winds and manage the seasons.

By one plan it was proposed to encrease the quantity of electricity in the atmosphere, by way of altering the *climate;* and that there should be a *Board of Weather* established, to determine when rain and when sunshine were wanted, and to regulate the quantity accordingly. To aid in this desirable object it was further proposed, to tow the icelands to the tropics; and it was most ingeniously devised, that chimnies should be made in the earth, by which the heat of volcanoes should be turned to account.

Darwin's Zoonomia was characterized as a work of abundant conjecture, and little fact. It was calculated for the speculative man—not for the practical man. The pathology was discussed and dismissed by the judicious part of the profession. It produced no change—John Brown had taken possession of the best part of the ground before, and the extravagant hypotheses advanced in his Botanic Garden, contributed to injure the success of his medical system.

The following is Miss Seward's account of Dr. Darwin's death:—

"Sunday, the 18th of April, 1802, deprived Derby and its vicinity, and the encircling counties, of Dr.

Darwin,—the lettered world of his genius. During a few preceding years, he had been subject to sudden and alarming disorders of the chest, in which he always applied the lancet instantly and freely; he had frequently risen in the night and bled himself. It was said that he suspected *Angina Pectoris* to be the cause of those sudden paroxysms, and that it would produce sudden death. The conversation which he held with Mrs. Darwin, and her friend, the night before he died, gave colour to the report. In the preceding year he had a very dangerous illness. It originated from a severe cold, caught by obeying the summons of a patient in Derby, after he had himself taken strong medicine. His skill, his courage, his exertion, struggled vehemently with his disease. Repeated and daring use of the lancet at length subdued it; but, in all likelihood weakened his system. He never looked so well after as before his seizure; encreased debility of step, and a certain wanness of countenance, awakened those fears for him, which great numbers felt who calculated upon his assistance when the hour of pain and danger might come. It was said, that, during his illness, he reproved the sensibility and tears of Mrs. Darwin, and bid her remember that she was the wife of a philosopher.

"The public papers and magazines recorded, with tolerable accuracy, the nature of his final seizure; the conversation he held in the garden of his new residence, the Priory, with Mrs. Darwin and her female friend; the idea which he communicated to them, that he was not likely to live to see the effects

of those improvements he had planned. Mrs. Darwin affectionately combating that idea by observing, that he looked remarkably well that evening; his reply—'that he generally found himself in his best health a few days preceding his attacks'—the spirits and strength with which he arose the next morning at six to write letters—the large draught of cold butter-milk which, according to his usual custom, he had swallowed—excited no suspicions in the mind of his friends.

On the last morning of Dr. Darwin's life he had written one page of a very sprightly letter to Mr. Edgeworth, describing the Priory, and his proposed alterations there, when the fatal signal was given. He rang the bell, and ordered his servant to send Mrs. Darwin to him. She came immediately, with his daughter, Miss Emma Darwin. They saw him shivering and pale. He desired them to send directly to Derby for his surgeon, Mr. Headly. They did so; but all was over before he could arrive.

"It was reported at Lichfield, that, perceiving himself growing rapidly worse, he said to Mrs. Darwin, "My dear, you must bleed me instantly." "Alas! I dare not, lest—" "Emma, will you? There is no time to be lost." "Yes, my dear father, if you will direct me." At that moment he sunk into the chair, and expired.

"The body was opened, but it was said the surgeons found no traces of peculiar disease; that the state of the viscera indicated a much more protracted existence; yet thus, in one hour, was extinguished that vital light

which, in the preceding hour, had shone in flattering brightness, promising duration: such is often the "cunning flattery of nature:" that light, which, through half a century, had diffused its radiance and its warmth so widely; that light in which penury had been cheered, in which science had expanded, to whose orb poetry had brought all her images, before whose influence disease had continually retreated, and Death so often turned aside his levelled dart!"

"YOUNG KEATS," although he never graduated in medicine, studied the art of healing, and was intended for the profession; therefore we claim him as our own, and place his name in our list of medical poets.

Mr. John Keats was of humble origin. He was born October 29, 1796, at a livery-stable kept by his grandfather, in Moorfields. He received his classical education at Mr. Clark's school at Enfield, and was bound apprentice to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon, in Church Lane, Edmonton.

On leaving Mr. Hammond, he entered his name at St. Thomas's Hospital, where he pursued his medical studies. He was a youth of great promise. He became early in life acquainted with Leigh Hunt, who was struck with admiration at the specimens of premature genius laid before him. Hunt showed some of Keats' poetry to Godwin, Hazlitt, and Basil Montague, who were very much struck with its beauty. The following lines, written by Keats on his first looking into Chapman's Homer, were much admired:—

"Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands I have been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold:
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep-crown'd Homer, ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then I felt like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

In 1818 Mr. Keats published his poetic romance entitled "Endymion," which his friend Hunt says, "was a wilderness of sweets: but it was truly a wilderness; a domain of young, luxuriant, uncompromising poetry, where the 'weeds of glorious feature,' hampered the pretty legs accustomed to the lawns and trodden walks, in vogue for the last hundred years; lawns, as Johnson says, 'shaven by the scythe, and levelled with the roller;' walks, which, being public property, have been re-consecrated, like Kensington Gardens, by the beadles of authority, instead of the Pans and Sylvans." *

The following beautiful passage on a sculptured vase, representing a procession with music; upon which the author says, with an intensity of sentiment,

* Life of Lord Byron.

at once original in idea, and going home, like an old thought, to the heart :—

> "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes play on;
> Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
> Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
> Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou can'st not leave
> Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare:
> Bold lover, never, never can'st thou kiss,
> Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
> She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
> For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair."

In 1820, Keats' published his last and best work, "Lamia, Isabella, and other poems."

Mr. Keats poetical fancy was of a nature to make its way into notice under any circumstances, and would unquestionably have done so; but the political and other opinions to which his attention had been directed, the public connexions to which he was introduced, and the generous enthusiasm, natural to great talents, which would not allow him to conceal either, soon brought on him a host of critics. This preyed much upon his mind, and, being naturally of a weak constitution, his death was thereby accelerated.

Mr. Leigh Hunt states, "that Keats had felt that his disease was mortal for two or three years before he died. He had a constitutional tendency to consumption; a close attendance to the death-bed of a beloved brother, when he ought to have been nursing himself in bed, gave him a blow which he felt for months. All

this trouble was secretly aggravated by a very tender circumstance, and which nominally subjected one of the warmest hearts and imaginations that ever existed to all the pangs that doubt, succeeded by delight, and delight, succeeded by hopelessness, in this world, could inflict. Seeing him once change countenance, in a manner more alarming than usual, as he stood silently eyeing the country out at the window, I pressed him to let me know how he felt, in order that he might enable me to do what I could for him; upon which he said, 'that his feelings were almost more than he could bear, and that he feared for his senses.' I proposed that we should take a coach and ride about the country together, to vary, if possible, the immediate impression, which was sometimes all that was formidable, and would come to nothing. He acquiesced, and was restored to himself. It was, nevertheless, on the same day, sitting on the bench in Well-walk, at Hampstead, nearest the heath, that he told me, with unaccustomed tears in his eyes, that 'his heart was breaking.' A doubt, however, was upon him at the time, which he afterwards had reason to know was groundless; and during his residence at the last house he occupied before he went abroad, he was at times more than tranquil. At length he was persuaded by his friends to try the milder climate of Italy; and he thought it better for others, as well as for himself, that he should go. He visited Rome with his intimate and affectionate friend Mr. Severn; and at this place, on the 27th of December, 1820, he died in the arms of his friend."

"Hushed is the lyre—the hand that swept
The low and pensive wires,
Robb'd of its cunning, from the task retires.
Yes—it is still—the lyre is still.
The spirit which its slumbers broke
Hath passed away, and that weak hand that woke
Its forest melodies, hath lost its skill."*

Mr. Keats' death has been said to have been accelerated by a severe criticism on his poems, which appeared in the "Quarterly Review." To this circumstance Byron evidently alluded, in the following lines:—

"Who killed John Keats?
I says the Quarterly,
So savage and tartaly,
'Twas one of my feats.

"Who shot the arrow?
The poet-priest Milman,
(So ready to kill man)
Or Southey, or Barrow!"

Again, in reference to the same notion he says,

"Oh, that the soul, that very fiery particle
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

He suffered so much in his lingering illness, that he used to watch the countenance of the physician for

* Kirke White.

the favourable or fatal sentence, and express his regret when he found it delayed. Yet no impatience escaped him. He was manly and gentle to the last, and grateful for all services. A little before he died, he said he "felt the daises growing over him." But he made a still more touching remark, respecting his epitaph. "If any," he said, "were put over him, he wished it to consist only of these words:—'Here lies one whose name was writ in water!'" So little did he think of the more than promise he had given; of the fine and lasting things he had added to the stock of poetry. The physicians expressed their astonishment that he had held out so long, the lungs turning out, on inspection, to have been almost obliterated.

"Mr. Keats," says his friend, Mr. L. Hunt, "will be known hereafter in English literature, emphatically, as the *young poet;* and his volumes will be the sure companions, in field and grove, of all those who know what a luxury it is to hasten with a favourite volume against one's heart, out of the strife of common-places, into the haven of solitude and imagination."*

Mark Akenside was the son of a butcher, and was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 9th of November, 1721. He is said to have been, in after life, very much ashamed of the comparative lowness

* The fate of Keats reminds us of what Shelly says,

——"Most men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

of his birth; and it is also reported that he could never regard a lameness, which impeded his walking with facility, otherwise than as an unpleasant memento of a cut on the foot, which he received from the fall of one of his father's cleavers, when about seven years of age. Akenside was always much attached to the place of his birth, as it will be perceived by the following beautiful lines, commemorative of the pleasure he was accustomed to receive, in early life, from wandering among the scenes of his native river:

——— "O, ye dales
Of *Tyne*, and ye most ancient woodlands! where
Oft, as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveller to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tow'r,
Founded by NORMAN or by SAXON hands."

Akenside indulged his natural taste for poetry at an early age; for when he was only sixteen he was a contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine, in which he published a poem, after the manner of Spencer, entitled "The Virtuoso." At the age of eighteen he was sent to Edinburgh, with a view of taking orders as a dissenting minister; but he abandoned this idea, and commenced the study of medicine. He made great progress in his medical studies, and became a member of the medical society, where he had an opportunity of exercising his oratorical powers. After leaving Edinburgh he went to Leyden, where he became acquainted with Mr. Dyson, who proved, through

Akenside's chequered life, his best and constant friend.

At the university of Leyden, Akenside graduated in physic. His thesis was on the growth of the fœtus. It was during his stay at Leyden that Akenside commenced his great poem, on the "Pleasures of the Imagination," which he offered to Dodsley, when he came to London, for £120. Before it was purchased, Dodsley showed the MS. to Pope, who, on perceiving its merit, told him "to make no niggardly offer, since this was no every-day writer." Dodsley immediately closed with the poet, and Richardson was employed to print it.

Mr. Meyrick, a surgeon and apothecary, was an intimate friend of the poet. He says he frequently called upon him, and recommended Akenside as a physician. "We were not much like each other; for he was stiff and set, and I all life and spirits. He often frowned upon me in a sick room. He could not bear to see any one smile in the presence of an invalid; and, I think, he lost a good deal of business by the solemn sententiousness of his air and manner. I wanted to cheer patients up." Mr. Meyrick was also a friend of Armstrong, of whom he says, "He ruined himself by that foolish performance of his, the "Economy of Love." How, in the name of Heaven, could he expect that any woman would let him enter her house again after that? The man was a fool! He who undertakes to be a physician, must be chastity itself." *

* Life of Akenside, p. 30.

Akenside and Armstrong published their principal poems in the same year. They appealed to the consent of mankind in opposite directions. For if the poem, the "Pleasures of the Imagination," be rich in materials, and brilliant in imagery and versification, the "Art of Preserving Health" is as remarkable for its simplicity of style, and a total rejection of ornament. Their success, as poets, retarded them as physicians. They associated occasionally; but their characters never assimilated. Akenside was solemn in manner, but engaging and polite; except when unwarrantably put upon, and then he became irritable, though never overbearing. Armstrong relapsed into a morbid sensibility; the languid listlessness of which is said to have damped the vigour of his intellectual efforts to a great degree.

Akenside's poem was published anonymously; but, on account of its being attributed to a man of the name of Rolt, he was induced to put his name to the title-page.

Smollett entertained a great personal enmity to Akenside, whom he has ridiculed in "Peregrine Pickle." Akenside intended to establish himself in practice at Northampton, and went there for that purpose, but he found that there was no opening for him in that town. He returned to London, when his friend Mr. Dyson bought him a house at North End, Hampstead; and with a view of introducing the Doctor to the more opulent inhabitants, he frequented with him the long room, and all the clubs and assemblies.

Hampstead was not suited to a man like Akenside. The inhabitants were respectable and rich; but many of them not only respectable and rich, but purse-proud and supercilious. They required to be sought; their wives and daughters expected to be escorted and flattered; and their sons to be treated with an air of obligation. It is no difficult task for an elegant man to flatter beautiful women and celebrated men; but, to be subservient to those who are already vain and supercilious, and who assume in proportion as they are flattered and yielded to, is not only beyond the practice, but even beyond the honest patience, of a a man enriched by nature, and embellished by education.*

After residing two years and a half at Hampstead, Akenside returned to London, and took up his abode in Bloomsbury Square, where he continued to live during the remainder of his life. He was then about seven-and-twenty years of age.

"In London," says one of his biographers, "Akenside was well known as a poet; but he had still to make himself known as a physician; and he would have

* Dr. Sewell, author of a tragedy entitled "Sir Walter Raleigh," died at Hampstead, in 1726. His fate is thus alluded to by Campbell the poet:—"He was a physcian at Hampstead, with very little practice, and chiefly subsisted on the invitations of the neighbouring gentlemen, to whom his amiable character made him acceptable: but, at his death, not a friend or relative came to commit his remains to the dust. He was buried in the meanest manner, under a hollow tree, that was once part of the boundary of the church-yard of Hampstead. No memorial was placed over his remains. *Specimens of the Poets*, v. 5, 1.

been exposed to many annoyances had it not been for the pecuniary assistance which his kind friend Mr. Dyson rendered him."

At this time Akenside was admitted, by mandamus, to a doctor's degree at Cambridge; and he became a Fellow of the Royal Society and College of Physicians.

Akenside, shortly after his establishment, became acquainted with Dr. Hardinge, who was physician extraordinary to the king. His nephew, Mr. Nichols, says, "he (Dr. H.) was a man of singular habits and whims, but of infinite humour and wit. He was an admirable scholar; and if he had been uniformly attentive to the duties of his profession, would have acquired the first rank in it. In medical sagacity and learning he had few if any equals. His conversation was coveted by the most accomplished wits and scholars of his age. He was a man of perfect honour, and a more benevolent spirit never breathed. His passion for coursing was one of his most prominent characteristics; but, like all the rest, he made it the source of infinite amusement to his friends. He was a comic tyrant over them all; and I shall never forget an evening of civil war, and another of peace, between these two physicians.

"Dr. Akenside was his guest; and at supper, by a whimsical accident, they fell into a dispute upon the subject of bilious colic. They were both of them absurdly eager. Dr. Hardinge had a contempt for every physician but himself; and he held the poet very cheap in that line. He laughed at him, and

said the rudest things to him. The other, who never took a jest in good part, flamed into invective; and Mrs. Hardinge, as clever in a different way as either, could with difficulty keep the peace with either of them. Dr. Akenside ordered his chariot, and swore that he would never come into the house again. The other, who was the kindest-hearted of men, next morning, and in a manner quite his own, made a perfect reconcilement, which terminated in a pacific supper the following night; when, by a powerful stroke of humour, the host convulsed the sides of his guest with laughter, and they were in delightful unison together the whole of the evening. 'Do you kn—kn—know, doctor," said he, (for he stammered), "that I have bo—bought a curious pamphlet, this m—morning upon a st—stall, and I'll give you the t—title of it; an ac—count of a curious dispute be tween D—Dr. Y., and D—Dr. Z., concerning b—b—bilious c—colic, which brought on a d—duel between two ph—physicians, which t—terminated in the d—death of both.'

Shortly after this, Akenside wrote an ode to his humourous opponent.

Mr. Dyson, allowed Akenside £300 a year, which was sufficient to provide him with every necessary of life. How affectionately the poet speaks of his kind patron, in his beautiful invocation to the "Pleasures of the Imagination!"

> ———"O, my faithful friend,
> O early chosen, ever found the same,
> And trusted and beloved, once more, the verse

Long destined, always obvious to thine ear,
Attend indulgent; so in latest years,
When time thine hand with honours shall have cloth'd,
Sacred to every virtue, may thy mind,
Amid the calm review of seasons past,
Fair offices of friendship, or kind peace,
Or public zeal—may then thy mind, well pleased,
Recal those happy studies of our prime."

When the situation of physician to the Charter-House became vacant, Akenside started for it, but did not succeed in obtaining the appointment.

In July, 1755, Akenside read the "Gulstonian Lectures," before the College of Physicians. In these discourses he advanced opinions relative to the lymphatic vessels of animals, in decisive opposition to those of Boerhaave. These opinions may be gathered from the following abstract: "That the lymphatics in general have their origin among the little cavities of the cellular substance of the muscles, among the mucous solliculi of the tendons, or the membranous receptacles and ducts of the larger glands:—that their extremities or roots imbibe from these cavities the moisture, exhaled there, from the ultimate arterial tubes, just as the lacteals, which are the lymphatics of the mesentery, do on the concave surface of the intestines; and that the minute imbibing vessels, by gradually opening into one another, form, at length, a lymphatic trunk, furnished with valves to prevent the return of its fluid, and tending uniformly from the extremities, and from the viscera, to

reconvey to the blood that lymph, with which they are kept in perpetual moisture; a circumstance indispensable to life and motion; while, at the same time, the continual re-absorption of that moisture, by the lymphatics, is no less necessary to preserve the blood properly fluid, and to prevent the putrefaction which would inevitably follow, if this animal vapour were suffered to stagnate in the cavities where it is discharged."

Shortly after these opinions were made known, Dr. A. Monro claimed them, as his own, in a pamphlet which he published; but Akenside firmly maintained that he was the original discoverer of these peculiar views.

In the year 1759, Akenside's character seems to have acquired some stability. He was appointed assistant physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, and two months after, principal physician; and in the same year, assistant physician to Christ's Hospital.

Sir John Hawkins relates, in his life of Dr. Johnson, that a person named Saxby, who held a situation in the Custom-house, and who was of that despicable order, who have the privilege of saying just what they please, was in the constant habit of venting his sarcasms against the medical profession. "One evening," says Sir John, "after having laboured hard to prove that the profession of physic was all imposture, he turned suddenly upon Akenside, and observed, 'Doctor, after all you have said, my opinion of the profession is this: the ancients endeavoured to make it a science,

and failed; and the moderns, to make it a trade, and succeeded." The company laughed at the satire, and Akenside joined in it with good humour.

Sir John Hawkins relates another anecdote, relative to a low-minded man, named Ballow. This person was a lawyer, of great learning, but of no practice; full of spleen; of vulgar manners; and having some connexion with the government, he thought, as many persons standing in the same relative situation would have the ignorance to believe, that he was entitled to hate Akenside for those liberal sentiments which he seldom thought it necessary either to qualify or disguise. A dispute, one evening, was the consequence; and Ballow, having made use of some expressions, little conforming with the manners of a gentleman, Akenside degraded himself so far as to demand an apology, forgetting that beautiful and sublime sentence,

"Affronts are innocent when men are worthless."

Ballow was courageous enough to insult, but not sufficiently so to pay the penalty. He, therefore, screened himself from punishment, by keeping out of the way. Akenside's anger soon subsided; and then some mutual friends adjusted the difference.

Few men ever lived, who had a greater inward detestation of tyranny than Akenside. This feeling is indicated in all his poems: and he had an equal contempt for hypocrisy. Considering, with Shaftesbury,*

* Characteristics.

that the Deity was the sovereign source of all beauty, he was indignant when the name of our Saviour was used irreverently. "People would assert," he was accustomed to say, "that I imitated Newton, or I should never allude to the Deity, or hear him alluded to by others, but I should make an inclination of my body." And, one day, being in company with Mr. Meyrick's father, at a coffee-house, in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, having listened, for some time, with impatience, to the oratory of a Mr. Warnefield, who was making some severe remarks, not only on "Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses," but on the Bible itself, he at length interrupted him. "I tell you what, Sir," said he, "Warburton is no friend of mine;—but I detest hearing a man of learning abused. As to the Bible, believe it, or not, just as you please; but let it contain as many absurdities, untruths, and unsound doctrines, as you say it does, there is one passage, at least, that I am sure you, with all the ingenuity and eloquence you possess, have not the power to surpass: it is where the prophet says, 'The children of men, are much wiser than the children of light.'"

In 1768, Akenside published three essays in the "Medical Transactions." 1. On Cancers. 2. On the use of Ipecacuanha in Asthmas. 3. On the best mode of treating white swellings of the joints.

In the forty-ninth year of his age he was seized with a putrid sore throat, which terminated in his death on the 23rd of June, 1770.

Of Akenside's character, as a poet, let our readers

listen to what a kindred genius says of him. "Speaking of the "Pleasures of the Imagination," Campbell observes, "In the purely ethical and didactic parts of his subject, he displays a high zeal of classical feeling, and a graceful developement of the philosophy of taste. Though his metaphysics may not be always invulnerable, his general ideas of moral truth are lofty and prepossessing. He is peculiarly eloquent in those passages, in which he describes the final causes of our emotions of taste: he is equally skilful in delineating the processes of memory and association; and he gives an animated view of Genius collecting her stores for works of excellence. We seem to pass, in his poem, through a gallery of pictured abstractions, rather than of pictured things. He reminds us of odours which we enjoy, artificially extracted from the flower, instead of inhaling them from its natural blossom."

Akenside's pastorals are superior to any other in the language; and his poem, descriptive of a farmer's life, is, perhaps, second only to Virgil's Georgics.

"Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let pageantry and power abide,
The gentle muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptur'd roams, to gaze on nature's charms,
They hate the sensual and scorn the vain;
The parasite their influence never warms;
Nor him, whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms."

Mr. Bucke takes a more favourable view of Akenside than Mr. Pettigrew does, in his life of his friend, Dr. Lettsom. Lettsom was a pupil at St. Thomas's Hospital when the poet was the physician of that institution, and having been an ardent admirer of Akenside's great poem, the "Pleasures of the Imagination," he allowed his own fancy to picture some ideal object to his mind, and when he approached the real flesh and blood of the poet, Pettigrew observes, "Great was his disappointment." Dr. Akenside, according to Lettsom's biographer, was the most supercilious and unfeeling physician he (Lettsom) had ever known. If the poor affrighted patients did not return a direct answer to his queries, he would often instantly discharge them from the hospital. He evinced a particular disgust to females, and generally treated them with harshness. It was stated that this moroseness was occasioned by disappointment in love; but hapless must have been that female who was placed under his tyranny. Lettsom was inexpressibly shocked at an instance of Dr. Akenside's inhumanity, exercised towards a patient in Abraham's ward, to whom he had ordered bark in boluses; who, in consequence of not being able to swallow them, so irritated the poet, that he ordered the sister of the ward to discharge him from the hospital; adding, "he shall not die under my care." As the sister was removing him, in obedience to the doctor, the patient expired.

One leg of Dr. Akenside's was considerably shorter than the other, which was in some measure remedied by the aid of a false heel. He had a pale, strumous

countenance, but was always very neat and elegant in his dress. He wore a white wig, and carried a long sword. On one occasion his anger was excited to a very high pitch, by the answer which Mr. Baker, the surgeon, gave to a question the doctor put to him, respecting one of his sons, who was subject to epilepsy, which had somewhat impaired his understanding. "To what study do you propose to place him?" said Akenside to Baker. "I find," replied the surgeon, "I cannot make a surgeon of him, so I have sent him to Edinburgh to study for a physician's degree." Akenside turned round from Baker with impetuosity, and would not speak to him for a considerable time afterwards.*

Doctor John Armstrong, known as the author of the "The Art of Preserving Health," was born in Scotland, in the year, 1709. He was educated for the medical profession, and distinguished himself at the University of Edinburgh, both in the study of physic and literature. He never obtained any eminence as a physician. He wrote a humorous attack upon the empirics, entitled, "An Essay for abridging the Study of Physic, &c. &c." which gained him credit as a wit, but was one of the causes, it is said, of his being but little noticed as a physician. He also damaged his medical reputation by his poem, the "Economy of Love," which was full of licentiousness.

* Pettigrew's Life and Correspondence of Dr. Lettsom. Vol. I. p. 22.

Dr. Armstrong, though a man of morbid sensibility of mind, possessed an elevated understanding, and great goodness of heart, and was much beloved and respected by his intimate friends, among whom were Dr. Grainger, Sir John Pringle, and the poet Thompson. It is said that he assisted the author of the "Seasons," in the composition of his "Castle of Indolence;" the fine stanzas, descriptive of the diseases to which the votaries of indolence finally become martyrs, having been written by Armstrong. The tenth stanza in that poem is said to have contained a description of his character, which is so graphically drawn, that it should not be omitted.

"With him was sometimes joined, in silken walk,
(Profoundly silent—for they never spoke,)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To grove of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak,
There inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury woke;
He never uttered word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank Heaven the day is done!"

A large portion of his time was spent at Slaughter's Coffee-house, in St. Martin's-lane, where he usually took his meals, and where messages to him were ordinarily directed to be addressed. He died in 1799, leaving, to the surprise of all his friends, about £3000.

His poem on the "Art of Health" is full of charm-

ing descriptions and beautiful imagery. It will be a lasting monument of his medical skill and poetical genius. Dr. Wharton observes "There is a classical correctness and closeness of style in this poem, that are truly admirable; and the subject is raised and adorned by numberless poetical images."

In Dr. Armstrong's last work, entitled "Medical Essays," he alludes to his having failed to establish himself in practice as a physician. As this work is not easily accessible, we extract the passage to which we refer. "I do not send out these little essays by way of a quack's bill—upon honour I do not: for I have not the least inclination to extend my practice beyond the circle of a few friends and acquaintances; amongst whom I commonly find sufficient employment to secure me from the melancholy langour of idleness, and the remorse that in some minds must naturally haunt a life of dissipation. Though I could neither tell a heap of lies in my own praise wherever I went; nor intrigue with nurses; nor associate, much less assimilate, with the various kinds of pert, insipid, lively, stupid, well-bred, impertinent, good-humoured, malicious, obliging, deceitful, drivelling gossips; nor enter into *juntos* with people I did not like; it will appear a mighty boast to any one but moderately acquainted with this town to say, that I might have done *great things* in physic. Most certainly I could. But my ambition, a great many years ago, received a fatal check from a ticklish state of spirits, that made me afraid of a business, in which I found myself exposed to much anxiety, and a crowd

of teazing, uncomfortable, mortifying circumstances; to be encountered at all hours, and in every kind of weather. But for that distempered excess of sensibility, I might have been as much reverenced as any *quack*, notwithstanding I was so imprudent as to publish a system of what everybody allows to be sound physic; only, indeed—*it was in verse*. However, it is well that some particular people never reckoned me the worse physician for all that; and as it became the fashion to praise one's self, though I do not say that *none of my patients die*, I have some reason to believe, that in proportion to numbers, whether for skill or good luck, not many physicians have been more successful in the management of dangerous and difficult cases; most probably, indeed, from good luck; and yet I have never been remarkable for it in any thing else. In the mean time I have heard that my character, as a physician, has been ungenerously nibbled at by people of my own profession; which I understand has had its intended effect upon some gentry, who it seems are too shallow in a knowledge of human nature, of mankind, and even of the world, to have observed that people of the same business are *sometimes* not very fond of each other; and that to be an object of detraction, in such cases, is no sign of inferior abilities. However, to comfort and support myself under the dark hints of such illiberal enemies, it is natural for me to recollect, that there are still some gentlemen of the faculty who have candour and generosity enough among themselves to give me all reasonable credit, even as a physician.

But the lies of malice are more listened to, and circulate much faster, than the fair reports of good-nature.

"So much for my history as a physician. As an author too, my fate has been somewhat particular. My having written a poem upon a subject, reckoned of no inconsiderable consequence to the health of mankind was, as some say, sufficient alone, in this age and meridian, to have ruined me as a physician. At the same time, from the treachery of one bookseller after another, it is true enough what one of my friends guessed not long ago—that though my works, as he called them, had sold greatly, I do not believe they have altogether brought me near so much as has often been made by one play that deserved to have been damned."

Doctor Walcot, the far-famed "Peter Pindar," was the son of a medical practitioner. His father practised as a surgeon-apothecary in a small town near Kingsbridge, in Devonshire. Walcot was apprenticed to a Mr. Stephens, of Fowey, who had married his sister. During his apprenticeship, his flute and his muse were of more consequence to him than the pestle and mortar; and his love of amusement and society made him indifferent, if not careless, to the duties of his profession—whilst his quickness and his talent gave him a knowledge of it, which labour and application might have struggled for in vain.

"As my uncle," he says, "was always averse to

my shining, I used to steal away to an old ruined tower, situated on a rock close by the sea, where many an early and late hour was devoted to the muses."

When Sir William Trelawny went out as governor of Jamaica, Mr. Walcot accompanied him as his medical attendant. Previously to his leaving the country he obtained from a Scotch university his degree of M.D. He was afterwards persuaded to enter the church, in consequence of his patron having a living in his gift. His talent for satire soon made Jamaica too hot for him, and induced the governor to regret the responsibility he had taken upon himself. He frequently related a story of his own surprise at preaching to a congregation which consisted of a cow, a jackass, an old soldier, and two negroes. "I wondered," said the doctor, "how so many came to hear me, but I looked out and saw it rained." During his residence in the West Indies he had a very narrow escape. He was seized with the dreadful malady of the country, and had given up all hopes of recovery as his attendants had done. His nurse was asleep on her couch, and he was lying in that torpid state which is generally considered a fatal symptom, when he was roused from his lethargy by two negroes, who *sans ceremonie*, began to place him in a straight position. The doctor inquired, as well as he could do, what they wanted, and how they dare to disturb him? The fellows begged pardon, and with an unmeaning grin, replied, "Only to measure you for your coffin, massa." The doctor was so enraged,

that passion literally gave a turn to his disorder. When he recovered he determined, to use his own words, "to play the devil a trick, and if he despatched any more of his emissaries for him, not to be found in the same place." He consequently returned to England with Lady Trelawny. After meeting with many disappointments in love, he settled at Truro-green. In this opulent neighbourhood, the practice of his profession would in a few years have secured him an ample fortune, but for his mischievous talents, which made persons, however highly they thought of his abilities, reject him from their houses. His muse was never at rest whilst his neighbours could be annoyed. One of the objects of his ridicule was a young man of considerable fortune, and a son of one of the magistrates; he possessed some eccentricities, which the doctor did not fail to make the most of. We quote a few lines from the satire alluded to:—

"Zounds! 'twould disgrace my very pen,
To place thee on a rank with men—
A creature that's by all confessed
An ourang-outang at the best.
Observe his dress—was such e'er seen?
A swine that wallows is more clean:
Six days at least, he's worn his shirt;
His stockings are bedaubed with dirt:
A rusty hat serves to contain
A skull quite destitute of brain.
Yet some will say—the lad has merit,
And though he's dirty wants not spirit:
I know he does his best endeavour
To make folks think him mighty clever."

One of the members for Truro at that time was a Mr. Rosewarne, a worthy man, benevolent to the poor, but rather pompous in his manner and style of living. Walcot satirized the weak parts of his character; and some say that he was the cause of his death.

Mr. Rosewarne was at the head of the corporation, and the son of a man who had kept a little public-house in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Walcot called him *King Rosewarne*, and was continually writing satires respecting him. This led to a quarrel with the corporation; and at one of their meetings he thought proper to lampoon them all. The following lines formed part of the satire, and were levelled at Mr. Rosewarne:—

"Up rose King Rosewarne in a huff,
Big as bull beef, as Ajax bluff—
Sneezes to clear his idea-pot,
And coughs the cobwebs from his throat."

* * * * * * *

A very respectable surgeon of Truro was at that time mayor; and the lines Peter applied to him were attended with rather more serious consequences.

"A bull-faced fellow with the itch,
Came to my house to cure a stitch:"
&c. &c. &c.

He was prosecuted for these verses, and had to pay £200 for libel. This circumstance induced him to

leave Truro, and bend his steps towards the metropolis.

Dr. Walcot was the means of bringing the celebrated painter, Opie, into notice. He was walking one day through a little village, called Perram, when the rain compelled him to seek shelter in a cottage, whose walls were covered with portraits of an old woman, and the doctor immediately recognized the original in the features of his hostess. He felt a curiosity to know who the *artist* was, for even in these rough sketches there was enough talent displayed to interest him. The good woman informed him it was her son, who was always smearing the walls with a smoked stick; but she assured his honour she intended to have the place white-washed and cleaned before Christmas. He expressed a desire to see the boy; and desired her to send him the next morning to his house. John Opie, who had never before entered any mansion superior to a fisherman's hut, was struck with astonishment at the fine paintings with which the doctor's house was decorated; and his attention was so entirely occupied by them, that he seemed to have no curiosity to know why he had been sent for. Dr. Walcot, however, gave him some materials for drawing, with instructions for their use. He watched and directed his improvement, which was rapid, and the future F.R.A. soon began to caricature the faces of the principal inhabitants of Truro, at five shillings per head.

After this probation, he attempted a large painting; and his first essay was a portrait of his patron, in the

character of a druid. It was a very striking likeness, and was exhibited in a gallery at Truro. Walcot was very proud of it, and was in the habit of taking children to view it, that he might judge more faithfully of the correctness of the likeness. In this instance he once more carried the laugh against himself; for one of the youthful cognoscenti, in answer to a question of the doctor respecting the likeness of the portrait, and who it was, replied, "Why, a bear in a blanket, to be sure."

When he arrived in London, Walcot soon made himself notorious, in consequence of his attack upon eminent persons. The king having discovered upon his plate a certain disgusting insect, led to the composition of our author's "Lousiad," in which he ridiculed that event with inimitable drollery. It is said that there was some intention of prosecuting him for this effusion, but the fear of further satire prevented government from resorting to actual proceedings.

"The story of the insect," says Walcot, "is a fact: it was a ——; but whether a garden or body —— was never ascertained. I had this from the cooks, themselves, with whom I dined several times at Buckingham House and Windsor, immediately after the event took place." It was agitated in the privy council, whether Walcot ought to be prosecuted for his poem; but—"are you sure of a verdict?" said the Lord Chancellor, Thurlow, "if not, we shall look like a parcel of fools."

Like most men of genius, he fully appreciated his

own talents, and was extremely tenacious of his consequence. Being invited by a late Irish earl to dine with him, in Stratford-place, when presented to the countess, she received him with a slight bow of acknowledgment, and at dinner seemed completely to overlook him. The doctor did not like it, neither did the earl. During the dinner the countess remarked that she had never known but one *Irish gentleman*, and that was her brother, Cavendish Bradshaw, who had established his claim to the distinction, by carrying off the deluded Lady Westmeath from the protection of an affectionate husband, and a family of twelve children. Some person present inquired if she recollected that Lord M———t N———s was an Irishman?" "Yes, but who ever mistook him for a gentleman?" "His lordship, madam," said the doctor, "I presume, loses his claim to the title, because he has never been able to make your ladyship a *gentlewoman!*"

Walcot was inveterate against the countess; he observed to a friend the next day, "that the man who was married to such a woman, was d——d before he was dead. And if she could but peep into a certain place, all the devils would take fright, and leave her the sole possession of it!"

His writings were very productive. Those who condemned his satire purchased his works to laugh at his wit. An old acquaintance once remarked, when the doctor offered him his hand, that he hardly knew how to take it, he felt so angry with him for abusing the king. "Pooh! pooh!" said Peter, "I bear no

ill-will to his majesty—God bless him! I believe him to be a very good man, but I must write upon characters that the world are interested in reading about. I would abuse you, but I should get nothing by it."

Walcot always declared that the booksellers had been cheating him publicly for years, and that at last he got the best side of them by stratagem. He had offered to sell the copyright of all his works for a life-annuity. The negociation took place in the month of November, and the doctor always appointed the evening for the time of meeting the booksellers. He had an habitual cough, and walking out in the evening fog increased it. When he arrived at the place of his destination he could never speak until he had taken a full glass of brandy, and then remarked, "that it made little difference what the annuity was, as it would soon be all over with him." They were of the same opinion. The bargain was made, "and," continued Peter, "after I mixed water with my brandy, the spring came on, and I lost my cough." This always pleased him to the end of his very lengthened life; and after he had signed the very last receipt, he observed, "he was sure they had wished him at the devil long ago, and he should have done the same had he been in their place."

It has been said that he was actually pensioned by government to purchase his silence; but it does not appear that any sum was ever paid to him. As to the imputed pension, he himself says, "the fact is this;—application was made to me by the friends of the government, that if I would employ my pen in

their favour, they would remunerate me with a pension. My reply was in a jocular strain 'that as for varnishing knaves, I never could consent to it; I had no whitewash for devils; but if they would give me £300 or £400 per annum to be mute, I might accede. This I said without the most distant idea of the proposal being accepted; however, they did accept it; a half-year elapsed when it was intimated to me that something was expected from me in favour of the administration. My reply was, that they had infamously violated the agreement; and that sooner than write for a set of men I despised, it should be void from that moment; and I pronounced it void:' adding, with some acrimony, 'that rascality might think itself happy in passing without notice.'"

Dr. Walcot neither possessed ability, nor attained to eminence as a physician: it was his own observation, "that he disliked the practice of it as an art, and confessed himself entirely ignorant whether the patient was cured by the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or the administration of a pill." He considered the joints as blocks, the nerves as ropes, and the whole system as a ship full rigged: in fine weather all was lax, loose, and agreeable; in wet, every thing being tight and uncomfortable, disease was superinduced.

One day, when dining with a celebrated bookseller, the host left the room, when some one proposed his health; "No," said Dr. Walcot, rising, and at the same time brandishing a bottle of red port in his hand; "No; let us drink a bumper to our own: for this is author's blood!"

The following is, we suppose, a similar version of the same story. Having called upon a bookseller in Paternoster-row, to inquire after his own works, he was asked to take a glass of wine. Dr. Walcot consented to accept of a little negus, as an innocent morning beverage; when instantly was presented to him a cocoa-nut goblet, with the face of a man carved on it. "Eh! eh!" says the Doctor, "what have we here?" "A man's skull," replied the bookseller; "a poet's, for what I know." "Nothing more likely," rejoined the facetious doctor, "for it is universally known that *all* booksellers drink their wine from *our* skulls!"

The celebrated vocalist, Mrs. Billington, was one of his most intimate friends. He was invited one day to take tea with her. Peter was punctual; the tea was served; and to the astonishment of the doctor, the sugar was brought on table in a brown paper bag. "What the devil is all this, Mother Billington?" "Every thing is at the pawnbroker's," was the reply, "and the silver sugar-dish is sent to get the tea!"

The last eight years of his life he passed in very comfortable circumstances in Montgomery's gardens, Somers Town, and never went out more than twice during that time. Finding his eyes entirely fail him, at the age of 82 he submitted to the operation of couching, which was performed by Sir William Adams, vainly hoping that medical skill could repair or restore worn-out nature. He began to think he was wrong when he had suffered the veil to be drawn from one eye. "A rush-light," he said, "was better than no candle."

When the famous Polish general, Koscuisco, arrived in London from his confinement in Russia, weak, and full of wounds, he sent a polite note to the doctor, apologizing for his inability to wait upon him, and requesting the favour of his company in Leicester Square. The doctor, in consequence, paid him a visit. After the ceremony of meeting, the general began thus:—"You will excuse the liberty I have taken in desiring your acquaintance and friendship, as it was from your works only I derived pleasure amidst the gloom of imprisonment. Indeed, your muse enlivened my solitude, and induced a wish to see the poet that had softened my exile, and made me at times forget my misfortunes."

Dr. Walcot died on the 14th of February, 1819.

Sir Richard Blackmore was physician to King William III. and Queen Anne. He is represented to have been originally a schoolmaster. This circumstance, although not dishonourable to him, was often urged as a kind of reproach. In a satirical poem, published after Blackmore had graduated in physic at Padua, allusion is made to his former occupation—

"By nature form'd, by want a pedant made,
Blackmore at first set up the whipping trade;
Next quack commenced; then fierce with pride he swore,
That tooth-ache, gout, and corns, should be no more.
In vain his drugs, as well as birch he tried;
His boys grew blockheads, and his patients died."

Sir Richard Blackmore was the author of a variety of pieces, both in prose and verse: although, perhaps, the generality of his productions are but little read, yet they seem to have had many admirers in his own time; for the third edition of his Prince Arthur, an heroic poem in 10 books, was published in folio, in 1696. The following year he also published a poem of the same name, in 12 books. Blackmore appears to have been naturally of a very serious turn, and, therefore, took great offence at the licentious and immoral tendency of many of the productions of his contemporary authors. To pass a censure upon these was the design of his poem, intitled "A Satire upon Wit," which was first published in the year 1700. But this piece was attacked and ridiculed by many different writers, and there seemed to be a kind of confederacy of the wits against him.

Blackmore lived in Cheapside, and he was termed by his enemies the *Cheapside Knight*, the *City Bard.* Dryden took every opportunity of ridiculing the physician. He said he wrote to the rumbling of his own chariot wheels. Pope also levelled his wit against Blackmore: the following lines are in the "Dunciad:"

"But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain,
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
In Tot'nham Fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
'Long Chanc'ry Lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl;

All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long!"

Notwithstanding these attempts to injure him, Blackmore flourished as a physician, had a respectable share of practice, and was highly esteemed by some of the most learned men of his age.

Mr. Addison pronounces Blackmore's poem on the Creation, as "one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy, enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great strength of reason, amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination."

In a letter to his friend Mr. William Molyneux, Locke says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is an extraordinary person. In his poems there are some exquisite touches. The most profound speculation of Mr. Newton's philosophy is thus curiously touched upon in King Arthur, book ix. p. 243:—

"The constellations shine at his command,
"He formed their radiant orbs, and with his hand
"He weighed, and put them off with such a force,
"As might preserve an everlasting course."

"I doubt not," continues Locke, "but Sir Richard, in these lines, had a regard to the proportionment of the projective motion of the *vis centripeta* that keeps the planets in their continued courses." Sir Richard Blackmore was the author of more original poems, of

a considerable length, besides a variety of other works, than can well be conceived could have been composed by one man, during the longest period of human life. He was a chaste writer; he struggled in the cause of virtue, even in those times when vice had the countenance of the great, and when an almost universal degeneracy prevailed. He was not afraid to appear the advocate of virtue, in opposition to the highest authority; and no lustre of abilities in his opponents could deter him from stripping vice of those gaudy colours, with which poets of the first eminence had clothed her. Sir Richard had very exalted notions of morality. Upon being asked what he considered was necessary to ensure to a medical man success, he answered "that he must, first, have a thorough knowledge of the profession; and, secondly, be a good Christian." It used to be a favourite observation of his, "that no immoral man really succeeded in any department or business of life: he may appear to be doing well, but it is not the case."

Sir Richard died on the 8th of October, 1729, at an advanced age; manifesting in his last illness the same fervent piety, which had distinguished him through life.

Among the medical poets we must not forget to mention the celebrated ALBERT HALLER, whose "Poem on the Alps," has placed his name high among the votaries of the German muse. Haller was considered the first who gave sublimity, richness, and

harmony to the poetical language of Germany; and twenty-two editions of his poems in the original, with the translations into other languages, sufficiently attest the general applause with which they were received.

Young Haller in very early infancy manifested a remarkable genius and activity of mind. Born of a family which had been always distinguished for piety, he was accustomed, when only four years old, to make short exhortations to the domestics on texts of Scripture, at the usual family prayers. When nine years old he had composed, for his own use, a Chaldaic grammar, a Hebrew and Greek lexicon, and also an historical dictionary, containing more than two thousand articles extracted from those of Moreri and Bayle.

At an early age Haller was placed under the tuition of a preceptor, whose behaviour to his pupil was stern and severe. This rigorous and pedantic education might have nipped Haller's genius in the bud, and would have given another child a disgust to study, but it only inspired Haller with a desire of revenging himself. At the age of ten he wrote a satire against his preceptor, who had been selected for his office on account of his sufferings in the cause of religion. He remained with this tutor until he was thirteen years of age, when his father died. The family was left in narrow circumstances, the tutor was dismissed, and young Haller was sent to a boarding school. One of his comrades, whose father was a physician at Bienne, invited Haller to accompany him home for the holidays. Here he was surrounded with books of anatomy,

and acquired from them that physiological taste, which gave the master-direction to his future pursuits. It was not, however, without some struggle that the love of verse yielded that ascendancy; and on one occasion, upon an alarm of fire being given, the young stranger was seen hurrying out of the house with a load of manuscript poetry, as the most precious thing he had to save. The pieces in this collection were mostly of the same description as the satire on his preceptor; and it is recorded to his honour that about a year afterwards, when his judgment became more matured, he felt so sensibly how unamiable it was in a boy to exercise his ingenuity in exposing the faults and follies of men, that he voluntarily committed to the flames the whole of that collection which he had shortly before been so anxious to preserve from the fiery element.

On entering on the study of medicine, Haller renounced wine for ever, that he might be certain to avoid the abuse of it; and in order to guard more infallibly against seduction, he thought himself obliged to observe a rigorous severity in his manners. He began his studies at Leyden, where he found an anatomical theatre well supplied with subjects, cabinets of natural history, a very extensive library, and every thing that could encourage and invite to study.

There he found himself in company with the illustrious Boerhaave, Albinus, and Ruysch, and took his degree, the thesis for which was on the salivary duct, in which he displayed the knowledge he had acquired in anatomy, and proclaimed himself an observer

capable of enriching that science with many important inventions.

In 1727 he visited England, and was introduced to Sir Hans Sloane, who was at that time forming his collection of natural curiosities; and had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Plumtree, Cheselden, and Douglas, men distinguished throughout Europe for their professional and scientific abilities. From England he went to France, where he was in danger of prosecution for obtaining dead bodies. He then went to Basle, and commenced the study of botany, stimulated by the example of the celebrated Bauhine and Stahalin. It was at this place that he laid the plan of his celebrated work, "*Enumeratio Methodica Stirpium Helvetiæ Indigenarum.*"

In 1730 he returned to his own country. He now became a poet a second time. His poems contained descriptions of nature, not such as the poets have so frequently and uniformly painted—such as were formerly described by Homer, and imitated by his successors—but nature in the dress in which he had himself observed her, when climbing up the rocks, and traversing the eternal ice of the Alps, he had endeavoured to discover her secret operations; poems in which he investigated the depths of the most abstract and difficult questions in mathematics and morals; epistles in which he paints the sweets of friendship and pastoral life; the pleasure attending on simplicity of manners; the soft and tranquil charms of virtue, and the happiness ensuing from the sacrifices which the more strong and austere virtues demand of us. Such are the poems of

Haller. The literary world heard with surprise, that the author of these delightful and amiable poems was a physician, who passed his life in the midst of dissections, employed searching out the most secret sources of organization and life. But the charms of poetry were not sufficiently alluring to detach Haller from more severe and useful studies. He only cultivated the muses in his solitary walks, in those hours of the night when sleep forsook him, and during those retreats from study which his state of health sometimes forced him to make. At such seasons, his active disposition impelled him to subject those grand, pleasing, and affecting ideas, which arose in his mind, to the laws of metre, and the trammels of rhyme. His immense labours in anatomy, the attentive observations which different diseases require, the necessary and subsequent reflections, together with consultation on a great variety of cases, employed a large share of his time.

In 1736 he made botanical excursions, ascended the mountains of Jura and the Alps, and descended to the marshes of Switzerland. The studies of mineralogy and zoology were equally suject to his comprehension. The republic of Berne established for him an amphitheatre, where he taught anatomy.

Soon afterwards he was invited by George II. to promote the university of Gottingen ; and there was established for him an anatomical, botanical, and surgical professorship. This he accepted, accompanied by a young wife, whose personal qualities had captivated his heart, who had born him children, and who, by the sweet-

ness of manners with which she had adopted his taste and pursuits, formed the happiness of his life. But this undertaking proved fatal to his dear Mariamne, who died in consequence of an accident which befel her on the journey.

The regency of Hanover gave him every proof of their esteem for his talents; and it was then that he established that fame of Gottingen, so justly to this day celebrated all over the world. He was so truly original in physiology, that he might be fairly said to have been the parent of it. To this end he investigated the study on exact anatomy of man and other animals. Nor was it until 30 years of hard labour, that Haller thought himself justified in publishing his discoveries, which produced an era in anatomy and physiology.

A review of new publications was undertaken by him, in the whole circle of medical science, in natural history, physics, chemistry, metallurgy, and œconomics. He undertook the review of the different articles, besides histories, voyages, and descriptions of climates and soils. By the influence he had with the princes of the empire, he formed the undertaking of Mylius to travel through America.

Haller furnished the supplement of the Encyclopædia with articles on the subjects of anatomy, medicine, and physiology. He was offered by George II. the chancellorship of the university of Gottingen, which he refused, as the sovereign council of Berne were desirous of retaining him, and settled a pension on him. Afterwards Lord Marshal Keith, in the name of the King of Prussia, offered him the chancellorship of the

university of Halle, vacant by the death of the celebrated Wolf. The King of Sweden sent him the order of the Polar Star:—in fact, all the sovereigns and learned societies vied with each other in evincing their regard for the great physiologist.

Haller's health had been declining for some time; and when he perceived the approach of death, he confided firmly in that God whom he had faithfully served, and prepared himself to render to him an account of a life which had been spent in the study of nature, and in doing good to his fellow-creatures.

Haller desired his friend and physician, M. Rosselet, not to conceal from him his true situation; and this gentleman ventured to tell him, that the autumn of 1777 would probably be the period of his existence. Haller exhibited no signs of fear at the information, continued his usual modes of life, and in his last moments employed himself in marking the decay of his organs. He felt his pulse from time to time: "My friend," said he to M. Rosselet, with great tranquillity, "the artery no longer beats," (placing his finger on the pulse;) and immediately expired. This melancholy event took place at the age of 69, on the 12th of December, 1777.

Few learned men have been born with so active a disposition, and few have lost so little time as Haller. His life was spent in his library, surrounded by his pupils, by his friends, by his fellow-citizens, his children, and his wife, whom he had inspired with a taste for the sciences, and who all were employed, under his inspection, either in making extracts from

books, or obtaining plants and animals. Such was his activity, that once when he had broken his right arm, the surgeon, when visiting him the next morning, was surprised to find him writing, with sufficient facility, with his left hand. In fact, the whole of his life was, in the strictest sense, one continued sacrifice of his pleasure and health to his love of science.

Haller's library consisted of 13,512 volumes, on anatomy, surgery, practice of physic, botany, and natural history; and about 150 manuscripts, mostly written in his own hand. These were offered to a London bookseller, a number of whom agreed to unite in treating for them; but before they had taken any farther measures, the whole were purchased by the Emperor of Germany.

CHAPTER V.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND SKETCHES OF MEDICAL QUACKERY.

An apt illustration—Madame de Sevigné's definition of Quackery—The love of the mysterious—A decoction of flint stones—Attested cures—Opinion of Sterne—Mr. Pott—Faith in the Physician—The vulnary powder—Anecdotes of the famous mountebank Dr. Bossy—Ignorance and impudence of bone-setters—Mrs. Mapp—Homœopathy—The Parisian Quack—Mantaccini—Count Cagliostro—The college prosecution of Brodum—Suggestions for the prevention of Quackery.

"If physic be a trade," it is observed, (the speculation is put hypothetically,) "it is *the* trade of all others, the most exactly cut out for a rogue." There is the absence of all restraint; and the only security for the doctor's ability and fair dealing, is often what is wafted to the public in the gossip-tale of some retainer in his interest.

A transaction which a person had with his watch-maker affords an apt illustration of the principles of charlatanism. His watch having stopped, he took it

to a mechanic in order to ascertain the nature of the defect, and to have it rectified. The watchmaker armed his eyes with a microscope, and, after exhausting his customer's patience, for a considerable time being, as he thought, very sapiently occupied in examining the machinery to discover the disorder, observed that he could do no good to the watch without taking it all to pieces. It was carried to another, who, a good deal to the surprise of the owner, discovered, and honestly told him, that he *had only forgotten to wind it up!*

It is almost miraculous what a little learning can effect in setting off the attractions of that art (quackery), which *Madame de Sevigné* so comprehensively defines in one sentence, as an affair of "*pompeux galamatias, specieux babil, des mots pour des raisons, et des promesses pour des effets.*"

The late Dr. Parr, of Exeter, defined the word, quack, to be applicable to every practitioner, who, by pompous pretences, mean insinuations, and indirect promises, endeavours to obtain that confidence, to which neither education, merit, nor experience entitle him.

There has always existed, in the human mind, an innate love of the mysterious; and mankind have, ever since the creation of the world, delighted in deception, thinking with the poet, that,

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

A visit to a quack produces a pleasurable excite-

ment. There is something piquant in the disdain for prudence with which we deliver ourselves up to that illegitimate sportsman of human lives, who kills us without a qualification. There is a delicious titillation in a large demand upon our credulity; we like to expect miracles in our own proper person, and we go to the illiterate practitioner of medicine, for the same reasons which induced our poor ancestors to go to wizards.

How true it is that—

> "First man creates, and then he fears the elf;
> Thus others cheat him not, but *he himself;*
> He loathes the substance, and he loves the show;
> You'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so;
> He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
> *And still the only pleasure's the deceit.*"

Walpole says that acute and sensible people are often the most easily deceived by quacks. A deceit, of which it may be said—"It is impossible for any one to dare it," always succeeds.

If the imposture required any ingenuity to detect it there might be some hope for mankind; but it actually lies concealed in its *very obviousness*. At the same time it must be owned, that, in some cases, no little degree of firmness is required to resist the importunity with which a nostrum is recommended. "I seriously declare," says Sir A. B. Faulkner,* that I

* Visit to Paris.

was myself pressed with no little earnestness, by a person not otherwise above par in credulity, trying to persuade me of the infallible powers—of what?—Ye shades of Hippocrates and Æsculapius—what?—actually and seriously, a decoction of flint stones!!! The prescription was grave and methodical. The flints were to be boiled, and the supernatant liquor poured off for use. The lady who advised this precious physic, would do so on the best authority; and not of one, but of many persons of her acquaintance, upon whose word she could place the most implicit reliance."

The charm is in the *mystery*, in all these cases. "*Minus credunt quæ ad suam salutem pertinent, si intelligunt,*" says Pliny. Credulity is indigenous in no particular climate. "In Chili," says Zimmerman, "the physicians blow around the beds of their patients, to drive away diseases; and, as the people in that country believe that physic consists wholly in their wind, their doctors would take it very ill of any person who should attempt to make the method of cure more difficult." They think they know enough when they know how to blow; which, translated into common language, means "raising the wind."

Lord Bacon says, "That the impostor frequently triumphs at the bed-side of the sick, when true merit is affronted and dishonoured; the people have always considered a quack, or an old woman, as the rivals of true physicians. Hence it is that every physician, who has not greatness of soul enough not to forget himself, feels no difficulty in saying with Solomon,

'*if it is with me as with the madman, why should I wish to appear wiser than he is.*'"

"The world is generally averse
To all the truths it sees and hears;
But swallows nonsense and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony."

BUTLER.

The distinguished features of empyricism are large promises, stout lies, and affected sanctity.

Addison tells us of a Parisian quack, who had a boy walking before him, publishing, with a shrill voice, "My father cures all sorts of distempers." To which the quack doctor added, in a grave manner, "The child speaks truly."

The pretended piety of quacks is very effective. All their bills and books attest a variety of cures, done partly by their medicine, and partly by the blessing of God. This is very emphatical and effective, when cant is mistaken for true religion. A story is told of a man who, although he was never ill in his life, was cured of every disease incident to human nature, and swore to it also. In fact, his life was a life of continued swearing and disease.

The late Lord Gardestone, himself a valetudinarian, took the pains to inquire for those persons who had actually attested marvellous cures, and found more than two-thirds of the number died very shortly *after they had been cured.*

Horace Walpole gives us several amusing instances of distinguished victims to quackery. "Sir Robert,"

says he, "was killed by a lithontriptic medicine; Lord Bolingbroke by a man who pretended to cure him of a cancer in the face; and Winnington died soon after by the ignorance of a quack, who physicked and bled him to death in a few days, for a slight rheumatism."

The sentimental Yorick, in speaking of murder, makes the following observations:—"There is another species of this crime, which is seldom taken notice of, and yet can be reduced to no other class—and that is, where the life of our neighbour is shortened, and often taken away, as directly as by a weapon, by the empirical sale of nostrums and quack medicines—which ignorance and avarice blend. The loud tongue of ignorance impudently promises much,—and the ear of the sick is open. And, as many of these pretenders deal in edge tools, too many, I fear, perish with the misapplication of them. So great are the difficulties of tracing out the hidden causes of the evils to which this frame of ours is subject,—that the most candid of the profession have ever allowed and lamented how unavoidable they are in the dark. So that the best medicines, administered with the wisest heads, shall often do the mischief they are intended to prevent. These are misfortunes to which we are subject in this state of darkness;—but, when men without skill,—without education,—without knowledge, either of the distemper, or even of what they sell—make merchandise of the miserable—and, from a dishonest principle, trifle with the pains of the unfortunate, too often with their lives—and from the mere motive of a dishonest gain,—every such instance

of a person bereft of life by the hand of ignorance, can be considered in no other light than a branch of the same root. It is murder in the true sense;—which, though not cognizable by the laws,—by the laws of right, to every man's own mind and conscience, must appear equally black and detestable."

"Within a very short period," says a retailer of medical gossip, "flourished, in the Isle of Wight, a man who was formerly mate of a ship. This fellow began his career at Lymington; and, happily for the inhabitants of Cowes, continued it there: I say, happily, for the credulous came to him in droves, and all the lodgings in the town were occupied. He was a blessing to the owners of boats and packets, and the public-houses there. This wonderful man pretended to cure the sick, the lame, the halt, and the blind. The applications were so many, that he formed a committee; by whom the patients were to be introduced twelve per diem. It must be confessed that his mode of healing the lame and the palsied was ingenious. He broke their crutches and hung them up in his hall of audience, as trophies of his skill! Some of the patients were cured by being frightened. At length the bubble burst; people were obliged to buy new crutches: others dying, had no necessity for such purchase; and the rest had their excursion for nothing.

People apply to quacks, for two reasons: firstly, because health is offered to them at a cheap rate; and secondly, like drowning men, when honest practitioners give no hope, they catch at every twig. Thus, the love

of life on the one hand, and the love of gain on the other, create a tolerable good correspondence between the quack and the public.

"The desire of health and ease," says the illustrious Mr. Pott, "like that of money, seems to put all understandings on a level. The avaricious are duped by every bubble, the lame and unhealthy by every quack. Each party resigns his understanding, swallows greedily, and, for a time, believes implicitly, the most groundless, ill-founded, and delusory promises; and nothing but loss or disappointment ever produces conviction."

That quacks sometimes succeed, when the regular medical men fails, we have no hesitation in admitting. An honest practitioner will not hold out to a patient, sinking under the influence of a mortal malady, delusive hopes of recovery; but the unprincipled charlatan says, "I can cure you—you *shall* be cured—your disease is not mortal, put faith in *me*, and I will put your ailments to flight."

Unless the patient has *faith* in his physician, but little good can be effected. This is often the secret of success. An indigestion, which has defied a Dr. Paris, or a Dr. W. Philip, has vanished before an homœopathic dose, administered by a Quin whose maxim, of taking *as little* physic as possible, is so agreeable to the generality of tastes. It is recorded, that a patient who had been pronounced incurable by the faculty, as a *dernier resort*, surrendered himself into the hands of a quack, whose promises were large and gratifying. The invalid was told that he must

not, however, expect any change to take place in his malady, until the expiration of six months. A friend who saw the daily fee, and daily deceit, kindly expostulated with the sick man. "For God's sake!" he exclaimed, "destroy not the hopes which that man holds out to me; upon them I live, without them I die." Thus,

> "From stratagem to to stratagem we run,
> And he knows most, who latest is undone."

It is a singular thing in history, that neither thought nor study, nor apprenticeship, nor preparation of any sort, is necessary to accomplish the perfect quack. He springs out at once from obscurity and ignorance; completely consummate. Like Pallas, when she jumped all armed from the brains of Jove, so is the quack. He is cased all over in native brass, from top to toe—armed in scale, like the serpent, and like him, he is not wanting in fangs. Other pursuits require patience, time, reading, and long practice, before the profession is allowed to act. The lawyer studies five years, the surgeon, the physician, the apothecary, the painter, and the sculptor, as many: the shoe-maker, the carpenter, the joiner, each has his long period of probation. But the quack has *none!* He is utterly ignorant of simples. The natures of the commonest herbs are unknown to him. He is ignorant of the alphabet of medicine. *Yet he thrives*; He runs laughing through *(and at)* the world.

"Ridet, Æternumque ridebit."

A celebrated quack was once visited by an old acquaintance, from the country. (They had been parish boys together, had tossed dumps into a hole together, and had cheated each other at marbles.) "*I'm glad to see thee'st got on so vinely Zam,*" said the rustic; "*but how is't, man? Thee know'st, thee never had no more brains nor a pumpkin.*" He was proceeding in this agreeable manner when the quack took him to the window, and bade him count the passers by. After the lapse of a minute or two, he inquired how many had passed: the tiller of land answered, "*nointy*—or mayhap, a *hundred.*" And how many wise men do you suppose were amongst this hundred?" said the other, "Mayhap, ONE," was the reply. "Well," returned the quack, "*all the rest are mine.*"

The story is, perhaps, somewhat musty, but it is a good story nevertheless, and comprehends a moral. When we disclaim against the iniquity of quacks, we should at the same time laugh to death the folly of those who seek them. *They* are the cause of quackery. *They* are as much answerable for the spreading of the vice, as the mother is, who feeds her favourite fool with stolen sweets, and wails over his misdeeds at the gallows. If the gaping blockhead, and vapouring coxcomb, did not loiter and swagger about the streets of London, with pockets crying to be picked, the picker would turn his hand to an useful trade. He would never require either the pump or the treadmill. The followers of quacks are the cause of quackery. They are the cause of all the atrocious

homicides that have ever been committed. One simpleton bears testimony to Mr. Quackall's virtues; another to his manners; a third attests his wonderful cures. Nothing was ever so sudden, so certain, or so marvellous! His 'vonderful vonders,' as Matthews justly called them, are the theme of the tea-table, and the gossip of the nursery.

The witnesses are not to be withstood. One blows his penny-trumpet, another winds his horn, a third cackles, a fourth brays, and the end is—what? Why, that another victim is added to the list, and the fame of the brute-deity extended! The proselytes of an idiot of this sort are its basest flatterers; but it must be owned, they are also efficient friends. They stick at nothing for his sake. Having, themselves taken his merits upon trust, they insist upon propagating them after the same fashion. They assure their friends that "*The universal antimorbous drops,*" have cured twenty thousand people in one year, all of them given over by regular physicians. They are sceptics of the faculty; but idolators of any empyric. They would faint with shame, were they forced to walk from Temple-Bar to Tyburn, with fools' caps on their heads; yet they swallow the most monstrous absurdities, without fear or shame. They are the jest of their companions, and the contempt of all the world besides; but for the sake of some brazen apostle, they submit and humble themselves to the dust. "Ay, tread on me! spit on me! despise me!" are the words of the illustrious Mawworm; "I likes it!" and so say they. "*They likes*

it!" Nevertheless, such likings or dislikings, is not the only thing to be heeded. It is no answer to the motherless child (who asks, "*Where is my mother?*") to say "we delivered her over to old Martin Van Butchell! We considered that he, having painted his poney, was fully qualified to doctor her; but, poor woman!—she died somehow, under his infallible method."*

An empyric says, to a person with a complaint in the organ of hearing, "Sir, you must apply blisters; I know from experience they will remove affections of the ears." If a second consults him, the same remedy is proposed; the same to a third, a fourth, and—for in fact he possesses but one remedy for all the varieties of the disease of this organ, though arising from the most opposite causes; in one, perhaps from some mechanical obstruction, as from hardened wax, and plugging up of the meatus; in another, from an inflammation of the membrane lining the ears; and in a fourth, from some affection of the portio mollis, or branch of the auditory nerve, that is spread over the windings of the cochlea.

"The great evil of quackery and secret remedies," says Sir G. Blane, "is the false confidence which is inspired to the exclusion of other and better remedies."†

A person labouring under an affection of the heart or lungs, is induced by some puffing advertisement to

* See an excellent article in Fraser's Magazine on Empyricism.

† Medical Logic.

try the wonderful efficacy of a particular pill. He does so, and finds himself no better: "Persevere," says Mr. Morrison, "you cannot expect any good to result until the 'Universal' has had a fair trial." The patient acts upon the quack's advice, and swallows the pills by thirties, and fifties, at a time, until he finds himself advancing, as the Irishman said, backwards; and it is not until the disease has obtained a firm grasp of his constitution, that he discovers he has been trifling with his very existence. Application is then made to the physician and surgeon; and a degree of astonishment is expressed when the patient is told that his disease is of a serious, perhaps, fatal character. Who has he to blame but himself? He placed his life in the hands of a man ignorant of the first elements of medicine, and swallows his nostrums, and then wonders at the result!

A knowledge of medicine is supposed by those who patronize quacks, to come by intuition. The boy who carries his master's medicine to the patients, no sooner is emancipated from the shop, than he commences business on his own account, thinking like the parish clerk, who announced his intention to go into orders, that "*it is the duty of every one to rise to the top in his profession!*"

"When I was a younker, I first was apprenticed
Unto a barber, so dapper and airy;
I next was a carpenter, then turned a dentist,
Then tailor, good L—d!—then an apothecary.

"But blunders will happen, in callings so various,
I fancy they happen to some who are prouder;
I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious,
A *terrible dose* of my best shaving powder."

So sings Dickey Gossip in the song; and it is a correct history of many a charlatan who has amassed a fortune.

The vulnary powder, and tincture of the Sulphur of Venus are said to have performed wonders, one of which Dr. Colebatch relates of a Mr. Pool, "who was run through the body with a sword, and lost four quarts of blood. The medicine being applied, the bleeding stopped; on the following day, he was 'gnawing ill-boiled mutton,' and drank a quart of ale; and in the course of five days, he returned to duty in the camp. A Mr. Cherry, also, serjeant of grenadiers, at the attack of the Castle of Namur, was wounded in twenty-six places, twenty-three with bullets, and three large cuts on the head with a sword. He lay forty-eight hours, stripped naked upon the beach, without a bit of bread, or a drop of drink, or anything done to his wounds; yet this man was cured by the vulnary powder and tincture alone, and never had any fever."*

* Mr. Matthews, the comedian, in his "Humours of a Country Fair," has hardly exaggerated, in describing a quack thus, sending acknowledgments from those cured by his specific: "Sir, I was cut in two in a saw-pit, and cured by one bottle." "Sir, By the bursting of a powder mill, I was blown into ten

Formerly the mountebank doctor was as constant a visitor of every market-place as the pedlar with his pack. Almost all old customs, however, have ceased in our time, and these itinerants are now rarely seen. The travelling doctor, with his zany, I believe, is now no where to be seen in Great Britain; and the mountebank himself is become almost an obsolete character. Dr. Bossy was the last who exhibited in the metropolis, and his public services ceased about fifty years ago.

Every Thursday his stage was erected opposite the north-west colonnade of Covent-garden. The platform was about six feet from the ground, was covered, open in front, and was ascended by a broad step-ladder. On one side was a table, with a medicine chest, and surgical apparatus, displayed on a table with drawers. In the centre of the stage was an arm chair, in which the patient was seated; and before the doctor commenced his operations, he advanced, taking off his gold-laced cocked-hat, and, bowing right and left, began addressing the populace which crowded before his booth.

The following dialogue between Dr. Bossy and a patient, we give verbatim, as it will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of one of the customs of the last age: it should be premised that the doctor was a humourist.

thousand anatomies. The first bottle of your incomparable collected all the parts together—the second, restored life and animation—before a third was finished, I was in my usual state of health."

An aged woman was helped up the ladder, and seated in the chair; she had been deaf, nearly blind, and was also lame; indeed, she might have been said to have been visited with Mrs. Thrale's *three* warnings, and death would have walked in at her door, only Dr. Bossy blocked up the passage.

The doctor asked questions with an audible voice, and the patient responded—he usually repeating the response, in his Anglo-German dialect.

Doctor. Dis poora voman vot is—how old vosh you?

Old woman. I be almost eighty, sir; seventy-nine last lady-day, old style.

Doctor. Ah, tat is an incurable disease.

Patient. O dear, O dear! say not so—incurable! why, you have restored my sight—I can hear again—and I can walk without my crutches.

Doctor. (smiling) No, no, good vomans, old age is vot is incurable; but, by the blessing of Gote, I vill cure you of vot is ilshe. Dis poora voman vos lame, and deaf, and almost blind. How many hosipetals have you been in?

Patient. Three, sir; St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and St. George's.

Doctor. Vot, and you found no reliefs? vot, none—not at alls?

Patient. No, none at all, sir.

Doctor. And how many professioners have attended you?

Patient. Some twenty or thirty, sir.

Doctor. O mine Gote! Three sick hosipetals, and

dirty [thirty] doctors! I should vonder vot you have not enough to kill you twenty times. Dis poora vomans has become mine patient. Doctor Bossy gain all patients bronounced ingurables; pote wid de plessing of Brovidence, I shall make short work of it, and set you upon your legs again. Goode peoples, dis poora vomans vos teaf as a toor nails (holding up his watch to her ear, and striking the repeater). Can you hear dat pell?

Patient. Yes, sir.

Doctor. O den be thankful to Gote. Can you valk round this chair? (offering his arm.)

Patient. Yes, sir.

Doctor. Sit down, again, good vomans. Can you see?

Patient. Pretty so so, doctor.

Doctor. Vot can you see, good womans?

Patient. I can see the baker there (pointing to a mutton-pie man, with his board on his head).

Doctor. And vot else can you, good vomans?

Old woman. The poll-parrot there (pointing to Richardson's Hotel). "Lying old ——," screamed Richardson's poll-parrot. All the crowd shouted with laughter. Dr. Bossy waited until the laugh had subsided, and looking across the way, significantly shook his head at the parrot, and gravely exclaimed, laying his hand on his bosom, "'Tis no lie, you silly pird, 'tis all true as is de gospel."

Those who knew Covent-garden half a century ago, cannot have forgotten the famed Dr. Bossy. And there are those, too, yet living in Covent-garden

parish, who also recollect Richardson's grey parrot, second in fame only to Colonel O'Kelly's bird, which excelled all others upon record.

This Covent-garden mock-bird had picked up many familiar phrases, so liberally doled out at each other by the wrangling basket women, which were often, as on this occasion, so aptly coincidental, that the good folks who attended the market believed pretty poll to be endowed with reason.

The elder Edwin, of comic memory, who resided over the north-east piazza, used to relate many curious stories of this parrot. Among others, that one day, the nail on which her cage was hung in front of the house having suddenly given way, the cage fell upon the pavement from a considerable height. Several persons ran to the spot, expecting to find their old favourite dead, and their fears were confirmed, as the bird lay motionless; when suddenly rising, she exclaimed, "Broke my head, by ——!" Every one believed it to be so, when suddenly she climbed up with her beak and claw, and burst into a loud fit of laughter.

Every village, town, and hamlet in the country has its bone-setter. Country surgeons are supposed to be ignorant of the art of setting fractures and reducing dislocations. Why it should be so, it is difficult to say. A person meets with an accident, and applies to his surgeon for advice under the notion that some "little bone" is broken, or out of its proper situation. The surgeon, after examining the nature of the injury, declares that it is only a simple contusion or sprain,

and recommends some external application to the part. The patient does not find immediate relief, and being unable to walk, or use the injured part, he applies to the "bone-setter," who, after well scrutinizing the disabled limb, declares that a little bone is broken, and expresses his astonishment that the patient did not apply to him before.

We were once called in to attend a man in the country, who had been thrown from his horse and had injured his ancle. Upon examination it was discovered that no bone had been displaced or fractured, it was simply a severe bruise. There being considerable inflammation, leeches were applied, in conjunction with fomentations. The patient in a few days was considerably relieved, but still unable to put his foot to the ground. This inability continuing a few days longer, the patient and his friends got alarmed, and the foolish man was persuaded to send for the "bone-setter." We called to see the patient one afternoon, when to our surprise, we found our rival busily engaged in strapping the patient's leg. The patient cried, "Doctor, there was a bone broken in the ancle which you did not detect." "There was no such thing," we replied. "Yes," said the bone-setter, "there was, and I have now put it all right." We said, with considerable indignation, "it is a falsehood; and we defy you to describe the position, or even to tell the *name* of the bone which you declare to be broken. The bone-setter evidently appeared confused, but suddenly resuming his *non chalance*, replied, "Oh, that is a pretty question—that is my business—I am

not compelled to instruct you in the secrets of my profession—If I tell you you will be as wise as myself." The patient and his friends appeared perfectly satisfied with the quack's ready reply. Whatever may be the nature of the injury, the bone-setter is sure to declare that a bone is dislocated or fractured, and how are the poor dupes who apply for such advice to detect his ignorance?

Bone-setting is regarded by the country people as totally unconnected with surgical science, and as an affair on a level with farriery; as easily acquired, and, like a heritage, capable of being transmitted from father to son.

All of us remember to have heard of the celebrated Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter of Epsom. She was the daughter of a man named Wallis, a quack at Hindon, in Wiltshire, and sister to the celebrated "Polly Peachum," who married the Duke of Bolton. Upon some family quarrel, Sally Wallis left her professional parent, and wandered up and down the country in a miserable condition, calling herself "Crazy Sally," and pursuing in her perambulations a course which fairly justified the title.

Arriving at last at Epsom, she succeeded in humbugging the worthy bumbkins of that place, so decidedly, that a subscription was set on foot to keep her among them; but her fame extending to the metropolis, the dupes of London, a numerous class then as well as now, thought it no trouble to go ten miles to see the conjuror, till at length, she was

pleased to bless the afflicted London with her presence, and once a week drove to the Grecian Coffee-house in a coach and six with out-riders! It was in one of these journeys, passing through Kent-street, in the Borough, that being taken for a certain woman of quality from the Electorate in Germany, a great mob followed, and bestowed on her many bitter reproaches, till madame, perceiving some mistake, looked out of the window, and accosted them in this gentle manner, "D— your bloods, don't you know me? I am Mrs. Mapp, the *bone-setter!*" upon which announcement the crowd rent the air with loud huzzas.

That she was likely to express herself in these terms, seems very natural from her origin and history, but that she should be on visiting terms with decent people, and associate with persons of quality, is indeed extraordinary. Mr. Pott, who wrote with the pen of a master, has noticed this in no very gracious terms: "We all remember," says he, "that even the absurdities and impracticability of her own promises and engagements, were by no means equal to the expectations and credulity of those who ran after her; that is, of all ranks and degrees of people, from the lowest labourer or mechanic, up to those of the most exalted rank and station; several of whom not only did not hesitate to believe implicitly the most extravagant assertions of an ignorant, illiberal, drunken, female savage, but even solicited her company; at least, seemed to enjoy her society."

Mrs. Mapp succeeded those great quacks, Taylor and Ward, as related by the Grub-street laureate of the day, who sung :—

> " In physic as well as in fashion we find,
> The newest has always the run of mankind.
> Forgot is the bustle, 'bout Taylor and Ward;
> Now Mapp's all the cry, and her fame's on record.
> So what signifies learning or going to school,
> When a woman can do without reason or rule."

Every age has its peculiar delusion. It was Voltaire who said, alluding to the election for members of parliament, " that Englishmen went mad every seven years." Had he lived in the present day, and witnessed the infatuation exhibited for every startling medical humbug, he would have felt disposed to think that a certain portion of the nation had annual fits of mental derangement. No sooner does one species of quackery bud into existence, flourish, and retire to the tomb of all the capulets, than another starts into life and activity, exciting the admiration of all the old women and weak-minded men, ever ready to swallow the most incredulous and preposterous stories as if they were delighted in being imposed upon.

The most striking delusion or monomania of the present day is that of the *homœopathists*—the infinitesimal Doctors who believe in the virtues of the *millionth*, *billionth*, and *trillionth* part of a grain of magnesia and rhubarb, and predict the most wonderful cures to result from the exhibition of these unappreciable doses of medicine.

Doctor Quin, we understand, is amassing considerable wealth by his homœopathic practice; and yet, when ill himself, he places no faith in his own doctrine, but sends for his allopathic friend, Mr. Liston. This is one of the grossest delusions ever practised on the credulity of the public, and which men of honour and principle ought to shrink from, as one would do from the sting of an adder.

The principle upon which the system is founded is, to a certain extent, true, and we quarrel not with it, but we do with its general application. How easy it is for an unprincipled man, professing to practice the homœopathic doctrine, to deceive his patients, and to cure them on allopathic principles, leading them all the time to believe that he is doing the reverse. Who can tell that the powders which these quacks give, contain such minute doses of medicine? We have only their word for it, and are they to be trusted? An allopathic physician, when requested to prescribe for a patient, writes a prescription which any chemist understands and can prepare. He cannot deceive us; but how different is the conduct of those who profess to practice this new-fangled dogma. It is founded in imposition. Its very essence is deceit, and as such every honest man ought to repudiate it.

We have said more, however, on this subject than we intended. The bubble will soon burst, and then the public will wonder how they could be so easily deceived.

" The homœopathic system, sir, just suits me to a tittle,
It proves of physic, any how, you cannot take too little;

If it be good in all complaints to take a dose so small,
It surely must be better still to take *no dose at all.*"

This is sound logic and we recommend our homœopathic readers to lose no time in acting upon it.

Some time since a *soi disant* quack doctor sold water of the pool of Bethesda, which was to cure all complaints, if taken at the time when the angel visited the parent spring, on which occasion the doctor's bottled water manifested, he said, its sympathy with the fount, by being thrown into a state of perturbation. Hundreds of fools were induced to purchase the Bethesda-water, and watched for the commotion and the consequence, with the result to be expected. At last one, less patient than the rest, went to the quack, and complained that though he had kept his eye constantly on the water for a whole year, he had never yet discovered any thing like the signs of an angel in his bottle.

"That's extremely strange," exclaimed the doctor, "what sized bottle did you buy, sir?"

Patient. A half-guinea one, doctor."

Doctor. Oh, that accounts for it. The half-guinea bottles contain so small a quantity of the invaluable Bethesda-water, that the agitation is scarcely perceptible; but if you buy a five-guinea bottle, and watch it well, you will in due time, see the commotion quite plainly, sympathising with that of the pool when visited by the angel.

The patient bought the five-guinea bottle as

advised, and kept a sharp look-out for the angel until the day of his death.

One of the most impudent quacks ever known, was Monsieur Villars, of Paris, who lived about 1728. When a funeral passed, he would shrug up his shoulders in pity, saying, "If the deceased had taken his medicine, he would not be where he is." At length his nostrum got into fame, and the quack amassed wealth. His prescription with his medicine (which was nothing more than the water of the Seine, and a little nitre), or rather his observation, was generally this:—"It is your own fault if you be not perfectly cured; you have been intemperate, and incontinent; renounce these vices, and with the aid of my medicine, you will live to a good old age." The Abbé Pous extolled this quack, and gave him the preference to Mareschal de Villars. "The latter (said he) kills men; the former prolongs their existence."

Sir William Read, a quack doctor, died in 1715. He was knighted by Queen Anne, on which occasion the following lines were written on him by Mr. Gevonnett:—

"The Queen, like Heaven, shines equally on all,
Her favours now without distinction fall;
Great Read, and slender Hannes, both knighted, show
That none their honours shall to merit owe;
That Popish doctrine is exploded quite,
Or Ralph had been no duke, and Read no knight;
That none may *virtue* or their learning plead,
This has no *grace*, and that can hardly *read*."

A quack, who lived in the time of Louis XI., told

the king, that a lady whom his majesty delighted to honour, would die in eight days, which having happened, the king caused the quack to be brought before him, and commanded his servants not to fail to throw him out of the window, when he gave a specified signal. As soon as the king saw him, he observed, "You pretend to understand astrology as well as medicine, and to know so exactly the fate of others, tell me, this moment, what will be yours, and how long you have to live?" "Sire," answered he, without exhibiting any symptoms of fear, "I shall die just three days before your majesty." The ready answer of the quack saved his life.

The Duke de Rohan being taken ill in Switzerland, sent for one of the most famous physicians, who called himself Monsieur Thiband. "Your face, Sir," said the duke to him, "is not quite unknown to me, I think. Pray where have I seen you before?" "At Paris, perhaps, my lord duke, when I had the honour to be farrier to your grace's stables. I have now a great reputation as a physician. I treat the Swiss as I used to do your horses, and I find, in general, I succeed as well. I must request your grace not to make me known, for if so, I shall be ruined."

In the memoirs of Mrs. Thomas, known in the literary world by the poetical name of Corinna, is the following story, which shows such a degree of extravagant credulity, as almost to surpass belief, were it not that we are assured that Sir Richard Steel was a sufferer by the same imposition, and that even the philosophic Boyle allowed himself to be deceived.

The mother of Mrs. Thomas became acquainted with a person who was denominated a conjuror, and capable of raising the devil. Mrs. Thomas discerning in this man a genius which might be turned to better purposes than deceiving the country people, desired him not to hide his talent, but to push himself on in the world by the abilities of which he seemed possessed. "Madam," said he, "I am now to fiddle to asses; but I am finishing a great work, which will make those asses fiddle to me." She then asked what that work might be? He replied, "his life was at stake if it were known, but he found her a lady of such uncommon candour and good sense, that he should make no difficulty in committing his life and hope to her keeping."

All women are naturally desirous of being trusted with secrets. This was Mrs. Thomas's failing. The doctor found it out, and made her pay dear for her curiosity. "I have been," continued he, "many years in search of the philosopher's stone, and long master of the smaragdine table of Hermes Trismegistus; the green and red dragons of Raymond Lully have also been obedient to me, and the illustrious sages themselves deign to visit me; yet it is but since I had the honour to be known to you, that I have been so fortunate as to obtain the grand secret of projection. I transmuted some lead I pulled off the window last night, into this bit of gold."

Pleased with the sight of this, and having a natural propensity to the study, the lady snatched it out of the philosopher's hand, and asked why he had not more? He replied, "it was all the lead he could

find." She then commanded her daughter to bring a parcel of lead which lay in the closet, and giving it to the alchemist, desired him to transmute it into gold on the morrow. He undertook it, and the next day brought her an ingot weighing three ounces, which, with the utmost solemnity, he avowed was the same lead that she had given him, and now transmuted into gold.

She began now to engage him in serious discourse; and, finding by his replies, that he wanted money to make more powders, she inquired how much would make a stock that would maintain itself? He replied, fifty pounds after nine months would produce a million. She then begged the ingot of him, which he protested had been transmuted from lead, and, flushed with the hope of success, hurried to town to know whether it was real gold, which proved to be pure beyond the standard. The lady, now fully convinced of the empyric's declaration, took fifty pounds out of the hands of her banker, and intrusted him with it. The only difficulty was, how to carry on the work without suspicion, it being strictly prohibited at that time. It was, therefore, resolved to take a little house a few miles from London, where the alchemist was to erect a laboratory as a professed chemist, and to deal in such medicines as were most vendible, and by the sale of which the expense of the house was to be defrayed during the operation. The widow passed as the house-keeper, and the doctor and his assistant boarded with her; to which she added this precaution, that the laboratory, with the two lodging-

rooms over it, in which the doctor and his assistant lay, was a different wing of the building from that where she and her daughter and maid servant resided, as she knew that some time must necessarily elapse before any profit could be expected. The doctor, in the meantime, acted the part of tutor to the widow's daughter, in arithmetic, Latin, and mathematics, to which studies she discovered the strongest propensity.

All things being properly disposed for the grand operation, the vitriol furnace was set to work, which requiring the most intense heat for several days, set fire to the house; the stairs were consumed in an instant, and as it surprised them all in their first sleep, it was a providential circumstance that no life was lost. This unlucky accident was £300 loss to Mrs. Thomas; yet still the grand project was in a fair way of succeeding in the other wing of the building. But one misfortune is often succeeded by another. The next Sunday evening, while she was reading to her little family, a sudden violent report, like a discharge of cannon, was heard; the house, being made of timber, rocked like a cradle, and the family were all thrown from their chairs on the ground. They looked with amazement on each other, not guessing the cause, when the alchemist commenced stamping and tearing his hair, and raving like a madman, crying out, "Undone, undone, lost and undone for ever!" He ran directly to the laboratory, when unlocking the doors, he found the furnace split, and the precious material scattered like sand among the ashes. Mrs. Thomas's eyes were now sufficiently opened to discover the imposture, and with a

serene countenance, told the empyric that accidents would happen, but that means might be fallen upon to repair this disappointment. The doctor observing her so serene, imagined she would grant him more money to complete his scheme; but she soon disappointed his expectations, by ordering him to be gone. Whether deluded by a real hope of finding out the philosopher's stone, or from an innate principle of villany, cannot be determined, but he did not yet cease his pursuit, and still indulged his golden delusion. He now found means to work upon the credulity of an old miser, who, upon the strength of his pretensions, gave him his daughter in marriage, and embarked all his treasure in the same chimerical adventure. In a word, the miser's stock was lost, and the empyric, himself, and his daughter, reduced to want. This unhappy affair broke the miser's heart, who did not survive many weeks the loss of his cash; the doctor put a miserable end to his own life by drinking poison, and left his wife, with two young children, in a state of beggary.

Mantaccini, the famous charlatan of Paris, was a young man of good family, and having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to beggary, he felt that he must exercise his ingenuity or starve. In this state of mind he cast his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favoured by fortune. He soon perceived that charlatanism was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favours with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious

domestic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold-laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the tour under the name, style, and title, of "the celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a single touch, or a simple look."

Not finding that he obtained as much practice as his daring genius anticipated, he determined to resort to still higher flights. He left Paris, and modestly announced himself at Lyons as "the celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will." To remove all doubt, he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the common church-yard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years. This declaration excited a general rumour and murmur against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested that he might be put under a guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult the clever empyric, and purchase his *baume de vie*. His consultations were most numerous, and he received large sums of money. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet fearing for his shoulders, began to manifest signs of uneasiness. "You know nothing of mankind," said the quack to his servant, "be quiet." Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen:—"Sir, the great operation which you are going to perform, has broken my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am

unhappy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of Heaven do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself." In an instant after two dashing beaux arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to raise their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as, in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance. Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the quack, and, with sobs and sighs, implored his mercy. In short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess, which absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, so that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said, "Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our church-yard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe that our city is in the utmost uproar and confusion; and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family; I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore tranquillity to the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation, in due form, under our seal, that you can *revive* the dead, and that it was our own fault we

were not eye-witnesses of your power." This certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Dr. Mantaccini left Lyons for other cities to work new miracles. In a short time he returned to Paris, loaded with gold, where he laughed at the popular credulity.

Among our notices of distinguished quacks, we must not omit to mention the celebrated COUNT CAGLIOSTRO and his lady. They pretended to a knowledge of a practice, whereby everlasting youth might be obtained. The roses were to flourish in unabated beauty upon the cheek of age, without the aid of cosmetics.

This couple first made their *debût* at St. Petersburgh; the Countess, who was not more than twenty, used to speak without the least affection of her eldest son, who had been for a long time a captain in the Dutch guards. This phenomenon, of grinding old people young, in so visible and charming a manner, could not fail to astonish the ladies, who are generally so expert in diminishing, instead of adding to their years. They flocked to consult her; she advised them to use the Count's nostrum. Treasures flowed in: true, the ladies did not grow young again, but their lovers assured them they did; and Cagliostro was almost deified.

So well did this worthy couple play this game, that a great Russian prince became sensible to the charms of the Countess. The empress heard of it; she summoned the syren to her presence. The Countess lied so well, and so audaciously, that it passed for currency, and her absence was bought by a present of

20,000 roubles! A Russian mother, whose child was dying, gave 5000 louis d'ors to recover it: the Count engaged to do so, if he were allowed to take it home for eight days; the child was returned healthy and well, but it did not happen to be the same; he had bought one, after having burnt the original child that *would* die, to make an experiment of regeneration: all this he confessed. The money was required back, but the usual answer, "No money returned," was the result. They then favoured Warsaw with a visit, and adroitly enlisted on their side the priests and the poor. At this city, and at Paris, these impostors realised large sums of money. Morality and decency forbid us from entering into a minute detail of the abominations which they had recourse to, in order to effect their nefarious purposes.

An empyric of the first water, not many years ago, had made himself famous for the cure of all human maladies, by the administration of peculiarly large pills, of his own invention. What contributed not a little to the increase and spread of his reputation, was the fact, that he used frequently to tell his patients, that, from their symptoms, he was confident some particular substances were lodged in a portion of the alimentary canal. At one time, he would tell a patient that he had apple-seeds retained in his bowels; and, again, he would tell another that he had kernels of different fruits, and grains, in his stomach; and if by questioning gentlemen, he could ascertain that they were fond of shooting, it was not seldom

that he attributed their complaints to having accidentally swallowed a few shot. As nothing could so conclusively prove his prognostics correct, as the simple fact of finding the articles named, the quack's character for wisdom and skill became more and more firmly established; for the identical causes of mischief were invariably discovered, after taking a dose of the "big pills." At length, a lady of the first respectability, having suffered a long time from deranged digestion, applied to this celebrated quack for assistance. After a few questions, he told her very promptly, that he understood her complaint, that he knew what ailed her, and more than all, that her doctor was a fool; and assured her that his big pills would effect a cure. Neither of these assertions she exactly credited; but nevertheless, concluded to try his remedy, if he would make known to her, the complaint. "Why," says he, "you have got lemon-seeds in you—you must take some of my 'big pills,' and get rid of them, and you'll be perfectly well again." "Why, doctor," said the lady in amazement, "I have not eaten a lemon these six years; and what you say, is quite impossible." "No matter, madam, if you have not eaten a lemon for twenty years, the fact is just as I tell you, and if you will take the pills, you can be satisfied yourself." The pills were taken, and to the utter astonishment of the patient, the lemon seeds were found; a second dose was taken, and still more seeds made their appearance. A thought now flashed upon the lady's mind. One pill was yet

left, which she examined, and, behold! a *lemon-seed in its centre*—the secret truly of the doctor's astonishing wisdom, and successful practice.

Dr. Simon Forman, a celebrated physician and astrologer, lived in Lambeth. This man was implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, but he died in 1611, before the trial. Forman was notorious long before his connection with Lady Essex, and excited a vast deal of jealousy on the part of the regular medical practitioners of London, by giving unlicenced advice to the sick, as well as by casting nativities; but he was at length able to procure a degree from Cambridge. The following lines refer to him:

"Dr. Forman, in art a poor man,
You calculate nativities;
And by your almanack out of date, tell a fool his fate
By celestial privities.

"Though to your great expense, you did commence
In the famous University;
Yet, by such a hap, an ass may wear a velvet cap,
And there's the true diversity."

No subject calls more loudly for the interference of the legislature than that of quackery. Yet, the question has so many ridiculous sides, that the public, while they laugh, allow imposition of the most palpable kind to flourish and succeed. It is indeed characteristic of this nation, that the grossest public injuries affecting the state, or the public health, are overlooked, while they afford materials for joke and merriment. When we see one of H. B.'s inimitable

sketches, representing the prime minister's neck under the foot of the "member for all Ireland," or the leader of the House of Commons, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer dancing *à-la-Rice*, a long score of indignation is paid off; their obnoxious measures are for the moment forgotten; we are sensible only to present impressions, and feel grateful for the ludicrous association of face and dress. In like manner, when in gazing into a print shop we see the representation of a patient who has been dosed, *usque ad nauseum*, with the "vegetable pills," sprouting out in luxuriant vegetation, as the effect of the medicine taken, to look "grave, exceeds all power of face;" and the misery, wretchedness, pain, and death, which we know to have resulted from the use of the nostrum is forgotten, in the midst of the ridiculous ideas which the print excites in our mind.

Steel has an essay on this subject full of wisdom; but his sense of the ludicrous, both in the pretensions of the quack, and the gullibility of the patient, was too strong to let him write gravely; and he has left us a monument of his exquisite humour, where many perhaps will think it misplaced. He despaired, however, of curing the evil.

It has been suggested that all quacks should be subjected to a government prosecution; but we doubt the policy of the recommendation.

The only instance of the College of Physicians having condescended to notice the practice of a proprietor of a patent medicine, with which we are acquainted, occurred about thirty years ago. Dr.

Brodum was summoned to attend a meeting of the censors of the college, to explain his mode of practice. The Doctor was punctual to the appointed time, and being acquainted only with the Hebrew and English languages, the president condescended to address him in the latter. The Doctor replied, that he did not attend patients at their own homes, that he prescribed only his own medicine, for which he had obtained his Majesty's royal patent, and that, in difficult cases, he always recommended Sir Lucas Pepys, or some other able member of the college. The president observed that he did not wish to interfere with his nostrum, but that they required him to drop the title of Doctor, and put *Mister* Brodum instead of Doctor on his door, and to desist from taking fees. The Doctor replied, that all his fees came in letters from patients residing far beyond the limits of their jurisdiction; but if they thought he was encroaching on their privileges by having his letters of consultation addressed to his house in London, he would request his patients to direct to him at a place beyond their jurisdiction. As to his styling himself Doctor, he ventured to say that he had a right to do so, having a diploma from the Mareschal College of Aberdeen. "I suppose," observed a censor, "a purchased diploma." "I don't know," replied the Doctor, "what you mean by a *purchased* diploma; I suppose all physicians, who possess a diploma, paid for it. I should not have had a diploma had I not been considered worthy of it; and, as to my nervous cordial, Dr. Warren, and other learned members of your

college, have done me the honour to take it, and recommend it!!" To the question, "How long did you reside at Aberdeen?" the Doctor replied, "I have never been there." He obtained his diploma on a certificate signed by Dr. Saunders, who was then one of the ruling members of the College of Physicians! The quack doctor refused to remove his brass plate from his door, and the college declined to carry their threat to remove it, into execution. The Mareschal College, on being apprized of the imposition, came to the resolution of prosecuting Dr. Saunders for a fraud; and, had not his friends exerted themselves, it would have been put in force.

In the "Medical Gazette" for March, 1839, the able editor has entered very fully into this important subject, and has offered some suggestions which it would be well for the public and the profession to take into serious consideration.

Having considered the question in all its ramifications, the writer considers that, to diminish quackery three things are especially required:—

"1st. The improvement of our art. This will lessen the number of those who take nostrums from despair. It is by advancing the art which he practices, that every one must strive to show that his long and expensive education has bestowed upon him a a privilege, which the legislature need not guard by penalties—the privilege of discernment.

"2ndly. The diffusion of knowledge on medical points, with particular reference to the danger of many drugs, and the absurdity of using any at

random, by drawing them from the wheel of chance at a patent medicine shop. This will diminish the number of those who fall into the clutches of the charlatan from ignorance and caprice.

"3rdly. It is necessary to make good advice accessible to every one. Clubs or societies for the insurance of health, must be formed on easy terms; and this will withdraw thousands who now fall a sacrifice through poverty."

With the above observations we fully concur; and if the profession could be persuaded to take the profferred advice, and *act up to it* with spirit, the infamous hydra-headed monster would receive a mortal blow, and both the public and the faculty would be greatly benefited by the result.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW TO GET A PRACTICE; OR, THE ART OF RISING IN PHYSIC.

Must commence with a new theory—Radcliffe's advice to Mead—Never appear ignorant—Old women's puzzling questions—Effect of fees—Tricks of the trade—The magic of a name—Importance of belonging to a religious sect—A talkative wife *sometimes* a blessing—Mystery and medicine—Attention to patients—Value of a carriage—The opera physician—The necessity of being called out of church, and of speaking at medical societies—Mead's advice to a brother Doctor.

We can picture to ourselves the eagerness with which medical aspirants will read this chapter. They have probably had practical experience of what "early struggles" are; they feel no pleasure in dwelling upon the misfortunes of others: the great desideratum with them is to know how to advance themselves in their profession; and their successful establishment in it is the *ne plus ultra* of their ambition. In their estimation the discovery of the philosopher's stone, or the quadrature of the circle, sinks into utter insig-

nificance when placed in comparison with the art of rising in physic.

It has been recommended to a young physician who wishes to get into practice, to start with a new theory. Attempting to prove that the blood does not circulate would ensure a great degree of notice, and prove highly beneficial to him. Were he to endeavour to prove the unwholesomeness of some favourite and common article of diet—the more startling and extraordinary the opinion the better—he would obtain an enviable degree of notoriety. He must be singular and eccentric in his manners;—it is a matter of indifference whether he be brutal, or polished and courtier-like.

"There are two ways, my boy," said Radcliffe to Mead, when the latter was commencing practice, "for a physician to treat his patients—either to bully or cajole them. I have taken the former course, and have done well, as you see; you may, perhaps, take the latter, and, perhaps, do equally as well." Skill in pursuits not very consonant to medical ones, now and then has a great effect in procuring practice; it has occasionally been found to have been of great use to affect fox-hunting, boxing, &c. Singularity fills the general run of mankind with wonder, and from wonder to admiration the transition is obvious.

A physician should never affect ignorance of the cause of a complaint; he should place it in the pancreas, or pineal gland, if he has no other local habitation ready at the moment. He must also be always ready with an answer to every question that

a lady puts to him; the chance is, that she will be satisfied with it; he must not care whether there be, or be not, a possible solution of it. A lady once asked her apothecary from what substance castor-oil was made; he, (more *au-fait* with the slang of the ring than with the science of botany, a hat or beaver being by the fancy termed a *castor*,) unembarrassed, said that it was made from the *beaver!* The lady was satisfied, and, no doubt, considered her medical adviser a quick and sensible gentleman. A patient was one day very anxious to know how long she should be ill: "Madam," replied the physician, "that depends upon the duration of the disease." "I am much obliged to you, Doctor, for your information," was the patient's wise answer.—Never readily acquiesce in anything your patient or the nurse should say. Old women are extremely fond of putting puzzling questions to the doctor; and, if he be not able or willing to explain the *modus operandi* of the medicines he may be exhibiting, or the nature of the ailment under which his patient may be labouring, ten to one but that the nurse attempts a solution of the mystery. "My doctor," we recollect hearing an elderly lady observe, "always assents to whatever I say: I think he must be a great fool."—A physician should never omit to take his fee, unless he makes a practice of refusing the fees of clergymen: it is astonishing how the *aurum solidum* quickens his faculties. It is the laudable practice of many physicians of the present day to refuse fees when attending medical men. A celebrated Bath physician upon not finding himself

better for his own prescriptions, said laughingly to a friend one day, "Come, I think I will give myself a fee; I am sure I shall do better then." The doctor put his hand with great solemnity into his pocket, and passed over a guinea to the other: this had the desired effect. The same physician, on receiving the last fee he took in this world, a few days before his death, said, holding it up with streaming eyes to a friend who was near him, "*Ultimus Romanorum*, my good friend."

A physician of Montpellier was in the habit of employing a very ingenious artifice to bring himself into notice with the public. When he came to a town where he was not known, he pretended to have lost his favourite dog, and ordered the public crier to offer, with beat of drum, a reward of twenty-five louis to whoever should find it. The crier took care to mention all the titles and academic honours of the peripatetic physician, as well as his place of residence. He soon became the talk of the town: "Do you know," says one, "that a famous physician has come here, a very clever fellow, of high academic honours, he must be rich, for he offers twenty-five louis for finding his dog!" *The dog was not found, but patients were.*

A poor physician, with plenty of knowledge and no practice, imparted his troubles to one of his friends. "Listen to my advice," says the other, and follow it. "The Café de la Régence is in fashion; I play at chess there every day at two o'clock, when the crowd is thickest; come there too; do not recognize me;

say nothing, but seem in a reverie; take your coffee, and always give the waiter the money wrapped up in rose-coloured paper, and leave the rest to me."

The physician followed his advice—he was in daily attendance at the café, when it was most crowded—sipped his coffee in quietness, and paid as his friend directed him to do. His oddity was soon remarked. The question was frequently asked, who is that grave gentleman—he always appears absorbed in his own cogitations. His kind friend said to the customers of the coffee-house, "Gentlemen, do not think ill of this man, because he seems an oddity; he is a profound practitioner. I have known him these fifteen years, and I could tell you of some wonderful cures that he has performed; but he thinks of nothing but his books, and never speaks except to his patients, which has prevented me from becoming intimate with him; but if ever I am obliged to keep my bed, he is the doctor for me." The friend followed this course, varying the style of his panegyric from time to time, until all his auditors entertained a high opinion of the doctor's skill, and by this means he soon obtained an extensive practice.*

Once having obtained "a name," the medical practitioner, unless very deficient in a knowledge of his profession, may set the whole world at defiance. The

* Coleridge tells a story of a lady who had a husband not overburdened with brains, but with sense enough to hold his tongue when in company. His taciturnity was noticed, and on the subject being mentioned to the wife, she mysteriously observed, "Dear Sir, he is always thinking of Locke and Newton."

very circumstance of his being engaged in extensive practice, will render him more qualified to discharge the duties which devolve upon him—

> "Give ev'n a dunce the employment he desires,
> And he soon finds the talent it requires;
> A business, with an income at its heels,
> Furnishes always oil for its own wheels."
>
> *Cowper.*

A general practitioner has brought himself into notice and practice, by always riding a pure white horse. In justice, however, we must observe that he is not the son of Esculapius, whom a certain personage, not to be named to ears polite, recognized on visiting this world—

> "An apothecary, on a white horse, rode by on his avocations,
> Oh, oh, said the devil, there's my old friend death in the Revelations."*

It has always been found, says an anonymous writer, of great use to a physician to belong to some particular sect in religion. He is sure to obtain the patronage of those who belong to it. The "*thee*" and "*thou*" of Dr. Fothergill, of London, was supposed to be worth £2000 a-year to him at least. †

* Porson.

† A Quaker apothecary meeting Dr. Fothergill, thus accosted him, "Friend Fothergill, I intend dining with thee to-day." "I shall be glad to see thee," answered the doctor; "but pray, friend, hast thou not some joke?" "No joke, indeed," rejoined the apothecary, "but a very serious matter. Thou hast attended friend Ephraim these three days, and ordered him no

Dr. Mead was the son of a dissenting minister; and whenever he was called out of his father's church, which was often the case, the preacher would stop in the middle of his discourse, and say, "Dear brethren, let me offer up a prayer for the safe recovery of the poor patient to whom my son is gone to administer relief." It is not said how much this circumstance tended to the celebrity of this once eminent physician, but we have little doubt that it brought him many a patient.

It is a very fortunate circumstance for a physician to have a wife with powers of speech equal to that said to have been possessed by Alexander the Great. If she calls at a house to make a visit of ceremony or friendship, she must enlarge on her husband's numerous engagements, and superior abilities. This species of manœuvering is frequently successful in large watering-places, where invalids resort for change of air and scene. In these places young physicians sometimes affect to be precipitated into redundant practice, and languishing under its fatigues, make themselves appear in conspicuous assemblages, as martyrs to messengers in breathless haste—

"To hurryings to and fro, and signals of distress."

I have known, says the editor of the "Medical

medicine. I cannot at this rate live in my own house, and must live in thine." The doctor took the hint, and prescribed handsomely for the benefit of his friend Ephraim, and his friend Leech the apothecary!

Ethics," one of these physicians who, on returning to an evening party from which *he had been summoned*, called surrounding attention to the golden trophies of his exertions, by holding up to view two sovereigns between his finger and thumb. This ridiculous trick he has several times played, until he has led some to imagine that these identical coins, like the guineas given to the Vicar of Wakefield's daughter, were always to be shown, but never changed.

Although mystery is the essence of quackery, it will be necessary to have recourse to it in order to ingratiate yourself in public estimation. Secrecy is commonly mixed up in medical affairs. It is said that a great city practitioner, half a century ago, had little closets like a pawnbroker's shop, to indulge this feeling of fanciful patients, that they might not be seen by their fellow-sufferers. The Compte de Virey carried this mystery so far, as to make the slightest indisposition a state secret. He one day called a surgeon to dress a wound in his leg; and when a similar one broke out on the other, he sent for a different surgeon, that the disordered state of the limbs might not be known; a circumstance which was the cause of his death. To a person who inquired for him after his death, his secretary said, "*He is dead, but he does not wish it to be known.*"

Be careful not to pronounce an opinion on any case, until you have gone through the usual routine of feeling the pulse, looking at the tongue, &c. An eminent court physician, visiting a noble lady from whose family he had received many shining marks of liberality

and confidence, the following scene took place:—"Pray, doctor, do you think I might now venture on a slice of chicken, and a single glass of Madeira, as I feel very faint and low." "Most certainly, please your ladyship; I perceive nothing in the state of your pulse, or the appearance of your tongue, to forbid so reasonable an indulgence." Her ladyship instantly rang the bell, and with more than usual peremptoriness of manner, desired the servant to order Sir ——'s carriage; then turning to the doctor, she addressed him nearly as follows:—"Sir, there is your fee, and, depend upon it, it is the last you shall receive from me, or from any of my connections with whom I possess any influence. I asked you a question, a serious question, Sir, to me, considering the very abstemious regimen to which I have so long submitted under your direction; and I think it full time to withdraw my confidence from a physician who delivers a professional opinion without any foundation; for, Sir, you must be perfectly aware that you neither felt my pulse, nor examined my tongue."

In your instructions to your patients, be particular in giving minute directions concerning diet. This has great effect on the minds of old women, especially if their maladies are, in a great measure, imaginary. Give a list of what is to be eaten at breakfast, dinner, and supper; and you may depend upon being often made the subject of conversation, and you will be considered a very "clever doctor." A physician, in large practice, brought himself into notice, by always recommending the *left leg* of a boiled fowl; and upon

our attempting to persuade the invalid that the left leg possessed no peculiar virtue, she was quite indignant, and exclaimed, that "so sensible a physician must know better than you!" If you can make yourself talked about, you need have little to fear. You must not be over-scrupulous or fastidious in having recourse to this professional charlatanism. If you depend solely upon your medical knowledge, judgment, and experience, how fearful will be the opposition with which you will have to struggle! Where one man of sterling ability succeeds in practice, ten men of most shallow pretensions obtain the confidence and smiles of the discerning public. Alas! how frail and fragile are all our hopes and aspirations!

A physician who is able to drive his carriage, is considered extremely clever in his profession, and is patronised accordingly. A peer labouring under a severe fit of the gout, had a surgeon warmly recommended to him by some friends, as possessing a specific for his complaint. In compliance with this recommendation, he sent for him. On the medical man being announced, his lordship demanded of his servant, "Does this famous doctor come on foot, or in his carriage?" "On foot," was the reply. "Send the scoundrel about his business. Did he possess the secret which he pretends to have, he would ride in his coach and six, and I should have been happy to have entreated him to deliver me from this terrible disease."

It is a great point gained if you can visit the opera frequently; and be sure to instruct the messengers, when the performance is over, to vociferate loudly for

your carriage. This is an effectual way of making you known, as a London physician and a man of fashion. Be regular in your attendance at church; and instruct your servant to call you out occasionally during the service. When you first start in practice, it will be of service if you can persuade your *carriage friends* to call often at your house. Always contrive to have a coach standing at your door on Sunday, as it is sure to attract the notice of the people as they return home from church, and will lead the public to believe that you are a practising physician.

"For sure the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat."

It is important to belong to, and speak at, the principal medical societies; particularly if the proceedings are reported in the daily or weekly journals.

The following advice to a young London physician, on the art of getting into practice, was written by the celebrated Dr. Mead:—

"That which gives me great hopes of you (Dr. Timothy Vanbustle, M.D.) is your resolution to go on, and to push into practice at all hazards. Monsieur De Rochf observes, that there is nothing impossible if we have but the resolution to take the right way to it. Besides, you know *audaces fortuna juvat;* and, therefore, above all things, let me as a friend advise you to take care of studying or endeavouring to know much in this way, since that will render you timorous and cautious, and consequently keep you back in your practice; besides that, the more you search the

less you will be satisfied; and when arrived at the top of all, you may with Solon conclude, that all your wisdom (comparatively with real knowledge) is in knowing nothing. Whereas, if you only *skim* the surface, you will go boldly on, and fancy your knowledge ten times more than what it really is. Thus then the great and principal thing you ought to be qualified with, is the *formula prescribendi;* for form is now the main chance, whether in law or physic; and without that, there is nothing to be done; this is the business, the *Alpha* and *Omega,* the all in all; some will succeed, and some won't; 'tis hit or miss, luck's all; you are paid, go which way you will. And now you are just arrived in town, without having had the benefit of establishing an acquaintance at Oxford or Cambridge, among the nobility, clergy, &c., and an absolute stranger here, without the assistance of dissenting teachers, relations, old women, nurses, children, or apothecaries; the first thing I advise you to do, is to make all the noise and bustle you can, to make the whole town ring of you, if possible; so that every one in it may know that there is such a being, and here in town, too, such a physician. It signifies little which way it be, so it be done, and that your name be known and heard of, for that is half in half, since no one sends to consult him they have not heard of, that being a crime sufficient not to have been talked of; whereas, if accustomed to your name, you are a fit person to be called to the sick. Thus the famous R——f,* 'tis said, on his first arrival, had

* Radcliffe, we suppose.

half the porters in town employed to call for him, at all the coffee-houses and public places, so that his name might be known. A very famous oculist has likewise freely told me, that he must starve, did he not frequently put himself in the public prints: but this is not so fashionable with physicians, ready to their company, or that which they think their company understands the best, or are otherwise so complaisant, as to talk to their friends of their interest; for I would suppose you have insinuated yourself into their friendship. Besides that, the very seeing you now and then, might put them in mind of that which they might otherwise forget. The old and the simple, the riotous, the whimsical, and the fearful, are your most proper company, and who will provide you with most business; there being far less to be got by the wise and sober, who are much more rarely ailing. But then you will, perhaps, tell me, that such like physicians will be the most proper to please and keep company with such, since *similis, simili gaudet.* If so, then I can only say, that those probably will stand the fairest for business; and if you are so wise or unwise, as not to ply, bend, truckle to their humours, I doubt you will be in danger of having less business: or, otherwise, if you would still continue, and be esteemed very wise, sober, and grave, you should then learn most obsequiously to fawn and sooth man, woman, and child, since few else will thrive well, unless blessed with wit, in which case, they may be allowed a little more liberty. To make yourself known, the making

friends for some public lectureship is not amiss, which serves for a feather in your cap, by which you become known, and so taken notice of as a fine fellow; and then you have an opportunity of haranging your auditory, which, though it should be mobbish or trifling, you gain your point. As to what you read or say, it matters not much; if from the more musty and ancient authors the better; if from the more modern, the more fashionable it will be: and thus consequently you will either be esteemed a very learned, or at least a very ingenious man. If you can be introduced to an hospital, your business is done for life, be your success what it will. If your wife should happen to mind business in her way, it will certainly also encrease yours, for many good reasons, as encreasing your friends and acquaintances. It will not be amiss to set up an equipage, to purchase a mountain of books, and add any thing by which you will acquire the reputation of being a learned and ingenious gentleman. Let your religious and political opinions swim with the tide, especially when fashionable. Let not your fingers be sacrilegiously defiled; but be very gentle in taking fees of the clergy, &c.—People are generally employed in proportion to the manner they live in, especially if once a little known; for the employing of many artificers and tradesmen, &c. you may not only become more known; but they also support and employ you. Thus, if you get much, you must spend much; and if you spend much, you will readily get much, particularly if spent in a proper

way, and once a little known. *Don Quevedo* is of opinion, that the best way to run into business is to run into debt, because your creditors will employ you to get paid:—as to putting this experiment in practice, I shall rather choose to leave it to your own natural genius to direct you therein, than much to persuade you thereto, since there may be danger, should it not succeed.

"To these hints I must observe to you, that dancing and dressing well, are not such slight accomplishments to introduce a young physician into practice, as you may imagine, because it makes him acceptable to the ladies and *beau monde:* his fashionable gesture, and gentle manner of feeling a pulse agreeably, is half the business; nay, that, and very little else may, in time, for ought I know, go a great way towards an hospital, or other public employ. In fine, I shall now leave you; may you live and brush on, so you may take the other ways to it.

"I could mention you some, who got into business in physic, by writing poetry, some by divinity, others by politics, &c. But should you have an itching to make your name known by writing a book on physic, yet so customary, I would advise you to choose the subject by which you think you will get most money, or that which will bring you the most general business, as fevers, small pox, &c. For in those, some must always live, some die, 'tis a hard matter to tell when right, or when wrong; write which way you will, 'tis disputable; but, certain it is, that the world in general readily conclude that you

certainly understand that which you write about. The method of writing, if in your frontispiece you address not your book to some great man, is to club with some other physicians; and thus by way of letters, to commend each other's good practice, and to support and make each other famous. But above all things, take particular care, let the subject be what it will, that the words be well chosen, so to make up an elegant and florid speech; since you have ten to one that mind the language more than the ideas, as Mr. Pope says:—

> "Others for language all their care express,
> And value books, as women men for dress;
> Their praise is still—'the style is excellent;'
> The sense they humbly take upon content."

"And next, then, I would advise you, whatever the subject be you write upon (if uncommon the better), rather to write, so as that no man can make any thing of it, so as neither to make downright sense, or nonsense thereof, than otherwise; because thus none of the profession can well lay hold of you for any particular part; or, if they should, there is room for you to defend it, being as easy to be understood one way as t'other. This is that method I commend, which Mr. Locke observes to be possible enough, for one to write a tolerable discourse of well-chosen and well-joined words, which, nevertheless, on the whole, makes not up any real sense, or intelligible meaning. Thus I will suppose a man to write

of sleep; now if I wrote in this manner, it is ten to one but that it will make all who read it fall asleep, and, consequently, what can be better said on the subject.

"The last thing I advise you to do, is to get acquainted and cheerfully to keep company with all old women, midwives, nurses, and apothecaries, since these will still be entertaining you in the way of your business, and as the old ladies, &c. are most subject to ailings, so they will still be acquainting you with the same; and consequently, you are to make the most of it, and never to neglect or make slight of the least complaint; and thus you will gain the reputation of being both careful and skilful; whereas otherwise your care and skill may be suspected as well as your affectation."

Thus Dr. Mead concludes his advice to his brother physician. We do not quote it as an example for imitation, but as a curious record of the state of the profession in his day. We feel assured that no man of a properly constituted mind would have recourse to such illegitimate means of advancing himself in the world. He would rather adopt the following sentiment of Pope:—

"But if the purchase cost so dear a price,
As soothing folly or exalting vice;
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown,
Oh, grant an *honest* fame, or grant me none."

END OF VOL. I.